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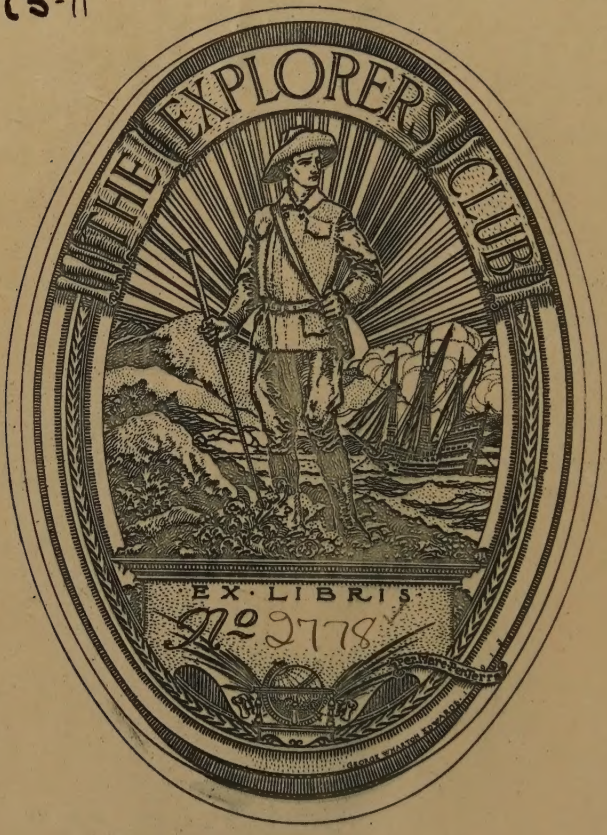

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BURTON HOLMES TRAVELOGUES

With Illustrations from Photographs By the Author

VOLUME ELEVEN

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EGYPT

EGYPT

TO go to Egypt is to go back to the beginning of human history. Beyond Egypt lies primeval mystery. The earliest pyramid marks the frontier between the unknown and the known, and in the wilderness of centuries that rolls between that pyramid and the oldest works of man in other lands, the only conspicuous milestones are the other pyramids, and the other Egyptian monuments that rise along the Nile. For more than a score of centuries the world was Egypt, and Egypt was the world.

A voyage up the Nile is like a thousand-mile mirage come true. In a mirage we seem to see wonderful things that we know

to be impossible. Along the Nile we actually behold things that seem to be impossible because they are so wonderful. A mirage is only an optical illusion of wonders and beauty in the desert; but the river Nile has created a wonderful and beautiful reality, and that reality is Egypt, the ancient land that was the mother country of antiquity.

The valley of the Nile was the cradle of our civilization. In the sands of northeastern Africa the seeds of human greatness brought forth the earliest fruits of promise for our race. In Egypt, man first rose above the level of the brute. There, first, he began to cultivate the soil, to build cities, to establish governments, to write his story, and to commemorate his deeds in monuments of stone. In Egypt, Art, Letters, and History were born. For us, "the heirs of all ages," it is an inspiring privilege to visit this land of beginnings, this birthland of the genius of the human race. The Egypt of today is worthy of its magnificent traditions. The grandeur and the greatness of the past still are there, palpable in forms colossal, indestructible, and overpowering. And this Egypt of the fathomless past, this Egypt that was the mother of the

USERTESEN I, WHO RULED EGYPT FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO

world that we know, has called to us — children of the New World — across the centuries and across the seas, and we come obediently and gladly, for we owe her much in duty and in respect — much more in admiration and in wonder.

We who would read understandingly the world-book of travel must sooner or later not only read but study the great first chapter — the Genesis of history — the pages writ in hieroglyphs on the old papyrus manuscript that tells the Tale of Egypt.

The traveler must perforce visit Egypt backwards; he must begin with the picturesque Moslem Egypt of to-day and work his way slowly back into the far more significant and far more picturesque Pharaonic Egypt of unnumbered yesterdays.

England is now governing Egypt, — not directly, but through her masterly control of the native

A KING'S DAUGHTER

organizations, political and military. His Highness the Khedive Abbas II Hilmi, born in 1874, has been the nominal ruler since the death of his father, the Khedive Tewfik, in 1892. He reigns by the grace of the Sublime Porte; he owes allegiance to the Sultan of Turkey; his nation pays tribute to the "Sick Man of Europe," who, by the way, now seems to be getting well; but as the guide-book politely puts it, "the Khedive's independence of action is controlled by the British plenipotentiary."

For more than a quarter of a century Lord Cromer served in Egypt as the British plenipotentiary. In his case the title was not a mere empty diplomatic phrase, as it is in the case of many an ambassador or minister. He was truly a plenipotentiary, endowed with full powers in the fullest sense of the word, and wisely did he use the enormous influence that his position carried with it, to the glory of Great Britain, and to the lasting benefit of Egypt. True, he labored in the interests of foreign holders of Egyptian bonds, but he labored like a statesman, a great man, and a good man. He has uplifted a downtrodden people and given them two things they needed most — water and justice. Cromer found Egypt worse than bankrupt; he has made her credit good; he has proved that honest government can be made to pay even in Egypt. He has transformed a nation of slaves into a nation of freemen. The free Egyptian of to-day has learned to smile and is forgetting how

THE KHEDIVE ABBAS II HILMI

to cringe. The people who were ruled by the lash of their own rulers, whose fortunes and even lives might be taken at the whim of some official slave-driver, are ruled to-day with the strict but impartial rod of British discipline — and though now and then they kick against the pricks of law and order, they know that both their goods and their lives belong to them. They are learning in long slow lessons the new art of self-respect, and those who know enough to think without prejudice are grateful to Lord Cromer and to the nation that sent him hither and lent him the necessary force, moral and military, to establish order and to secure to them rights never enjoyed under the ancient dynasties of the Pharaohs or under the tyrannies of the medieval Pashas or of the Khedives of later times.

CROMER

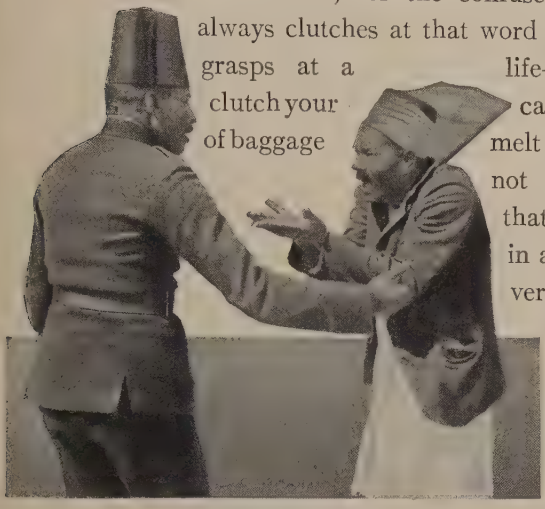
England is not in Egypt "for her health," although many Englishmen do go there literally for their health, but she is there for the health of Egypt, physical, moral, and financial. England holds the keys of Egypt's gates and the keys of Egypt's treasury. The native may protest, and the modern Egyptian is a vigorous protestor, but the fact remains that Egypt belongs to England by virtue of the perpetual fiction of a temporary occupation. Egypt, before England came, was a land of lawlessness and pauperism. Alexandria, once the greatest city of a classic age, had shrunk to the estate of a poor fishing village of five thousand souls. To-day Egypt is rich and prosperous and Alexandria a thriving and attractive city of more than three hundred and fifty thousand souls.

LANDING AT ALEXANDRIA

To land in Alexandria at the height of the tourist season is to enjoy all the sensations of shipwreck, high-sea piracy, and war-time panic. Excited Arab porters in red fez and redder sweaters rush upon us, each eager to make a few piasters by making away with as much imported baggage as can be slung around him—each assuring everybody at the top of his lungs that he is the only real "Cook's man" in the whole combination. "Want Cook?" "Here Cook." "Me Cook."

EGYPTIAN RED-CAPS

"Cook!" "Coo-oo-k!" "Coo-oo-ook!!!" They know that the infidel believes in Cook. They think that Cook is the god of the unbeliever, for the confused and befuddled newcomer always clutches at that word "Cook," as a drowning man grasps at a life-preserver. Meantime they clutch your cases, or anybody's, and piles of baggage melt away and disappear, we know not whither. We simply know that our belongings have vanished in a storm of talk. Egypt is the verbal storm center of the universe.



A VIGOROUS PROTEST

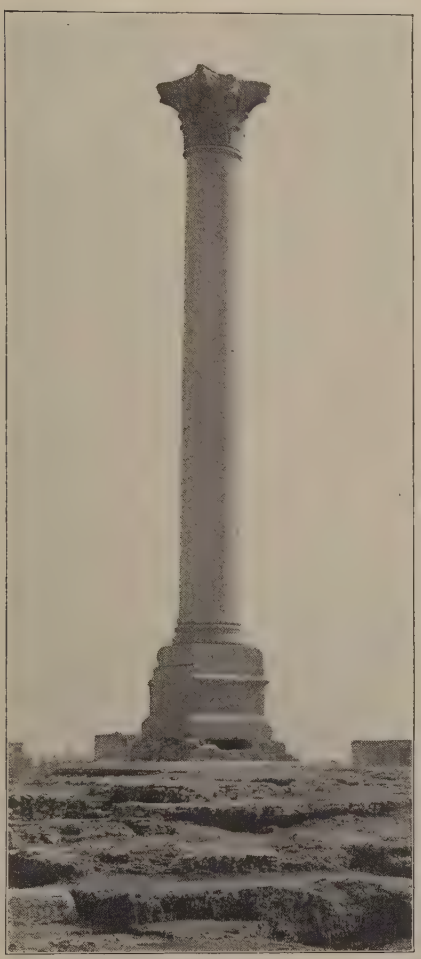
We find modern Alexandria an admirable city with little to recall her brilliant history, which reaches back to the golden days when the "Glory that was Greece" touched and transfigured for a time the fallen empire of the Pharaohs. The eye beholds no confirmation of the claims of the historians who tell us of an Alexandria which was as grand and noble in her marble splendor as in the intellectual vigor of her sons. Of all her architectural magnificence there now remains one solitary pillar, called Pompey's Pillar because it is *not* Pompey's. Even the date of its erection is not accurately known,

A MAN FROM COOK'S

but Dr. Botti, the curator of Alexandrine antiquities, assures us that this granite shaft, originally part of the vanished Temple of Seraphis, holiest shrine of pagan Alexandria, was reërected on its massive pedestal in the fourth century in honor of the Roman Emperor Theodosius, who overthrew the pagan

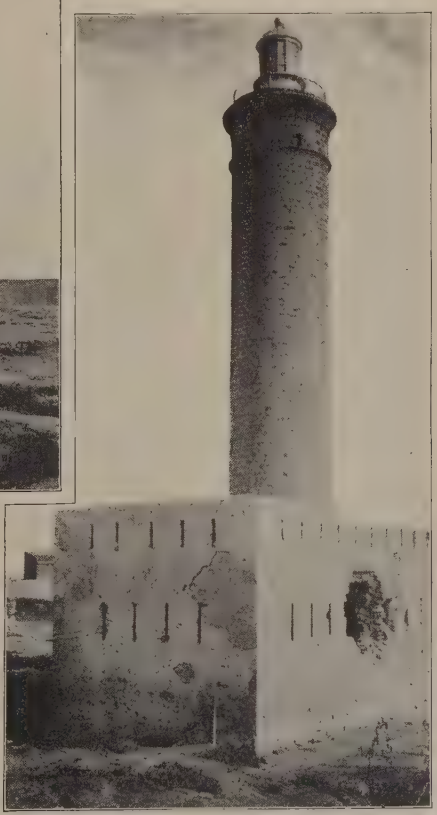
MODERN ALEXANDRIA

religion and established Christiantiy. We may say with reasonable certainty that this stone has been swept by the glance of all the famous eyes that ever flashed in Alexandria — the eyes of conquerors like Cæsar, Antony, and Pompey, of scientists and artists like Euclid and Apelles, and of fair women as unlike one another as the beautiful Cleopatra, slave of the senses, and the beautiful Hypatia, martyr to liberty of thought. But in all Alexandria there is no memorial to Alexander himself, unless it be the great city that still bears his name, or the lighthouse that



NOT POMPEY'S PILLAR

marks the site of the colossal Pharos of antiquity, which was nearly six hundred feet in height and was regarded by the ancients as one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Remains of it were visible until about six hundred years ago. Then the sea swallowed its foundations and cleared the way for the erection of this present tower, which is thus the direct successor of the classic Pharos that guided the Greek galleys and gave the name to every *phare* upon the coasts of France — to every *faro* of the Spanish main.



THE MODERN PHAROS

There are two routes from Alexandria to Cairo — one is the railway and the other the canal that brings the Nile boats down to the back door of Alexandria. We go by rail, first along the

THE RAILWAY STATION, CAIRO

banks of the canal and then across the wide, fertile reaches of rich delta land, past teeming towns of unromantic aspect, past miserable mud villages, over superb steel bridges, spanning the many spreading branches of the Nile, and at last, after one hundred and thirty miles of this new sort of monotony, our train thunders

PASSENGERS AND PORTERS

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL

through a dilapidated suburb and rolls into the central station of the metropolis of Egypt. Metropolitan it well may be called, for Cairo has a population of nearly eight hundred thousand and is growing

THE CARRIAGE MEN

THE CONCIERGE

THE MANAGER'S "GLAD HAND"

larger every day. It is the largest city in all Africa. It is the capital of a now rich and prosperous nation numbering ten million souls, and it becomes, every winter, the Mecca of those cosmopolitan pilgrims of pleasure whose other sacred places are the Riviera,

ON SHEPHEARD'S TERRACE

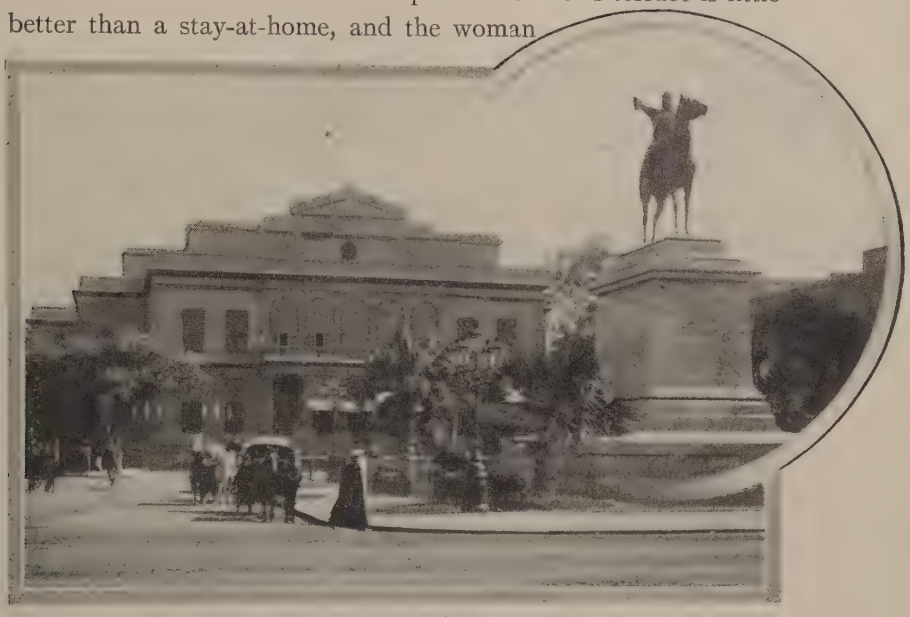
GUARDIAN OF THE GARDEN

Palm Beach, Paris, London, and New York. Day after day, we see train after train roll into this Cairo station bringing the pleasure seekers and money-spenders of the world to Egypt's Capital.

We drive direct to Shepheard's, the original big caravansary for Christians in this Molsem city. There are now many other big hotels, some bigger, even more luxurious, but Shepheard's remains the heart and center of the foreign life of Cairo. The terrace of this hotel is one of the famous meeting-places for

TEA ON THE TERRACE AT SHEPHEARD'S

world-wanderers, a half-way halting-place in their race around the world. Not to know Shepheard's Terrace is a social crime. The traveler who has not trod the tile pavement of this terrace is little better than a stay-at-home, and the woman

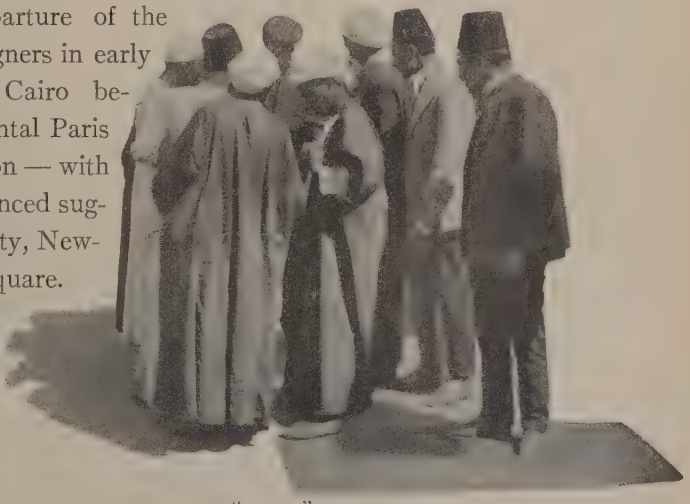


THE OPERA AND IBRAHIM'S MONUMENT

of fashion who has not sipped tea at the tables on the terrace dares not look five o'clock in the face.

It is worth while to come to Egypt if only to indulge in the social joys of "the Cairo season," which begins in January and closes with the departure of the money-spending foreigners in early March. Meantime Cairo becomes a kind of Oriental Paris or sub-tropic London — with here and there pronounced suggestions of Atlantic City, Newport, and Longacre Square.

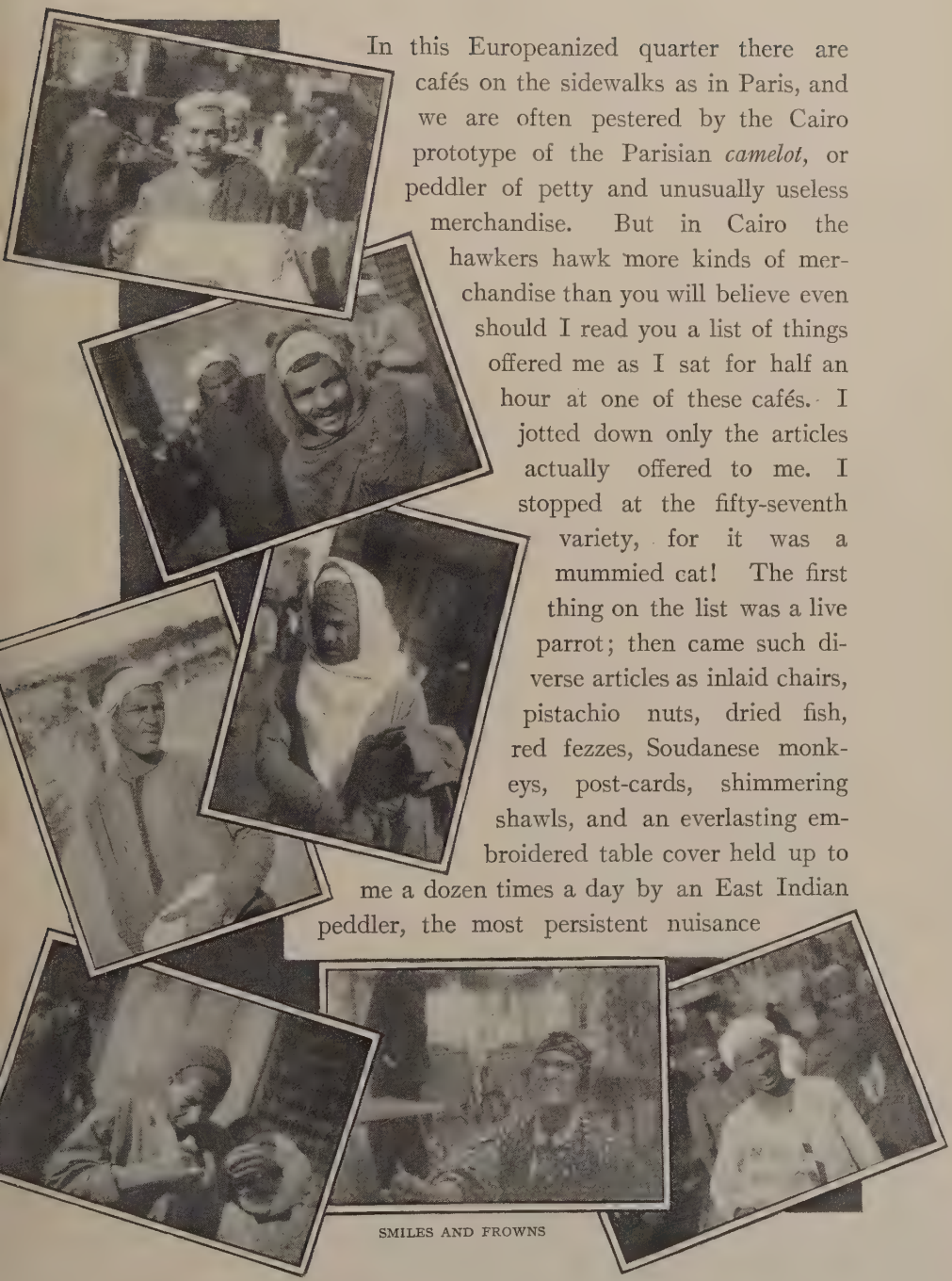
The modernization of Cairo was the work



"DOING" THE STRANGER

of the first of the Khedives, Ismail Pasha, a reckless but progressive despot who, catching the fever of civilization in Paris, returned with the resolve to transform his city by the Nile as Napoleon III had transformed the city by the Seine. The festivities organized on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 cost Ismail more than twenty million dollars, and started Egypt on the road to ruin. His extravagances practically placed his realm in pawn. He built the Opera House of Cairo, where Verdi's "Aïda," written to his order, was produced in 1871. A statue of Ibrahim Pasha, father of Ismail, stands in the Opera Square, an offense to true believers, who, according to the Koran, hold it sinful to create the graven image of any living thing.

CAIRENE FACES

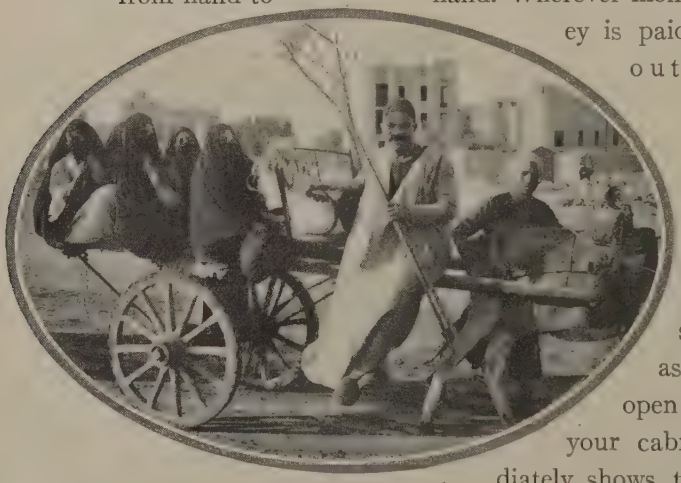


SMILES AND FROWNS

In this Europeanized quarter there are cafés on the sidewalks as in Paris, and we are often pestered by the Cairo prototype of the Parisian *camelot*, or peddler of petty and unusually useless merchandise. But in Cairo the hawkers hawk more kinds of merchandise than you will believe even should I read you a list of things offered me as I sat for half an hour at one of these cafés. I jotted down only the articles actually offered to me. I stopped at the fifty-seventh variety, for it was a mummied cat! The first thing on the list was a live parrot; then came such diverse articles as inlaid chairs, pistachio nuts, dried fish, red fezzes, Soudanese monkeys, post-cards, shimmering shawls, and an everlasting embroidered table cover held up to me a dozen times a day by an East Indian peddler, the most persistent nuisance

of them all. At first it is amusing, but in time it tries the temper of the traveler to be perpetually urged to buy things that no one wants and everybody buys, for buy we do, every purchase being the occasion for a gathering of curious onlookers. Every passer-by wants to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the stranger taken in. Apparently the native eye revels in the sight of coin passing from hand to hand. Wherever money is paid out,

"BUY MUMMY NECKLACE?"



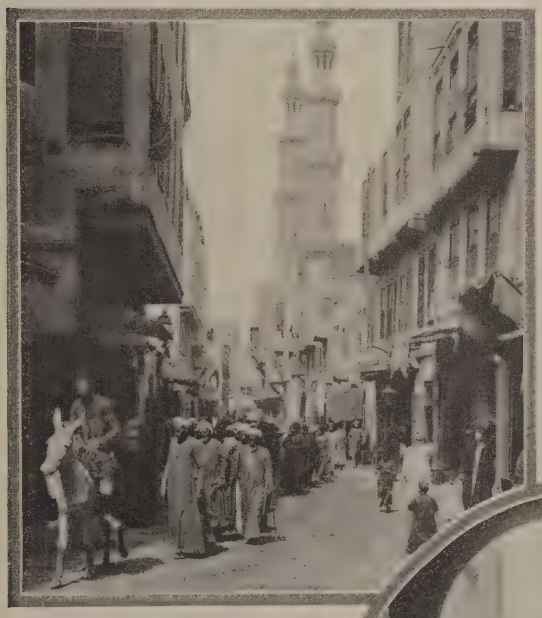
ARE THEY BEAUTIFUL?

dozens of alien but interested eyes caress the silver or the gold as it gleams in the open palm. You pay your cabman; he immediately shows the money to the bystanding natives who rush up to see how much you have given him. You buy a necklace or an imitation scarab from one of the patriarchal dealers in brand new antiquities, and a group gathers to laugh at you if you have paid the price first asked, to compliment you with a look of deep respect if you have paid five cents instead of the five pounds demanded. The ups and downs of the stock market are nothing to the flights and falls of prices in this curio market on the Cairo curb. "How much?" I ask of the man who offers me some tempting trifle. "Six shillings," is the answer. "I 'll give you six *millièmes*,"

"BUY MY BIRD?"

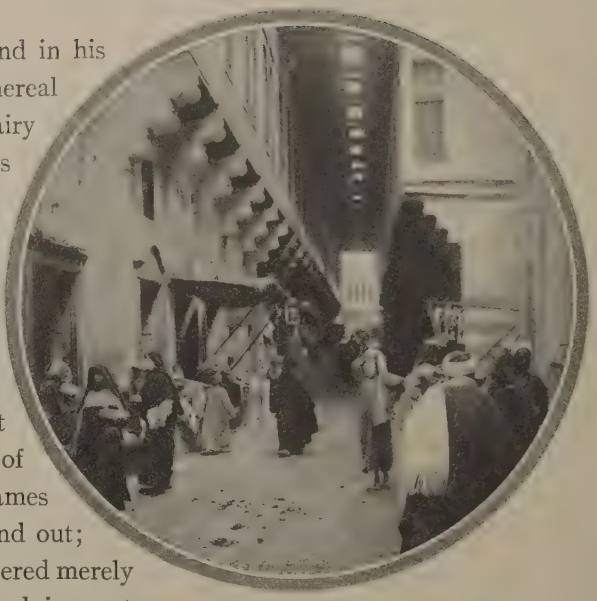
I say, merely to escape the purchase of a thing I do not want, but all in vain, for though six *millièmes* represent less than three cents I get the goods.

But the real streets of Cairo are not found in the neighborhood of the hotel. We must plunge into the maze of the bazaars, reeking with color, before we can feel that we are in the real streets of the real Cairo — the Cairo of the Arabian conquerors of Egypt; it is as picturesque as any "Streets of Cairo" at an exposition. Everywhere there is strong appeal to eye and ear — and nose. We are in a world of novel sights and sounds — and smells. Tall minarets attract our gaze on high; loud-crying merchants call it down to the gay front of some dark, deep-set shop, one of the many thousand similar traps of temptation set for the tourist in these interminable bazaars. "To buy or not to buy?" that is the question with which the weak-willed stranger is everywhere confronted. His only safety is



IN THE REAL STREETS OF CAIRO

to lift his eyes again, and in his admiration for the ethereal beauty of those fairy towers of the mosques outlined against the pale blue of the sky of Africa forget the worldly lure of the curios of Cairo.



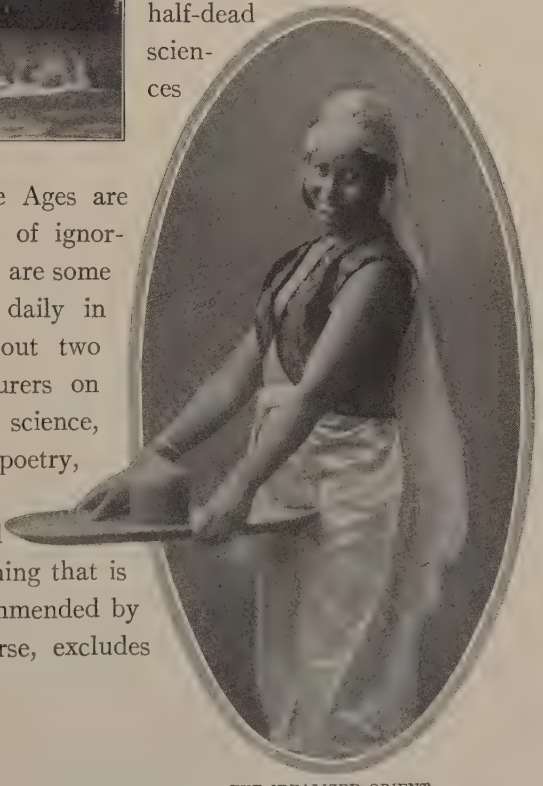
IN THE BAZAARS

There are so many mosques in Cairo that the stranger fixes few of them in mind. The names of only one or two stand out; the rest will be remembered merely as fragile, wonderful, and in most cases dilapidated buildings of great beauty, which, though by no means abandoned, have an air of sad abandonment. One that will never be confounded with the others is the Mosque of El Azhar. It is the seat of the greatest of Mohammedan universities, the most famous educational institution of the Moslem World — a world which complacently believes itself to be the only world that is worthy of consideration. It is not generally known that the

TRAPS OF TEMPTATION

MUSHRABIYA

Moslem belief is the most widely spread of all the religions of the earth, and though it seems to immobilize every nation that becomes Moslem — and Moslem or Muslim means "the submitted," those who are submissive to the will of Allah — it is itself ever spreading and ever increasing in power, though never progressing. Its leading university in Cairo might be called a sanatorium where the half-dead sciences and wisdom of the Middle Ages are kept alive by all the arts of ignorance and bigotry. There are some seven thousand students daily in attendance; there are about two hundred teachers or lecturers on grammar, law, religion, science, mathematics, rhetoric, and poetry, but these Mohammedan professors are not permitted to teach or to know anything that is not vouched for and commended by the Koran. This, of course, excludes



THE IDEALIZED ORIENT

all modern science, all history, all accurate geography, — in fact, everything worth knowing. Absurd to the last degree is the curriculum of El Azhar, and pitiful it is to see seven thousand bright young minds being filed dull on the grindstone of the terrible Koran, to see seven thousand hungry souls asking the bread of knowledge and receiving only the stone of petrified tradition. This so-called university creates and fosters more ignorance and mental darkness than any other

UNIVERSITY MOSQUE OF EL AZHAR

institution in the world; and worse, it scatters its curse broadcast over all North Africa, and over Arabia, Turkey, Persia, the Moslem provinces of India, and all the Moslem lands and islands of the Orient. For all these countries send their most promising young men to commit intellectual suicide here in the halls and courts of El Azhar, where the students sit in circles on the floor repeating audibly the useless lessons set for them to learn — swaying their bodies to and fro as if in earnest effort to digest the lumps of petrified wisdom with which their starving minds are being fed.

MOSLEM "COLLEGE MEN"

In contrast to this studious roar of many voices is the calm quietude of other mosques devoted solely to prayer and to religious meditation. In every mosque we find the ornamental niche or *mihrab* set in the wall, marking the direction in which Mecca lies, so that the worshiper may always face the holy city when he prays. Beside it rises the *mimbar*, or the pulpit from which the Friday sermons are discoursed by the *imam*, or clergy. Friday is kept holy by the Moslems because it was Adam's birthday,

and because Adam died also on Friday The six great prophets revered by them are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. Each of these prophets is believed to have revealed a true religion; but as he who reveals last, reveals the best and truest faith, so the revelation of Mohammed supersedes all others as the true faith of the faithful.

STUDENTS FROM MANY MOSLEM LANDS

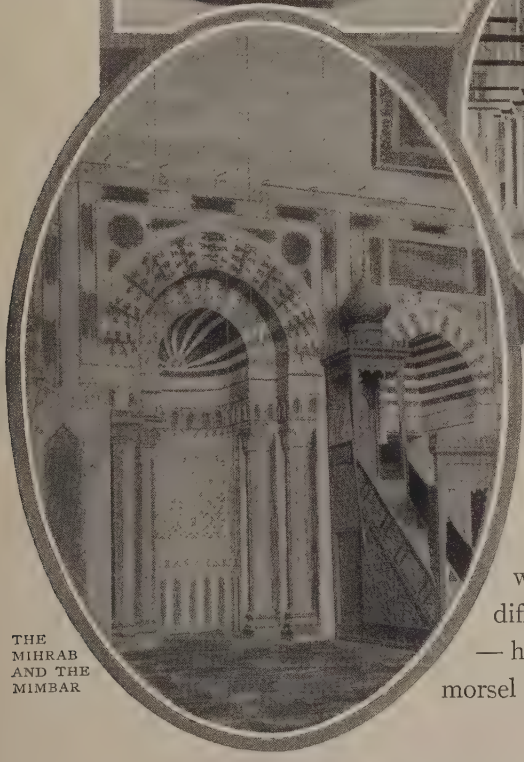
According to the Moslem doctrine, all who professed the Jewish faith, from the days of Moses to the coming of the Christ, were true believers; so also were those who followed Christ's teachings until Mohammed came. But all who do not accept the revelation and obey the teachings of Mohammed, the latest and the greatest of the prophets, are infidels, and have no hope of heaven. Superb indeed is the assurance of his followers — they know that they are right, that all other men are wrong.

As for the Moslem ideas of heaven, they are hopelessly material. Paradise is a place of luxury and ease, and the very meanest inhabitant is promised eighty thousand servants and seventy-two wives chosen from among the houri of heaven,

THE FOUNTAIN

besides the wives he had in this world — *if he desires to have the latter.* No old, unpopular wife is to be forced upon him in his new abode of bliss. Moreover, the wives that he will choose in Paradise will be tall as palm trees and as graceful. Adam and Eve, they say, were sixty feet tall; thus we have been shrinking ever

THE LIWAN OR PRAYING PLACE



THE MIHRAB AND THE MIMBAR

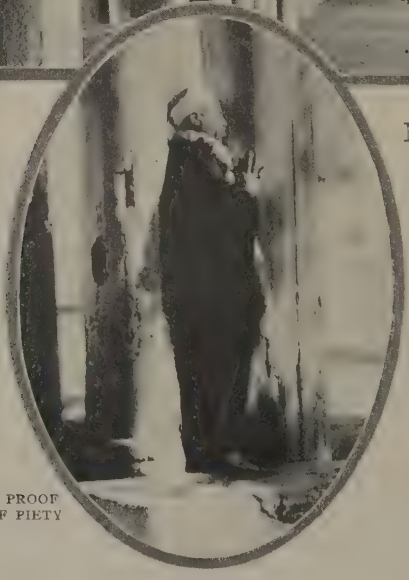
since our fatal start in life. Every heaven dweller will possess a tent of pearls and emeralds, wherein three times every day, three hundred waiters will serve three hundred different dishes all at once, but — happy dispensation — the last morsel of each banquet will always

be as grateful to the palate as the first. Wine, which is prohibited on earth, will be served in heaven in quantities unlimited, but — joyous miracle — enough will never be too much, too much will never be enough! We learned of several curious petty superstitions while visiting the famous Mosque of Amr, the oldest mosque in Cairo, built by the man who conquered Egypt in the name of the One God and of

A CURE FOR INDIGESTION

THE MOSQUE OF AMR IN OLD CAIRO

Mohammed his Prophet in the year 640, only eighteen years after the beginning of the Mohammedan era. Abandoned now, the Mosque of Amr is filled with worshipers only once a year, when the Khedive himself, his entire court, and a multitude of the



A PROOF OF PIETY

faithful come to pray amid the marble pillars. Then many try the efficacy of their prayers in a peculiar way, for he who cannot squeeze his body between a certain pair of pillars set very close together, can never squeeze his soul into the narrow portals of Mohammed's paradise. In one corner of this mosque we saw a woman licking with avidity a certain spot in the wall, worn concave by the touch of many tongues. She did not cease as we approached, but continued to rub her tongue upon the stone until the blood began to flow. Then she and her companion put on their veils and went away. "She thinks that she is cured," our guide remarked, "that is believed to be a cure for indigestion." They lick this stone with prayerful assiduity until the tongue is raw, then, as our skeptical companion said, "they *can't* eat too much and so, *of course*, they get well."

The congregation seen in the city mosques on Fridays consists of men,— no women, no Sunday bonnets, no mild flirtations, no hymn-book held in one big hand and one little one, none of the things that make church-going easier for us. The Moslem woman prays, if she prays at all, at home. The

CAIRO FROM THE TOWER OF A MOSQUE

FROM A MINARET

hour, enjoying the exquisite outlook. Two men had come up with us, but why one of them had climbed so high we could not understand, for he was blind and could not see the view. But presently the blind man, who is not dumb, opens his wide mouth and launches fervently the midday call to prayer; he is the *muezzin*, and the words that he intones are these:

man, the master, is the one who attends public service and prays for blessings on his house. In solemn state he goes on Fridays to his favorite mosque, the representative and proxy of those who are dependent on him in this life. The traveler often hears the call to prayer, but rarely sees the caller, for the narrow streets seldom command a view of these tall towers. Therefore one day we lay in ambush for a *muezzin*. Bribing our way up to the shaky balcony of an old mosque, we waited patiently till the noon

THE MUEZZIN

THE CITY OF THE DEAD OUTSIDE THE GATES

"God is most great. I testify that there is no Deity but God. I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle. Come to prayer; come to security. God is most great. There is no Deity but God." To these, other words are added, differing at each of the five different hours of prayer. The calls are given at sunset, at nightfall, at daybreak, at noon, and at an hour midway between noon and nightfall.

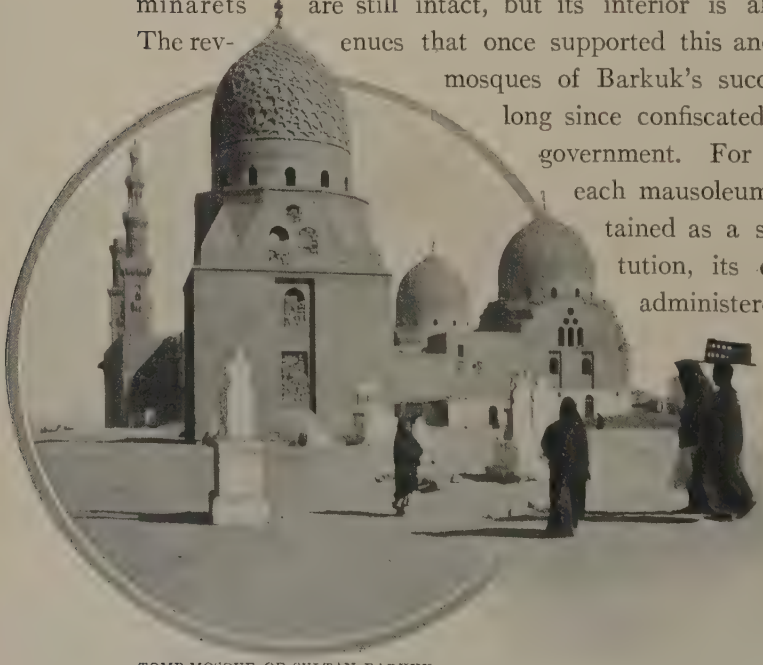
THE GATE OF VICTORY

Far more effective to the eye than the mosques of the city proper are those that rise from the sandy solitudes a little way beyond the eastern gates of Cairo, where,

artistically aligned, we see the nine most graceful domes in all the realm of Saracenic architecture. These domes mark the tombs of the last dynasty of independent princes who ruled in Egypt down to the Turkish conquest in 1517. This was the dynasty of the Mameluke Sultans, founded in 1382 by a Circassian

TOMBS OF THE MAMELUKE SULTANS

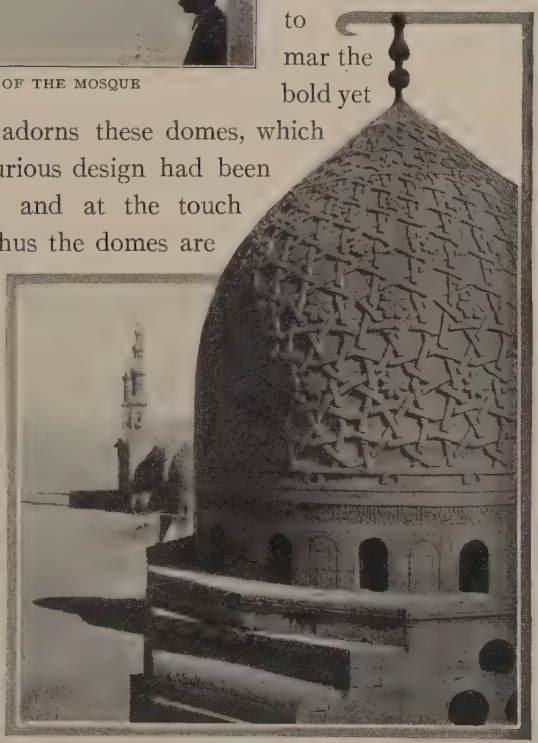
slave. The first of these great master-slaves was Barkuk, builder of the grandest of these imposing tombs. Its domes and minarets are still intact, but its interior is all a wreck. The revenues that once supported this and the tomb-mosques of Barkuk's successors were long since confiscated by a later government. For many years each mausoleum was maintained as a sacred institution, its endowments administered by a staff of holy men and its



TOMB-MOSQUE OF SULTAN BARKUK

THE COURT OF THE MOSQUE

works of art cared for by a crowd of pensioners and servants. Splendid they must have been, these burial palaces here on the edge of the Arabian desert; splendid they are to-day, though crumbling fast despite the thoroughness of their construction. Five hundred years have not sufficed to mar the bold yet dainty pattern that adorns these domes, which look as if nets of curious design had been thrown over them, and at the touch been petrified. Thus the domes are apparently enmeshed in nets of chiseled stone.



A DECORATED DOME

Another day we make a longer excursion across the suburban sands of Cairo, riding forth from the gate called Bab en Nasr, the "Gate of Victory," on our way to the famous

forest of petrified trees, about eight miles from town. We reach the spot — a stone-strewn, sun-baked desert. "This is the forest," exclaims our guide, but we look in vain for trees. Scientists declare that the trees of this forest are extinct. This scientific pronouncement of a self-evident fact might be called a "work of supererogation" — the most unscientific mind grasps it at once. These are the most distinctly extinct trees on the face of the earth. On the ground, however, are fragments of what looks like wood, but feels like stone.

OVER THE SUBURBAN SANDS

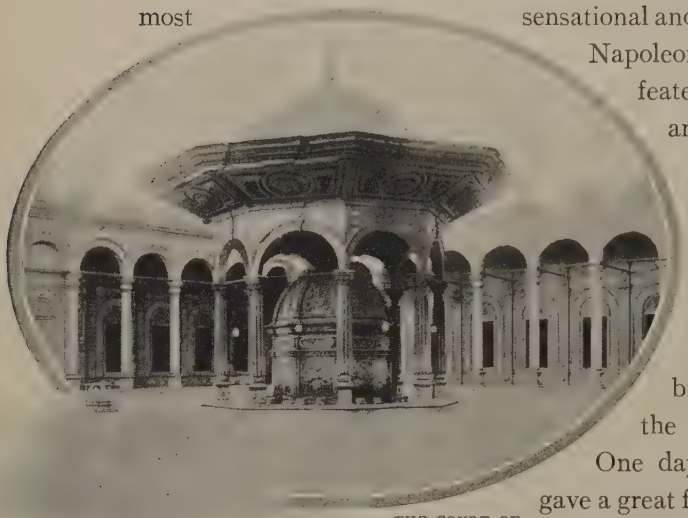
Our pockets filled with specimens, we gallop back toward Cairo to visit at the sunset hour the splendid Mosque of

THE PETRIFIED FOREST

Mohammed Ali, the dominating feature of the Egyptian capital. Its tall, slender minarets, and its low, graceful domes are seen even from the deep, narrow streets. It rises from the midst of the stronghold known as the Citadel, once the abode of Khalifs and Khedives. It is the crowning feature of the acropolis of Cairo. The builder of this temple was Mohammed Ali, founder of the ruling dynasty; he designed it as his tomb, and in one corner of it he lies buried. His was a strange career: born in Roumelia, he became colonel of the troops of the Turkish Sultan and was

THE CITADEL OF CAIRO

stationed in Egypt. Through French influence he was appointed Governor in 1805. Two years later he foiled an English attempt to get possession of the country, and in 1811 he performed his most sensational and brutal *coup d'état*. Napoleon had already defeated the Mamelukes and their followers, but the beys and princes of the Mameluke *régime* still possessed power and hindered the ambitious schemes of the new Governor. One day Mohammed Ali gave a great feast in the Citadel. Four hundred and eighty of the Mamelukes accepted his invitation. Superbly mounted, they rode up through a deep, steep passageway leading from the lower town. The cavalcade

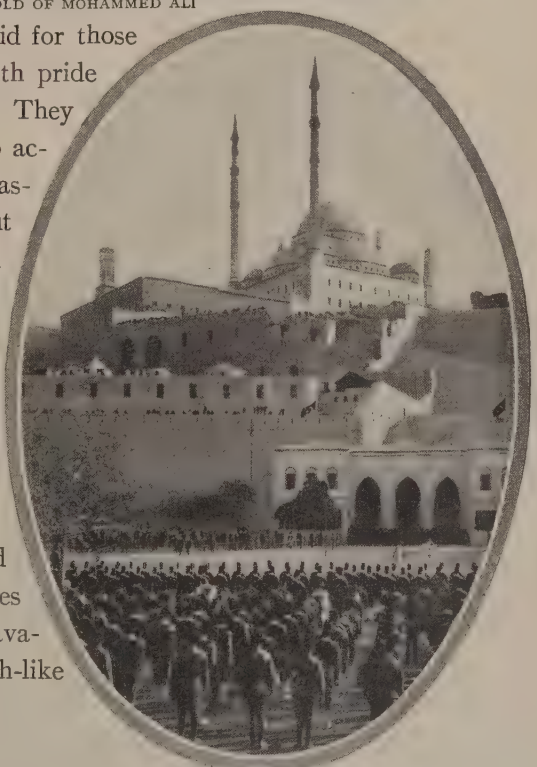


THE COURT OF MOHAMMED ALI'S MOSQUE

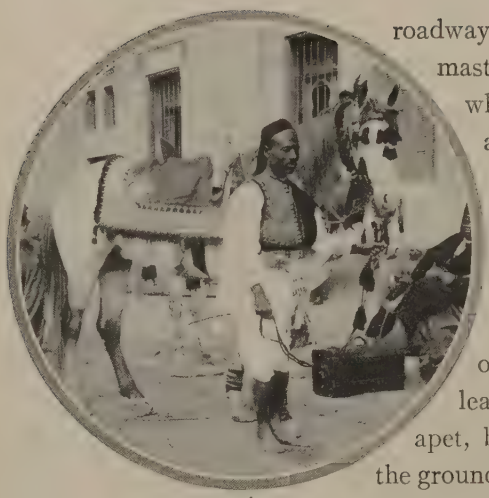
IN THE ALABASTER MOSQUE

THE STRONGHOLD OF MOHAMMED ALI

must have been very splendid for those beys were rich and filled with pride of race and pride of wealth. They had been forced grudgingly to acknowledge Mohammed Ali master of Egypt, they were about to break bread with him in sign of peace, and were content to wait until events should bring their party once more into power. But the man who was luring them to his stronghold waited for no events — he was a precipitator of history. His orders had been given. The lower gates were closed; the Mameluke cavaliers were caught in a trench-like



THE HOLY CARPET CEREMONY IN THE ROUMELEH



A "SAIS"

roadway; the armed men of the new master were behind the walls, through which or over which they fired almost point-blank into that mass of men and animals. The firing did not cease till all were dead, till every possibility of further Mameluke opposition was annihilated. Tradition says that one bold horseman did escape by leaping his Arab steed over a parapet, but after going carefully over all the ground, I must confess myself a skeptic on this point. But that nearly five hundred men were slaughtered there like cattle, this is history. Thereafter Mohammed Ali devoted himself religiously to the welfare of his people — as that sort of thing is understood in Oriental despotisms. An English student of affairs in Egypt, writing of the condition of the masses in 1834,

THE MAHMAL

A DERVISH CHIEF AND HIS ESCORT

declared "they could not suffer more and live." Yet they have suffered more and lived to see their land redeemed from poverty, if not from ignorance, under the business management of Englishmen. That the Cairene Egyptians are now prosperous seemed obvious on the occasion of the departure of the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. The crowds are well dressed and very well behaved, more patient than European crowds, as they wait to see the Holy Carpet started on its long and sacred journey to the holy cities of Arabia,— to Mecca, whence the prophet fled, and to Medina, whither he fled and where he now sleeps in his tomb. The most conspicuous feature of the procession is a fantastical construction called the Mahmal, which is carried by the finest camel in all Africa. Once upon a time the ruler of Egypt made the pilgrimage to Mecca riding in a splendid canopied throne on camel-back. Later rulers stayed at home and sent the royal camel and an empty throne. This "proxy" came to be called the Mahmal

AN AFRICAN SAINT

ONE OF THE ESCORT

and now goes every year to Mecca. The Khedive and his court witness the ceremony of departure from the great square called Roumeleh under the shadow of the Citadel The Mahmal and its escort circle three times in the center of the square, then move off in procession through the native town. We raced in our camera-laden cab through that maze of alleys, trying to get ahead of the procession, but by mistake turned into the wrong street and found ourselves mixed up with it in such a way that we could not escape, for the crowds closed in and completely blocked the side streets. We had to drive on slowly

THE SPECIAL CAR FOR THE TRANSPORT OF THE MAHMAL

THE NILE BRIDGE

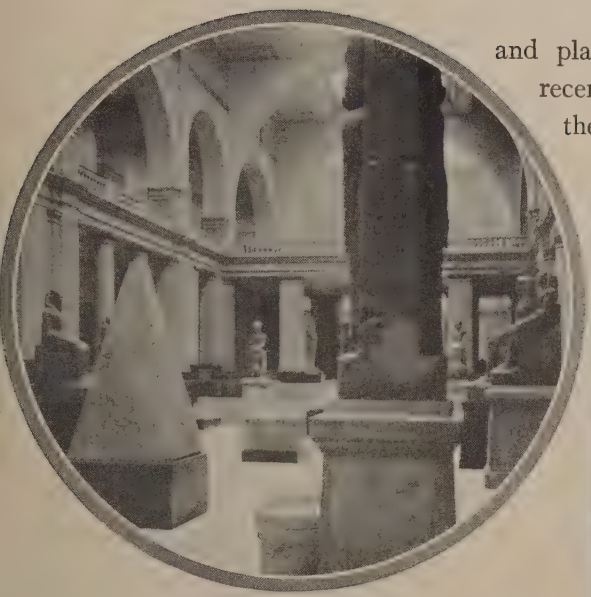
with that sacred *cortége* — our presence in it being sacrilegious, the Moslem crowds voiced their indignation in cries we did not understand and hisses that we did. "What do they say?" we asked our frightened guide, "are they insulting us?" "No, not *quite* so, but they make *rough* talk." We were too

THE CAMELS IN THE FOG AT SUNRISE

much interested to be alarmed. The whole thing was so strange and wild that it was worth the risk, and on we went, the most observed part of the show. Sometimes we would be overtaken by the escort of some very holy sheik of some very holy society of dervishes. He would be swept past us amid a swaying of

THE NEW NATIONAL MUSEUM

green banners, on a wave of frantic and fanatical excitement. At moments like this, happily for us, the crowd would be so filled with religious frenzy that the one cab-load of Christian interlopers was forgotten. At last we reached the wider streets where native policemen are stationed, keeping the people back by means that are effective if not gentle. A bamboo stick across the bare shins of the Cairo rabble does wonders in the way of keeping them in line. Sound, whacking blows are struck on shins or backs, and sometimes heads are battered with the same bamboo. But there is no remonstrance; this sort of thing is mild



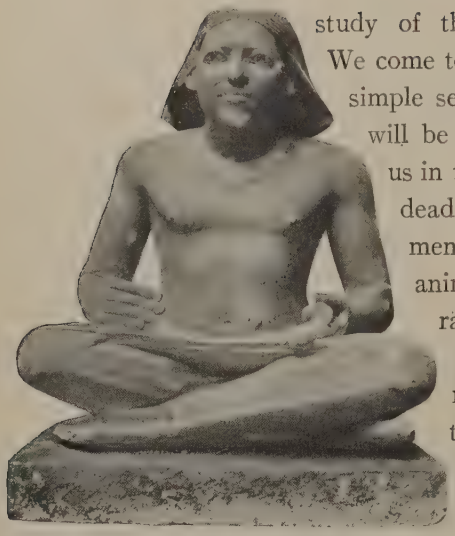
IN THE MUSEUM

Mahmal go part way by rail, part way by sea, and then by camel from Jeddah up to Mecca and Medina.

But all this has to do with the Egypt of to-day. Yet to see the Egypt of yesterday we need not even leave this modern Cairo — we simply make our way to the finest modern building in Cairo, the new National Museum which contains the priceless collection of Egyptian antiquities belonging to the government. In this museum we find ourselves in the realm of the art, the history, and the religion of the ancients — a realm too vast for the mere traveler, unless he comes prepared to spend many months — or even years — in the and playful to a people who so recently were treated daily to the bastinado.

Formerly the pilgrimage was made all the way by land, the pious thousands traveling in caravan across the Isthmus of Suez, but now even the Holy Carpet and the

THE OLDEST WORK OF ART IN WOOD
"SHEIK OF THE VILLAGE"



ONE OF THE SCRIBES.

study of the fascinating science of Egyptology. We come to visit Egypt, not to study it, but in the simple seeing of sights we may learn much that will be better remembered than if it came to us in the form of lessons. In this museum a dead antiquity lives again — we see the men, the women, and even the domestic animals perfectly portrayed in contemporary statues of marble, stone, and wood, or what is still more wonderful and more uncanny, perfectly preserved in the flesh, the mummied corpses of those creatures of an age so fearfully remote, exposed to the eyes of our modern generation. Among the many wonders that greet us in these halls there is not one that tends to make the old Egyptians seem more real to us than the famous wooden statue of the so-called Sheik of the Village. It is one of the oldest works of art in the world, carved about

TOILERS OF ANTIQUITY

TWO VERY HUMAN BEINGS OF THE PAST

five thousand years ago, and one of the most perfect. But it is remarkable less for its artistic worth than for its convincing fidelity to nature; we feel that it is a perfect likeness of the man it represents,— a very stolid, rather fattish, very human man, the prototype of many of the men we meet in our own streets from day to day. The original of this wooden masterpiece was, so they tell us, a nobleman of low degree, a rich and prosperous personage

DEAD MEN WHO DO TELL TALES

who, like the other wealthy men of his time, had a portrait-statue of himself executed, graven exactly in his own image, to be placed with him in his tomb, so that should his embalmed body fail to

FACE TO FACE WITH RAMESES THE GREAT

THE FACE OF RAMESES II

outlast the ages, his soul could find an appropriate envelope, and thus continue to exist and to enjoy. The old Egyptian believed that without a body, the soul or spirit must perish. Hence the hosts of mortuary statues, duplicates, understudies, *alter egos* that have been unearthed in Egypt; hence the attention devoted to the perfecting of the uncanny embalming art which has preserved for us through all this awful lapse of centuries the actual corpses of the kings and nobles of the ancient dynasties, the actual flesh and skin and bones of the Egyptian upper ten, the corporeal selves of the individuals who made Egyptian history. Think of the wonder of it! Here in this superb modern museum we may meet the ancient kings of Egypt, see the actual bodies of the Pharaohs, look upon the great Rameses face to face! Here he lies, marked "Exhibit J," his

THE FACE OF SETI I

royal body all unwrapped, his royal limbs exposed. His royal face, that hawk-like face of Egypt's master, the face before the frown of which all Egypt trembled more than three thousand years ago, is bared to the gaze of the meanest of his people, to the stares of every flippant foreign passerby We see the nose — a conqueror's nose — a nose like that of Alexander or Wellington; we see the mouth — a master's mouth — firm set like that of Cæsar or Napoleon, and in it there still gleams one solitary tooth. When the royal form was first unwrapped a ghastly thing occurred. As the countless mummy bandages were unrolled by the painstaking archeologists, suddenly, silently, but surely and visibly, Rameses the Great raised up his hand, as if to protest against this profanation of his kingly mummy, or to salute the scientists who had resurrected him. Of course the startling movement was caused by the expansion or contraction of certain tissues freed by the removal of the tight wrappings of the mummy shroud in which the body had been rolled three thousand one hundred and six years before. Then, turning to another case — which has become a royal casket — we peer down at the face of Rameses' father, Seti the First. He was the builder of the most exquisite, if not the

SETI THE FATHER

biggest, of old Egypt's monuments. His coffin was the most wonderful sarcophagus ever found in Egypt, a colossal block of alabaster superbly adorned with exquisite reliefs. You may see it now in London, in the Soane Museum, near Lincoln's Inn. In his day the emblaming art reached a perfection never attained by the embalmers of earlier or later periods. His mummy is therefore better preserved than those of his predecessors or successors. Comparing the face of Seti with that of his more renowned and more ambitious son, we see that it is nobler than the face of Rameses, but less masterful. Seti it was who sowed the seeds of greatness. Rameses it was who reaped the harvest of world-wide renown. And what an experience, thus to compare, not the likenesses, but the actual bodies of two great historical characters, the father who died comparatively young, side by side with the son, whose body was the garment of his soul for more than ninety years. Yet here they are, the father a young and very handsome man, the son a decrepit nonagenarian, worn to a skeleton by more than threescore years of absolute imperial power. And think of it, these men were wrapped up in these very shrouds nearly a thousand years before the age of Alexander. And in this same hall lie other royal mummies, Pharaohs of three great dynasties. Great even among

RAMESES THE SON

THOTMES III

the greatest of these kings was Thotmes III, who ruled two hundred years before the days of Rameses. He was the Alexander of old Egypt, for he made himself, through many successful campaigns, lord over every country in the known world. He it was who inscribed on the walls of Karnak the list of six hundred and twenty-eight nations vanquished and cities captured by his victorious armies. At ancient Heliopolis, the site of which lies near that of modern Cairo, he erected obelisks to commemorate his many jubilees. They stood before the gates of the great temples that once marked the intellectual center of the world to which came the wise men of all countries, among them Moses, Pythagoras, and Euclid, seeking the wisdom of the priests of Heliopolis. Plato himself studied for thirteen years under the tutelage of the priests of Ammon, whose sanctuary was the

THE FEET OF A PHARAOH

earliest of all universities. Vanished are the temples, gone are all the obelisks save one, — gone but not vanished, for three of the former companions of this now solitary shaft stand to-day, each in the heart of a great modern city. One we have seen in London, beside the river Thames, the oldest object of all London,

HELIOPOLIS

making the British metropolis seem almost new; another stands in Central Park, in the great playground of the newest of great cities; a third tall granite monolith from Heliopolis rises in Rome before the greatest church of Christendom, St. Peter's. Other obelisks grace other sites in Rome and in Constantinople; but here at Heliopolis, where they first rose as everlasting monuments to royal pride, there is now only one. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* So passes the glory of the world. Will the site of London, New York, or Rome ever come to desolation such as this? Yet here

was once a city famous for the things that do not die — religion and philosophy.

Yet how impressive is this lonely obelisk of Heliopolis, how eloquent of the grandeur of the past! How comparatively inconsequential seems the modern Moslem Egypt which has risen on the ruins of the ancient Egypt of the Pharaohs! Literally, the greater buildings of modern Cairo have been constructed with stones stolen from the structures of the ancients, and yet the greatest of these ancient structures which rise on the edge of the Libyan desert, about six miles from Cairo on the west bank of the Nile, do not at first glance betray the fact that they have suffered from this vandalism.

Man made, but man cannot destroy, the Pyramids. The Pyramids are destined to perish only with the world. "All things fear Time, but Time fears the Pyramids." Never to be forgotten is the moment when we first behold the outlines of those solid

THE PYRAMIDS

shapes, gigantic and triangular, that stand for all the glory and the dignity of the Egypt of the past. We murmur, "The Pyramids!" That is all that should be said: "The Pyramids!" All history is breathed in that one word, the story of our race from to-day back to the dim beginning. Who looks upon the Pyramids for the first

THE ROYAL CEMETERY IN THE SANDS

time keeps silence; they represent terrestrial Eternity, they almost paralyze imagination, because they alone of all the works of man bid fair to conquer Time. But what are the Pyramids? They are simply tombs — the burial vaults of kings who reigned about two thousand years before the days of Rameses, or nearly fifty centuries ago.

They are the hugest, costliest, cruelest tombs the world has ever seen. Eloquent of the wealth and power of those kings, they represent the suffering, pain, and toil of dumb, uncounted multi-

THE GREAT PYRAMID OF CHEOPS

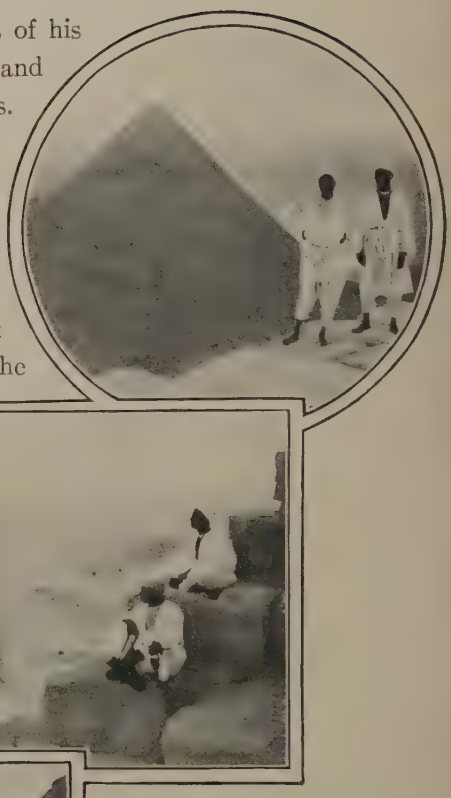
tudes of slaves. They are the most flagrant, awesome symbols of man's inhumanity to man ever set up by pride and selfishness. And think of it, they mark the dawn of what is known as Civilization. Thus they have stood, an arrogant example to the proud and powerful ever since human history began. The first and greatest pyramid of this group, the pyramid of Cheops, was originally four hundred and eighty-one feet high; its base covers an area of thirteen acres, and each side measures seven hundred and fifty-five feet. So accurate was the work of ancient engineers that modern experts, testing it with the most delicate of modern instruments, have been able to discover only an error of $\frac{65}{100}$ of an inch in the length of the sides of the base, and of $\frac{1}{300}$ of a degree

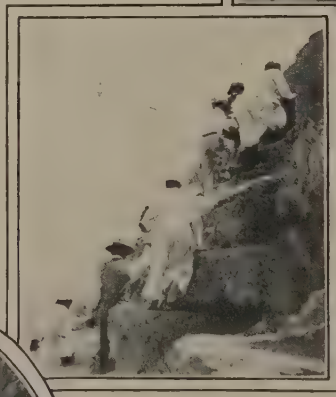
in angle at the corners. Thus the pyramid was practically perfect, and, moreover, perfectly oriented in relation to the four points of the compass. It contains two million three hundred thousand blocks of limestone of an average weight of two and a half tons, and these were set together with a perfection of adjustment surpassing in *finesse* the work of an artist in mosaic. One hundred thousand men labored for twenty years to complete this tomb wherein the body of their king might rest forever in absolute security. But how vain his hopes of

FROM THE HOTEL VERANDA

THE TOMB CHAMBER OF CHEOPS

bodily immortality, how vain the efforts of his architects and engineers, the toil and drudgery of his workmen and his slaves. To-day the tomb is empty. The grave robbers of antiquity rifled it ages ago. They took away the treasure and doubtless scattered Cheop's royal dust to the desert winds. To-day we find there in the heart of the strongest, most durable mausoleum ever erected — in the tomb-chamber the most cleverly and trickily concealed—only the empty coffin that we see, only the bare granite walls upon which several generations of distinguished fools have scrawled their modern names. The granite blocks that form these walls weigh from forty to fifty tons apiece. You cannot conceive of the immensity of the Great Pyramid until you have been boosted up and then been hauled down the northern slope of this stone mountain made with hands — this Matterhorn of masonry, this one surviving wonder of the Seven Wonders of the World. The steps are narrow, barely fifteen inches wide; and to make matters worse for us, these steps are very high, about three feet.

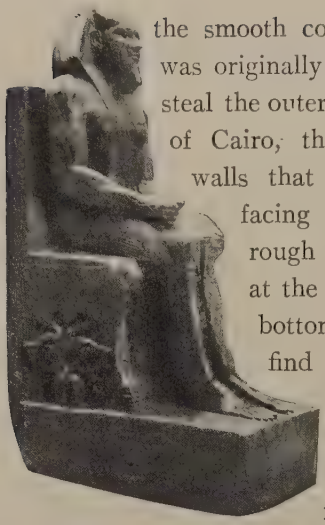




CLIMBING A MATTERHORN OF MASONARY 451 FEET HIGH

Each step is just a trifle higher than the average leg and knee can manage. Hence the prosperity of that wild tribe of pyramid Arabs, the white-robed haulers and boosters who chaperon the traveler up and down for a fixed fee and all the *backsheesh* they can wheedle out of him. Climbing Cheops marks one of the big moments in the life of a traveler. That moment has now come for us. No wonder that we wear a look of tired triumph as we stand for the first time upon this artificial mountain-peak, older than many of the real mountains of the world. From the top of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, which, owing to the removal of the blocks that formed the apex, is now a level platform some thirty-six feet square, we look down upon the Second Pyramid, the tomb of King Kephren, about whom we know little save that he built the second largest pyramid. It is a curious fact that Kephren's pyramid, viewed from the desert or the plain, looks higher and huger than the one on which we stand. This is owing to the fact that it stands on higher ground. It still retains its sharp and clean-cut apex, cased in

AT THE TOP AND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GREAT PYRAMID



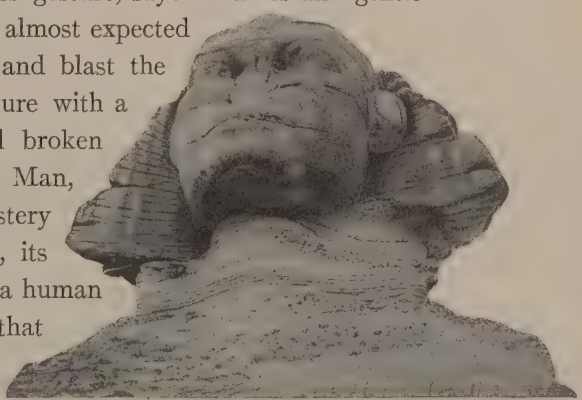
KEPHREN THE BUILDER OF THE SECOND PYRAMID

the smooth covering with which the entire structure was originally faced. Until the Arab Khalifs began to steal the outer blocks to build the mosques and palaces of Cairo, the pyramids presented smooth, sloping walls that were unscalable. But nearly all that facing has been torn away, leaving exposed rough stairways of unfinished limestone, save at the top of Kephren's pyramid, and at the bottom of the third and smaller one, where we find a few of the old outer blocks in place, showing us what the surface of the pyramids was like. Then, turning from these royal sepulchers we see emerging from the ever-moving tidal wave of sand that sweeps with the slow centuries around the triumphant pyramids, the head and shoulders of a thing that every member of civilized society, traveled or untraveled, knows by sight as well as name. Who does not know this face and

A LITTLE OF THE OUTER FACING STILL IN PLACE

"FATHER OF MYSTEEY"

form, who need be told the name of the huge thing at which we are now gazing? Yet I have seen a guide — one of those loud specimens of cosmopolitan assurance — assemble his little band of tourists in this everlasting and world-famous presence, and pointing to it with a careless gesture, say: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Sphinx!" I almost expected yonder blind eyes to open and blast the miserable but earnest creature with a look. To-day, battered and broken by the attacks of Time and Man, this personification of mystery is flat-faced and featureless, its head the stony semblance of a human skull; but we feel sure that



SPEECHLESS BUT ELOQUENT

A BURIED TEMPLE NEAR THE SPHINX

once this mutilated mask was beautiful. It is still wonderful. As Pierre Loti says, "It is still able to express by the smile of those closed lips the inanity of our most profound human conjectures." And thus the word "sphinx-like" will always be a synonym for that which holds but will not, while the world endures, disclose its mystery. We do not even know by whom this thing was made or when. We do know that it is cut from a ridge of natural rock, with patches of masonry added here and there to carry out the gigantic conception of the unknown sculptor. Here we should close our eyes and try to picture all these things as they were in the remote days when the Sphinx was perfect, when the Pyramids were intact and immaculate and loomed in all their geometric beauty as the dominating features of the grandest cemetery the world has ever seen.

WHERE KEPHREN'S STATUES WERE FOUND

CHEOPS AND THE SPHINX

THE SAKKARA SANDS

It was the cemetery of Memphis, metropolis of Egypt, housing the dead of many generations. To-day it is not possible to dig anywhere along this sandy plateau on the west side of the Nile without finding a tomb or *mastaba*. Mummies lie there as thick as cord-wood, and mortuary antiquities are unearthed in

THE STEP PYRAMID

RAMESES AT MEMPHIS

such quantities that the museum sells authentic "ushabti"—little figures representing servants, buried with the rich or noble — at five cents apiece.

Even such large things as pyramids are comparatively numerous. There are no fewer than seventy-six of them, rising in royal impressiveness from the

RAMESES WAS A HANDSOME MAN

sands under which hundreds of thousands of lesser stone-built or rock-cut tombs are buried. The oldest is the Step Pyramid, one of the group at Sakkara about twenty miles south of the more famous group at Gizeh.

The Step Pyramid of Sakkara is regarded as the oldest stone superstructure in the world. Between it and the Nile lay the great

BY THE RIVER OF RAMESES

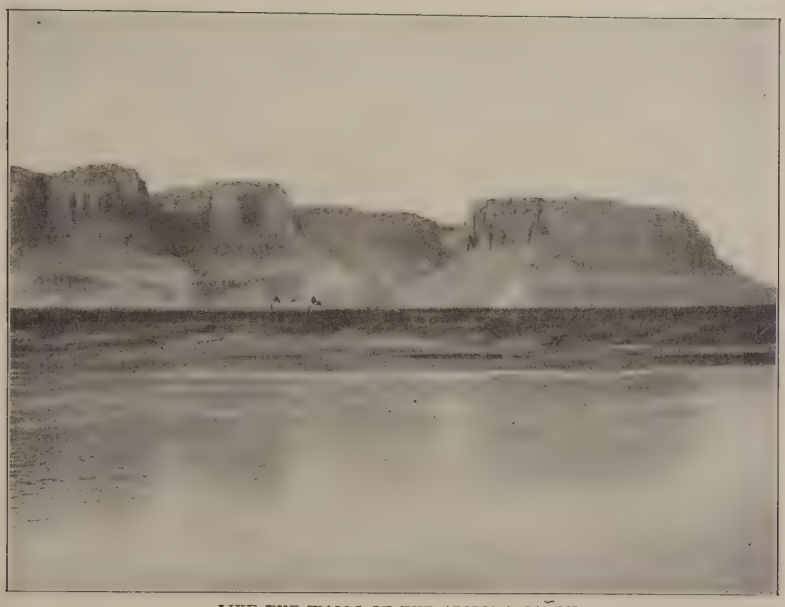
city of Memphis, metropolis of King Menes, the first Egyptian monarch whose name is known to history, the founder of the earliest known dynasty in the year 3400 B. C. One of the two things that mark the site of vanished Memphis is a prostrate colossal image of the comparatively modern Rameses II, Egypt's vainest and most ostentatious king; the other is another similar colossal statue of the same noble old self-advertiser of antiquity. Rameses the Great was the originator of spectacular advertising. We shall find the results of his activity all over Egypt, but where

the modern advertiser uses perishable paper Rameses employed imperishable stone. He left his mark on everything in Egypt except upon the shifting sands which have refused to perpetuate his fame as the digger of an embryo Suez Canal. He carved his likenesses on the eternal cliffs of the Nile or framed them between the pillars of the solidest of temples. He blazoned the story

NILE FELUCCAS

of his life and deeds upon the walls of giant pylons, that all posterity might look and read and marvel and applaud. The vanity of Rameses was as colossal as his memorials, that are so numerous and conspicuous as to lead the unread traveler to believe that Rameses was not only the greatest, but the *only* king that Egypt ever had. We shall see many of those reminders of Rameses as we go cruising up the Nile.

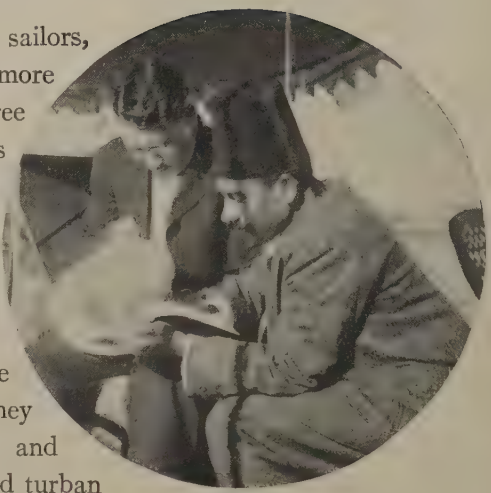
There are three usual ways of going up the Nile, by rail, by *dahabiyeh*, or by excursion steamer. To go up by rail is to miss absolutely the charm of the trip, to sail up in a *dahabiyeh* is very



LIKE THE WALLS OF THE ARIZONA CAÑON

costly both in money and in time, and therefore most people go by one of the tourist steamers that make the regular cruise up to the second cataract and back to Cairo in twenty-one days. We make our Nile cruise in the "*Nemo*," a little steam yacht chartered for thirty-five days, and paid for by the thousands of kind fellow-travelers who do their traveling with us in the travelogues. The "*Nemo*" is manned by seventeen men. There is the captain, who is also chief-steward, a German; two waiters, Nubians; the chef and his assistant, Arabs; the engineer, a villain; the assistant engineer and stoker, so soiled that nationality did not

OUR STEAM YACHT, THE "NEMO"



GATTAS GEORGE, DRAGOMAN

show through the grime; four sailors, Nubian and native; a chief pilot, more like a monkey than a man; three other pilots picked up at various ports, and last, but never least, the Dragoman, Gattas George, a Coptic Christian and as kindly a soul as ever answered the questions of a tourist. Who and what are the Copts? They are native Egyptians; but though they wear the red fez of the Arab, and though their priests wear the round turban of the Turk, these Coptic Egyptians are not Mohammedans. They represent the Christianized section of the native population. Their Christianity is almost as old as that of the Apostles, and since the fifth century they have had their own independent Coptic Church, which is dominant to day in

THE ACROPOLIS OF THE COPTS

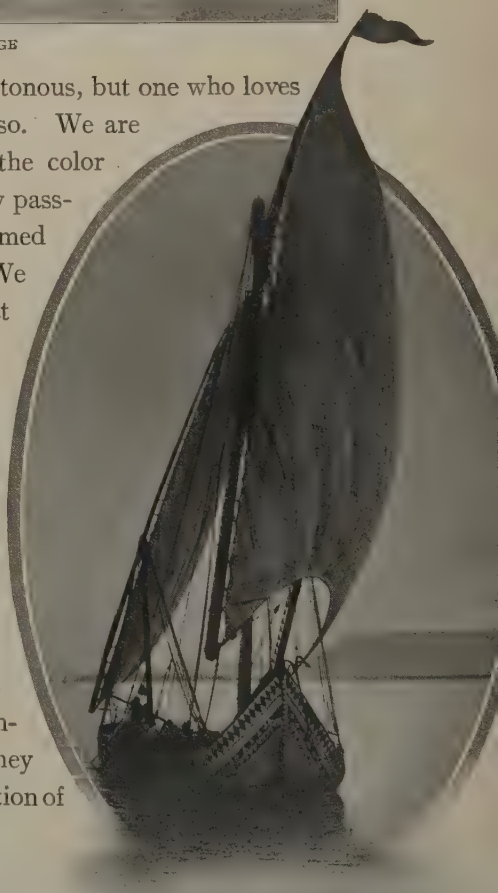
COPTIC PRIESTS

Abyssinia. Their language is the old Egyptian language. The language that we see written in hieroglyphics on the obelisks and temples is the Coptic language, now written by the Copts in Grecian characters. But while they read it in their churches they rarely speak it, for in the affairs of daily life they use modern Arabic, the language of their Mohammedan neighbors, whose populous villages we pass at frequent intervals as we steam slowly southward against the yellow current of the Nile.

THE "BACKSHEESH CLUB"

A MUD VILLAGE

Some say the Nile voyage is monotonous, but one who loves color and pictures will never find it so. We are kept on the continual *qui vive* for the color effects which come and go with every passing hour and for fine compositions formed and framed in every passing mile. We never tire of the sailing boats that wing their silent way like butterflies along the golden pathway of the Nile. We like them best when they are coming toward us, or slipping straight away up or down the placid stream. The full face of a Nile *felucca* is always *distingué* and beautiful, but the profile is distinctly disappointing. Thus all depends on the point of view; head-on, the boats are fairy craft, graceful as gorgeous insects on the wing; on the quarter they have already lost their magical perfection of



AS IN THE ANCIENT DAYS

proportion, and when at last we overtake one and view it as it glides along abeam, the splendid argosy has become an ordinary scow, and the glorious, full-winged butterfly has grown as scrawny and as awkward as a humble sand-fly.

To our amazement we find many a mile of the river walled in on one side or the other by the high cliffs of rocky hills that rise upon the Libyan or the Arabian shores. The Nile boasts pali-

HIKING ALONG THE DIKE

sades surpassing those of the Hudson, and at time suggesting in form and coloring even the walls of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. There is many a surprise in Egypt for the traveler who comes with notions fixed or preconceived. So, shattering preconceptions every day and every mile, we make our way with the aid of time and the tired engines of the "*Nemo*" against the current of the waters, but *with* the currents of the air, for

ON THE THREE WEEKS CRUISE

the prevailing winds are from the south. It is a curious fact that it is easy to sail up the Nile, but very difficult to sail down the river, for the winds are stronger than the current.

We are in the month of February and the Nile is getting lower every day. In October it overflowed these high banks and enriched the fields for miles in both directions with its waters — which in retiring left a mass of rich Abyssinian mud, the annual gift of the equatorial rains and the Abyssinian mountains to the thirsty, hungry valley of the Nile. To keep the fields and farms alive water must be kept upon them all the year, and to this one and all-important end, three fifths of Egypt's adult male population will labor every day and all day until the inundation comes again. Meantime the water must be literally lifted from the ebbing Nile and poured over the high banks to keep the farms and fields alive. There are two immemorial contrivances for lifting water still in use along this immemorial river. One is the *sakiyeh*, a wheel with an endless chain of pots, turned by a donkey, a bullock, or a camel — a primitive machine that is always in

A SAKIYEH

SHADUFS

motion and as audible as it is inharmonious. No one who has not heard the all-day, all-night song of the *sakiyeh* can realize how awful and uncanny a never-ending creak can be. The other watering device is the *shaduf*, a long well-sweep with a counterpoise of stone or hardened mud, worked by a pair of human animals in the form of swarthy, well-muscled *fellahin*. When the Nile is very low *shadufs* are arranged one above another, each pair of native dippers lifting the water to a level attainable by the dipping sacks of the *shaduf* next above. We see thousands of *shadufs* along the banks employing twice as many thousands of those bronzed athletes, whose splendid physical development

LIFTING THE WATER OF THE NILE

is due to this continuous gymnastic dipping exercise, and whose lives depend upon it,— for should the *shaduf* stop, the crops would die, the *fellahin* would starve, and so these men are literally dipping for dear life. Something of the inexorableness of Nature is brought home to us as we glide past those endless ranks of naked toilers bending their backs at the command of Nature's terrible

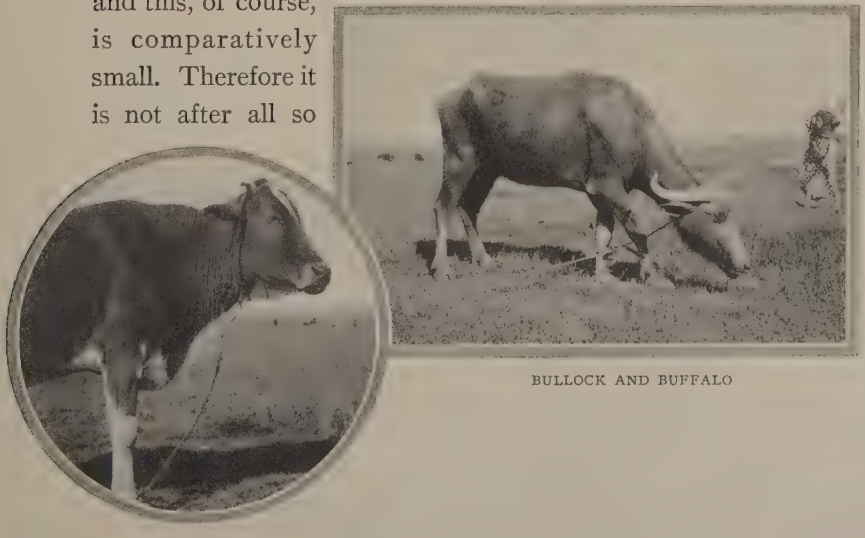
A SUGAR MILL

task-master, who bears the name Necessity! How poor they are. Everywhere the outstretched hand, the eager cry; on every lip the word that means a gift, for *backsheesh*, the first and last sigh of the Egyptian, is simply the Arabic word that means a "gift."

But all Egyptians are not beggars; only those at the ports where tourist steamers call. We found many a self-reliant community in the out-of-the-way villages at which we stopped. It was indeed a pleasure to meet a population that did not seem to know the word *backsheesh*. The *backsheesh* nuisance has been created and is fostered by the tourist; we who throw money to

COUNTLESS CARGOES OF CANE

be scrambled for are to blame for much of the beggary along the Nile. The Egyptian is naturally industrious; he has to be industrious to live. It astonishes the traveler to learn that Egypt is a crowded country, that in density of population Egypt surpasses Belgium, which has the densest population of any European country. But in computing the area of Egypt, the desert area is not counted; only the irrigated and productive area is considered, and this, of course, is comparatively small. Therefore it is not after all so



BULLOCK AND BUFFALO

strange that the narrow strips of fertile soil along the borders of the Nile should boast an agricultural population denser than the industrial population of overcrowded Belgium. The government is making magnificent efforts to enlarge the cultivable area of Egypt. Already millions of new acres, reclaimed from

THE CEMETERY OF ASSIUT

the desert by irrigation, are producing crops of cotton and of sugar-cane. The chimneys of great sugar-mills now rise like smoking obelisks where once the thirsty sands reached down and vainly tried to drink the life-giving water of the yellow Nile. Water has brought life and the possibility of wealth to the dying, starving native, and British justice now enables him to keep and to enjoy the wealth he earns.

In the old days no man dared to earn more than enough to satisfy his daily needs, for any surplus was sure to be a source

of suffering. He would be forced by torture to give up his gold. Thus laziness became a secure virtue, and industry a dangerous vice. Now all that is being changed, with water as the saving agent, and canals, ditches, barrages, dams, and dykes, the symbols of the new prosperity. One of the greater dams is near

THE CITY OF ASSIUT

Assiut, the largest town of Upper Egypt, with a population of about fifty thousand. But Assiut has a suburb more populous than the city proper. It is the suburb of the dead; and as we look down upon it from the rock tombs on Libyan hills it appears larger and handsomer than the city of the living. The cemetery looks more like a real city than the living city of Assiut itself. Far to the left we see the yellow sands of the Sahara, for cemeteries are always on the border of the desert. No precious, fertile acres are ever set aside as dwelling-places for

the dead; the living have too great need of all the cultivable land. Still there is verdure and beauty in this silent city; the date-palms, which give so much to the living, lend their shade and protection to the sleepers in the whitewashed tombs. It is a pious custom of the Moslems frequently to visit the abiding-places of their dead,

ON THE EVE OF THE FEAST

and there is one occasion when they come and camp for three days and nights beside the tombs of their departed relatives and friends. Some bring tents, others simply move into the little dome-like dwelling-houses that stand beside or above the family vault, a house in which the living visitors spend the three days of the great festival which partakes more of the character of a picnic than a pilgrimage, for there is much merrymaking and good cheer among the tombs. A market is established, cattle and sheep are driven in for slaughter, and the rich give meat and drink to

AMONG THE TOMBS

all the poor who ask, and of the askers there are not a few. Meantime a lively sort of fair develops on the outskirts of the cemetery. Less attractive than the dome-like houses in the city of the dead are the cube-like houses in the city of the quick, for Assiut itself is built of sun-dried brick. Dull and dirty are its streets, duller and dirtier the pitiful young children. The saddest sights in Egypt are the children, unwashed, with filth-encrusted eyes that are losing their brightness and possibly their sight because of silly superstition. Fear of the Evil or the Envious Eye prompts the Egyptian mother to neglect the personal appearance of her child. A pretty, well-groomed baby would be sure to attract the blighting influence of the Evil Eye. So even the well-to-do parent permits rags and dirt to diguise her child, as she imagines for its own protection. She believes it sinful to wash the inflamed eyes or brush the flies away. She believes that water is fatal to the sight; she believes flies to be the remedy for the disease, while in reality they are almost invariably the cause and aggravation of that opthalmia which is so prevalent that Egypt is the blindest nation in the world, a nation of near-sighted, one-eyed, or dead-

DOMES FOR THE LIVING BESIDE THE TOMBS OF THE DEAD

eyed victims of a disease born of filth, ignorance, and childish superstition.

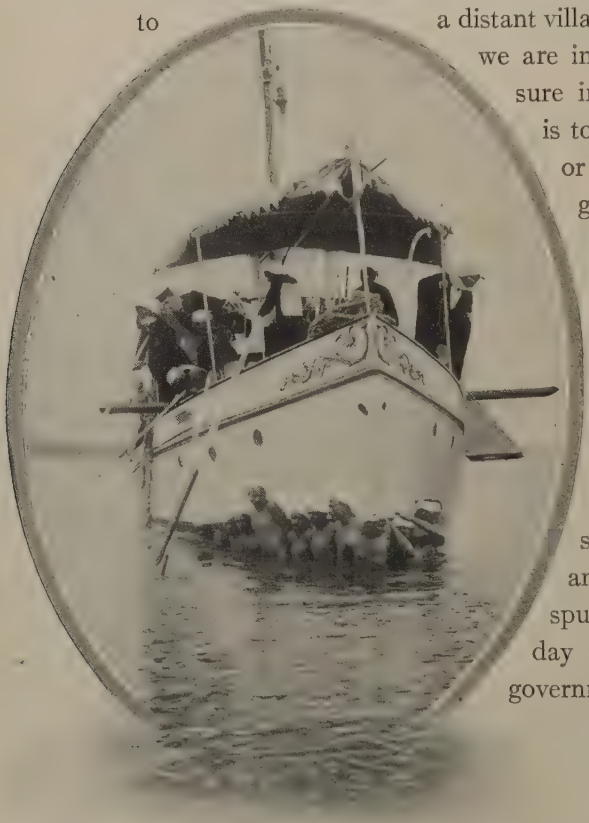
In the bazaars of Assiut we are accosted in good English by intelligent small boys with clear eyes and clean faces who prove to be pupils in the American Mission School. Two of them scrape acquaintance by means of a request that sounds very strange in contrast to the usual cries for *backsheesh*. They say, "Please, sir, to give me an English book — I like to read an English book." The only book I had to spare was Herbert Spencer's "Essay on Education," which may or may not have met with the approval of the Presbyterian teachers responsible for the education of these lads. The pair who escorted us back to the yacht were choke-full of school-book information. When the elder one learned that we hailed from Chicago, he rattled off the following fire of facts: "Chicago is in the State of Illinois,

County of Cook, on the shores of Lake Michigan, population one million, five hundred thousand; a celebrated center of the grain and meat industry of the United States of America," and the other one piped up: "George Washington was the Father of his Country. First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!"

Above Assiut the Nile grows shallower and the channels very intricate. We run aground three or four times a day, but usually manage to get off again by dint of vigorous poling. But one day our *rais*, or pilot, ran the "*Nemo*" high and dry on a deceptive bar which held us as firmly as those Siberian "perricatts," on which our Russian steamer "sat" so many days in the course of our voyage down the Amur River several years ago. This happened in the early morning. We woke to find the "*Nemo*"

IN ASSIUT

motionless and the crew wandering around in the river looking, or rather feeling, for the lost channel. No help in sight, the desert on one side, deserted fallow fields upon the other. In vain the efforts of our crew, who toil for hours waist deep in the chilly Nile. Meantime our engineer sends a small boat down to a distant village to tell the headman that we are in need of help, and, to insure immediate assistance, a lie is told, without our knowledge or consent. The sheik is given to understand that the stranded craft is the yacht of the Minister of Finance with high officials of the government on board! The sheik comes promptly, bringing twenty-seven men whom he has autocratically pressed into service. Fear of offending an official is still the sharpest spur to native effort. The day is not far past when any government official, from the Sultan down, had the right to call for the free labor of the people when and wherever he desired it.



HARD AGROUND

This system of forced labor, called the *corvée*, has been abolished by the English, save in emergencies when labor is required on the dikes or the canals during the annual overflow of the Nile; but in doing forced labor at such a time the *fellah* is simply working for the preservation of his own and his neighbors' property. But remembering the stripes

and punishments of an earlier *régime*, our salvage corps of twenty-seven shivering villagers toiled with chattering teeth and aching backs for five mortal hours without complaint, but not without noise, for they howled like demons as they lifted, pushed, and poled the "*Nemo*" off the bar. When at last we were safely floated, I asked the sheik to name the sum that he would regard as fair remuneration. He talked the matter over with his men, and they fixed the amount of the salvage payment at forty piasters. This may sound like a lordly sum to those who do not know that one piaster is worth about five cents! Thus, forty of them make two dollars in "real money." Two dollars, not for each man, but for that strenuous gang of twenty-seven sons of Egypt who had worked and yelled like madmen for five hours. When out of the fullness of our gratitude we paid them one Egyptian pound, about five dollars, they grinned with joy and showed their chattering teeth again as if to say "De-lighted!"

Thereafter we steamed more cautiously up the devious and ever-changing channels of the Nile, making long stops every day

SOME OF OUR TWENTY-SEVEN SAVIORS

in order to undertake shore excursions on donkey-back to the tombs, temples, or famous sites that are the real objects of our journey. To tell of all we saw and enjoyed, to describe all that instructed, entertained, or bored us in the course of our seven weeks of Nile cruising, would be to transform our travelogue into a comprehensive treatise on Egyptian art, history, and religion. If we

AT ABYDOS

would make progress up the Nile as travelers, we must beware of taking with us too much excess baggage in the form of erudition. But even though it be a dangerous thing, we must take with us a little knowledge, else we shall be blind to the meaning of the things we come to see. We should know, therefore, that when we dismount from the little donkeys that have carried us for more than eight picturesque miles, from a modern mud village that seemed to be melting into the Nile, to ancient temples that seemed to be fretting away under the influence of the sand-laden winds of the desert, that we have reached the site of one of the oldest cities Egypt ever knew — Abydos. One of the holiest places in all

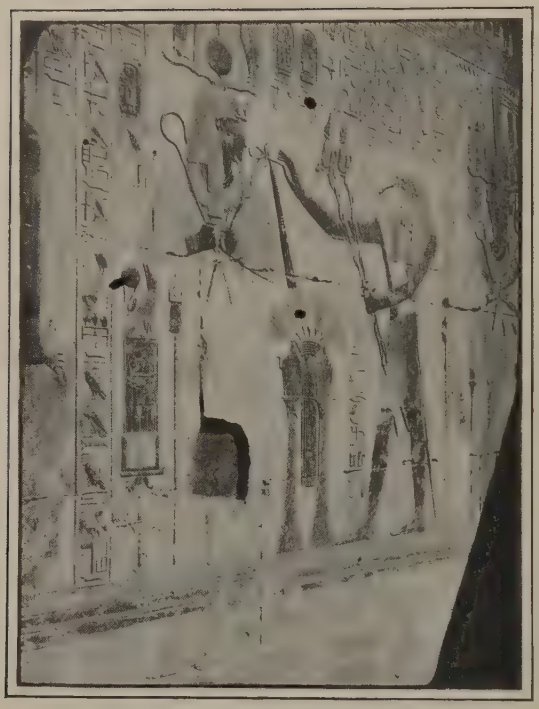
THE FOOLISH CAMEL . . .

Egypt it was also, for there at Abydos was entombed the head of the great Osiris — god of the underworld, deity of the dead.

To be buried near the tomb of Osiris was the pious wish of every Egyptian. The Necropolis of Abydos is of vast extent. The desert sands cover countless multitudes of mummies; other multitudes of embalmed ancients were brought hither to rest for a time in sacred soil. Millions of memorial tablets were sent hither to represent those whose bodies lay in far-off provinces, but whose souls yearned for some sort of association with the holy one whose head lay in Abydos, for this association was believed to bring its blessing in the other life. To-day we find a similar superstition in Japan, where thousands of bodies, hundreds of thousands of tablets, and millions of single bones have been carried by the pious to the mountain forests of Koya San that they may insure for the dead the blessing that flows from the sacred sepulcher of Kobo Daishi, the St. Paul of the Buddhism of Japan.

. . . AND THE WISE ASS

The finest of the two surviving temples of Osiris at Abydos was

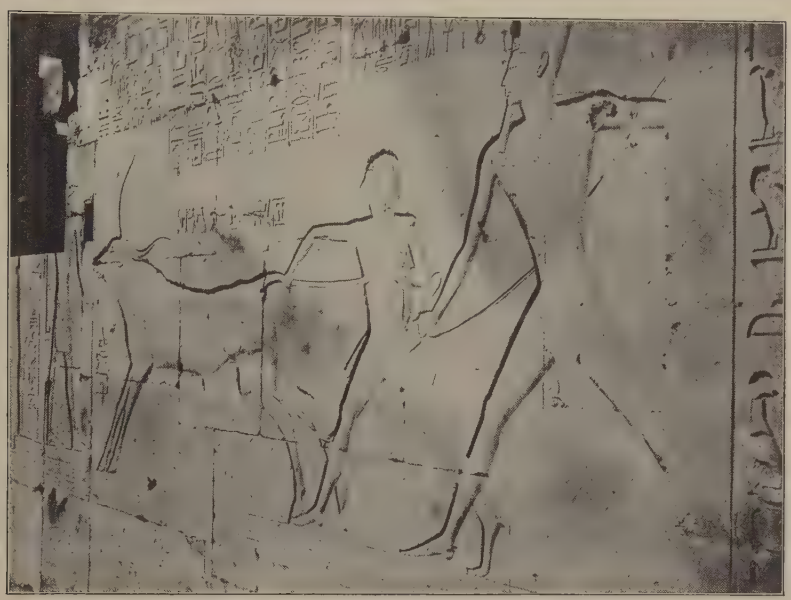


SETI AND THE IBIS-HEADED GOD

begun by the great Seti and completed by Rameses the Great. It was a seven-fold sanctuary, wherein were worshiped not only Osiris, but also Isis his wife, Horus his son, the gods called Ptah, Harmachis, and Ammon, and the deified King himself, builder of the temple — for King Seti, after death, became a god. Seti was the builder of the most beautiful of the old Egyptian structures. But his creations being more beautiful, less colossal, were the more perishable. As structures they have suffered more from the destructive touch of Time — and yet Time has spared much of their exquisite decoration. In fact, we shall

TINTED RELIEFS AT ABYDOS

see few art works more perfectly preserved or fresher in coloring than the tinted reliefs upon the walls of Seti's temple at Abydos, and yet these shapes were fashioned, these colors were applied, more than three thousand years ago. The figures ranged in brilliant array along these walls represent the gods of Egypt in friendly converse with old Egypt's Kings. The gods have heads



RAMESES AND HIS SON ON THE WALLS AT ABYDOS

like those of birds and animals, and the Pharaohs turn toward them, always in profile, faces that are very human and full of kingly dignity. The hieroglyphics, also cut in low relief and highly colored, tell of the deeds of the Kings — their gifts to the gods and of the gods' regard for the Kings who reared these temples in their honor — briefly, all this is a record of a mutual admiration society, composed of the earthly rulers and celestial deities, thus proving that a certain modern ruler's "Ich und Gott" is but a modern's plagiarism.

On other walls we find a different kind of picture-writing. We see King Rameses trying to lasso a rampageous bull, while

Rameses' royal son gives the tail of the unhappy animal a very skilful and apparently painful twist, suggesting that *jiu-jitsu* was not unknown to the ancients. Here both the royal figures and the hieroglyphics of the royal record are not raised in relief, but deeply incised in the walls. There is no coloring,

WHERE PICNICS ARE PROFANATIONS

and the execution is comparatively crude, for this is work of a later period.

In a long corridor called the Hall of the Kings we may read — that is, if hieroglyphics are not worse than Greek to us — that wonderful, invaluable list of the Kings of Egypt, which proved such a priceless boon to the historians who were groping in Egyptian darkness as to dynasties and dates and the order of royal successions. There they found the names of all the rulers from King Menes, whose throne was at Memphis, to Seti the First,

A PILGRIM

whose capital was at Thebes. Between their reigns more than two thousand years elapsed, yet so wonderfully is the dead and buried past being revived and resurrected by the researches of the archeologists that we moderns now possess one piece of King Menes royal regalia — a golden bar, the oldest known piece of jewelry — and the actual body of King Seti, builder of this temple at Abydos, where at the hot noonday hour we perpetrate an impious picnic amid the sculptured columns of the hypostyle hall, through which the later Pharaohs were wont

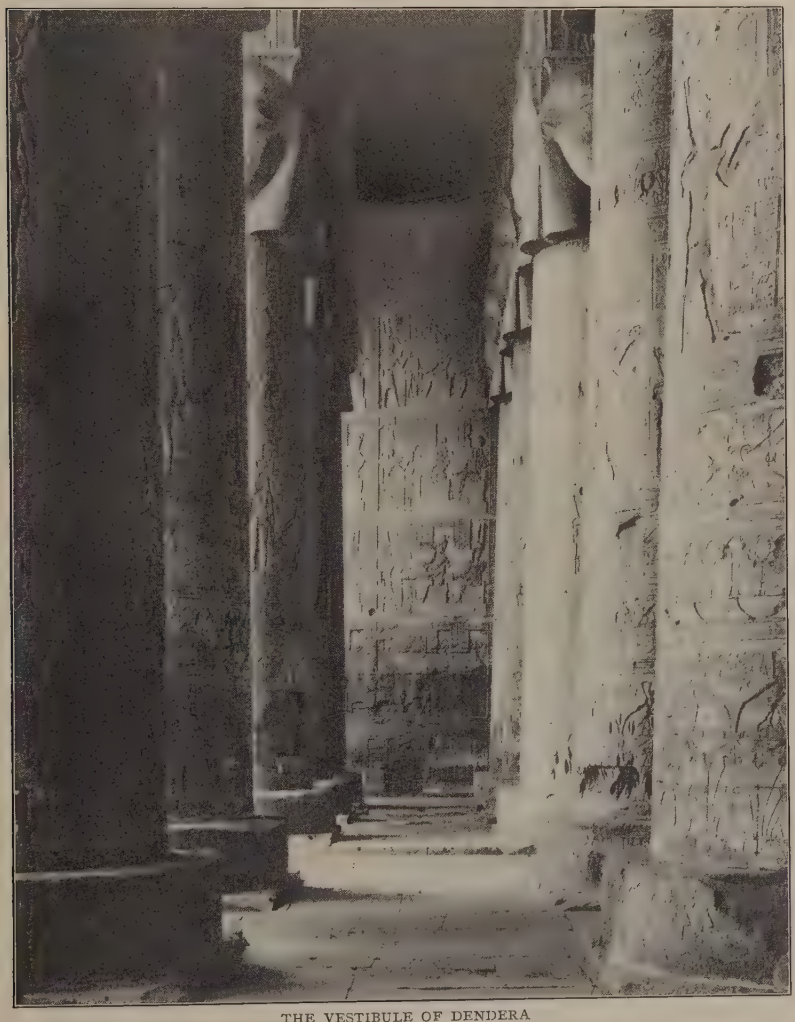
DENDERA

to pass, bearing their offerings to the seven gods enshrined in the seven inner sanctuaries.

Another day, another temple claims our attention and wins our admiration, for the great shrine of Hathor at Dendera is one of the most satisfying sights in Egypt, at least to the casual traveler who, when he goes to much expense, trouble, and fatigue to see a sight, demands a sight that he can see with his ordinary eyes, not one upon which he must turn the eyes of erudition or imagination to make it look like anything worth while. Dendera is eminently seeable. It "jumps to the eyes," as the Frenchman would say. It looms in stony dignity and with a certain heavy architectural grace. It refuses to be confounded with other temples. The tourist may mix his Egyptian gods and merge his impressions of many temples, but Dendera stands out clearly defined on the

THE HATHOR FACES

page of memory. For an Egyptian pile it is distressingly new, dating only from the first century B. C. It was dedicated to the Goddess Hathor, the Venus of the Nile mythology. You may distinguish faces of that Egyptian Aphrodite on the capitals of the huge columns — faces half obliterated and disfigured by the Mohammedan or Christian zealots of a later age. Entering the temple we find ourselves in the noblest, best proportioned



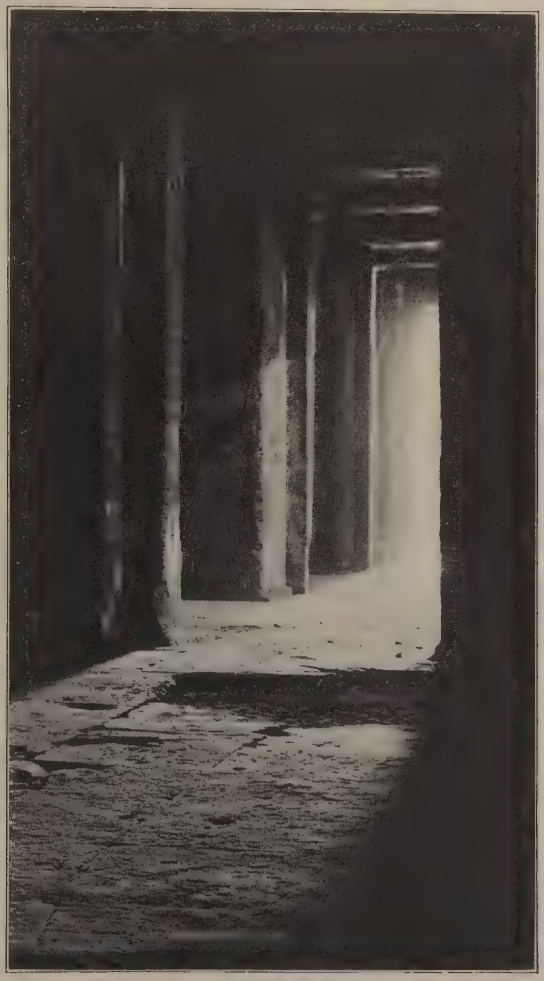
THE VESTIBULE OF DENDERA

hall of columns in all Egypt. Even the far-famed hall of Karnak is to me less impressive than this vestibule of Dendera. Though the sculptures are inferior to those of older temples, there is in Dendera a certain impressive and mysterious charm that other grander, better executed temples lack. Perhaps it is because the roof is still intact, keeping in that atmosphere of mystery which at Karnak or at Abydos has evaporated from the columned corridors that are now open to the sky. In ancient days the mystery

TOWARD THE SANCTUARY OF DENDERA

was thick indeed. These temples were not praying places for the people, they were mere fortresses of luxury and mystery obstinately held by the priesthoods, which at last became so powerful that they ruled Egypt by ruling Egypt's rulers through their superstitious fears.

The holy of holies was a dark "hidden secret chamber," an occult alcove in the midst of the temple, forbidden to all men save the Pharaoh. To-day we enter freely. There is nothing in it; it is void and empty as all the other organized mysteries which have deceived mankind in ancient or in modern times. Once let the honest light of day into the black holes of superstition and those who live and thrive upon the superstitious fears of simpler minds are soon bereft of all their power to oppress. The greatest of the gods of Egypt was the Sun God, whose name, Ammon, is said to signify "hidden" or "concealed." His cult was shrouded

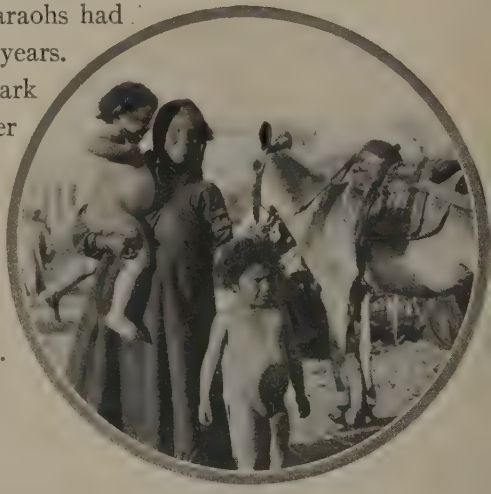


LIGHT IN DARK PLACES

in mystery and his glory revealed in magnificence. His priesthoods tyrannized over King and people, and ultimately the chief priest of Ammon — who had long been more than King — became the Pharaoh in name as well as fact. Church and State became one, and the greatness of Egypt as a nation was at an end forever.

TEMPTATIONS FOR TOURISTS AT LUXOR

The grandest sanctuaries of the god of gods were at Thebes, the mighty city where the mighty Pharaohs had their capital for about two thousand years. To-day the tourist hotels of Luxor mark the site of ancient Thebes, and offer shelter to the thousands of strangers who every season ascend the Nile, four hundred and fifty miles from Cairo, to see what remains of the greatest of Egyptian cities, the first great monumental city of the world.



TWINS

The old Egyptian name for Thebes was Net, which means "The City," and it was indeed *the* city of the age in which it flourished. The Greeks gave to it — for no good reason — the name of Thebes, a name borne by several of their cities in Greece and Asia Minor. The modern name, Luxor, is a corruption of the Arabic "El Kusur," meaning "the castles." The

PAPYRUS PILLARS AT LUXOR

castles referred to are the many-columned courts of the abandoned temples within which little Mohammedan settlements grew from hamlets to villages, and ultimately spreading round about the ancient structures which they had filled half-way to the brim with the filth and rubbish of successive generations, these villages have formed the town of Luxor that we see to-day.

Amenophis III, a great King of the eighteenth dynasty, was the builder of the temple to which the name of Luxor has attached itself, and from which all the débris of Luxor has not yet been removed. Some Arab dwellings and a whitewashed mosque, squatting upon deep strata of débris, still partly obscure the plan

of this amazing assemblage of columns, courts, and corridors. Where the enclosure has been cleared the splendid pillars rise in majesty and beauty from floors kept clean by the care of the department of antiquities. The lovely lotus flower and the papyrus of the Nile were the inspiration of the ancient architects who designed these columned sanctuaries. Imagine clustered papyrus stems of stone, crowned by stone buds, tall as the pillars of the Parthenon, more numerous, better preserved, and endowed with a peculiar natural grace that leads us to regard them not as architectural creations, but as colossal things of beauty that have sprung, in all their everlasting dignity, from the sacred soil of Net, the city of the Theban Kings.

COLUMNED AISLE OF AMENOPHIS III AT LUXOR

Yet even this huge colonnade, the finest in all Egypt, shrinks into comparative littleness when we turn and gaze up at the huge pillars of the columned aisle reared by the same royal builder, Amenophis, who did not hesitate to risk eclipsing his earlier creations by beginning other buildings on so vast a scale that he could not complete them. The fourteen columns of his

projected but unfinished hypostyle hall are the most graceful existing columns of their size, forty-two feet in height, surpassing in beauty the only columns that surpass them in size — those of the hypostyle of Karnak. We pass along that impressive aisle, assuming instinctively a kingly manner as if to make our bearing harmonize with the impressive towers of grace that rise on either side. We reach the columned court that Rameses added to the ambitious scheme of the earlier King, instead of completing, as he should, the great hall conceived by Amenophis. But alas, the vanity and egotism of the Pharaohs and the hugeness of the design of this temple — or rather series of sanctuaries —

THE PORTAL OF THE PYLON, LUXOR

THE GREAT COURT OF RAMESES

prevented its ever being really finished. The empire fell and the Pharaohs lost their power before this colossal building scheme could be carried to completion. King after King labored upon it, spending enormous sums of gold and energy on its successive courts. Rameses did even more than his share when his turn came, for he was sure to leave his mark, not only on his own new works, but upon the works of all his royal pred-

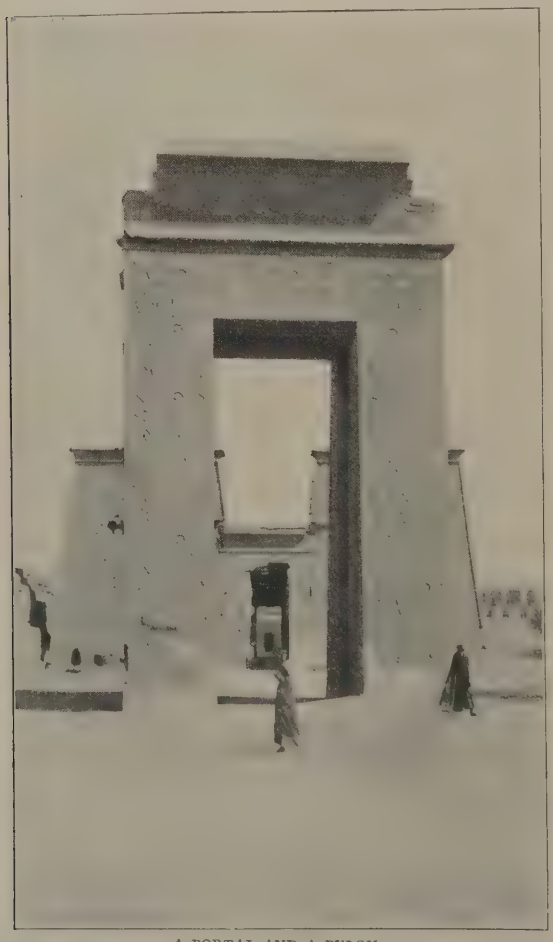
THE WIFE OF RAMESES STANDS BESIDE HIM!

MATE TO THE PARISIAN OBELISK OF LUXOR

ecessors. In fact, he usually made himself so much at home, in effigy, in the temples of his fathers that their statues were crowded out by his colossal likenesses. To-day the shrines of Egypt are peopled almost exclusively by stone semblances of that royal egotist. But Rameses was not only a great King; he was a gallant husband, and he usually had a portrait of his wife carved in the same block of granite, and if you seek that ever-present portrait of his queen, you will be sure to find it — if you know just where to look and just how far a royal husband dared to go in sharing glory with his wife. A very tiny Mrs. Rameses stands proudly by her husband's side, her head not reaching quite to the knees of her colossal granite spouse.

Leaving the temple and the town of Luxor — a town of about twelve thousands souls, that is, if we may so far outrage Moslem prejudices as to attribute souls to the *women* of the place — we make our way to the insignificant village of Karnak, the name of which now stands for the most stupendous if not the most significant ruins in the world. The ruins of the temples of Ammon

at Karnak are to other ruins what the Grand Cañon of Arizona is to other gorges or ravines; and looking at the columns of Karnak which might serve as foundations for the earth, and at the walls of Karnak which might be the ramparts of creation, there come to our dazed minds no words so fitting as the words used by Charles Higgins in trying to convey to those who had never looked upon that glorious scene in Arizona — that Titanic chasm of the Colorado — some concept of its glory. He spoke of that stupendous work of Nature as we may speak of Karnak, this stupendous work of man, as "A boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream, eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of definite apprehension . . . the beholder is at first unimpressed by any detail, he is overwhelmed by the *ensemble*."



A PORTAL AND A PYLON

Well might the Pharaohs have regarded this creation, upon which the Dynasties had labored for

eighteen hundred years, as "The Throne of the World." It would be useless to give figures, measurements, or dates,— such ponderous facts weigh down the balances of memory and most of them would slip off the tilted scales. One word gives us the magnitude of Karnak, another tells its age — the one word is "colossal," and the other is "antique." But these words must be raised to the highest power before using them in an attempt to dodge a description of this temple which is indescribable. Elsewhere we have found it possible where description falters to make you see the things which cannot be described, but here at Karnak even the camera cannot be depended upon. There are no comprehensive points of view, no satisfying perspectives. There is so little free space in the great hall. The columns stand too close together; each is so huge that it conceals the others, and in many places the space between has been filled in with earth and gravel as a precautionary measure. Karnak has begun to crumble. Eleven columns fell in 1899; those that remain erect must be banked up and supported during the work of restoration. There were a hundred and thirty-four of them, the

THE HUGEST COLUMNS ON EARTH

larger ones nearly twelve feet thick and sixty-nine feet high. Upon the capital of each a Roman centurion could have massed his hundred men. The lesser columns are larger than the largest that we saw at Luxor. They are not monolithic, but composed of many half-drums superimposed, and they are not fluted like

WRECK OF THE SECOND PYLON AT KARNAK

the columns of the Greeks, but covered with incised reliefs which once were bright with color. They look firm as the everlasting granite hills that mothered them, but though the heavy roof has long since disappeared, relieving them of its enormous weight, the cumulative burden of the ages is at last proving too heavy for the greatest columns the world has ever seen, just as it long since proved too heavy for the mighty pylons. Down came those wall-like towers centuries ago, transforming the once imposing gateways into heaps of stony débris like that which marks the

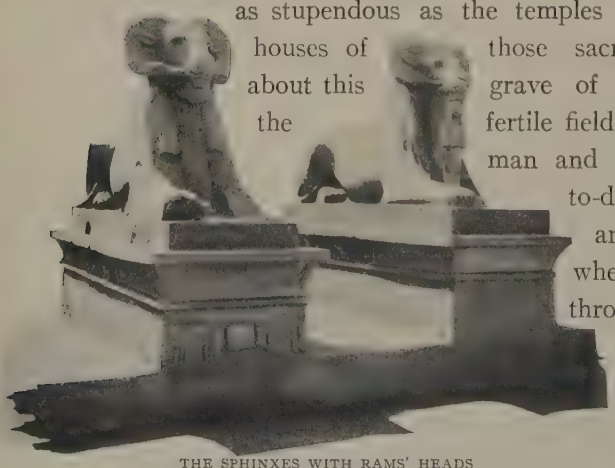
pathway of an avalanche. In fact, all Karnak resembles the litter caused by some landslide or avalanche, the stones of which have taken on imposing shapes, suggestive of huge architectural forms. The bigness of what we see escapes us. We cannot grasp the size of things, for all things at Karnak are on a scale so grand that grandeur becomes commonplace — one colossal object makes other colossal objects appear small. Nor can we grasp the one-time wealth and splendor of this shrine which is now but a heap of broken stones. The Kings, who, when they came to worship, had to cover nearly one third of a mile in going from the entrance to the inner end of Ammon's sanctuary, gave of their wealth and spoil a lion's share to the god to whom they here bowed down. Tribute from all the known world poured into the coffers of the priests. Rameses III gave of his prisoners

IN THE HYPOSTYLE HALL

of war, nearly ninety thousand slaves, to Ammon. In time the high priest of Ammon usurped the temporal throne, and the first servant of the god became the master of the masses. At one time fifteen per cent of all the wealth of Egypt belonged to

THE CAPITALS OF THE KARNAK COLUMNS

the priesthoods; they were the trusts of antiquity; they dealt in prayers and promises of joy to be fulfilled beyond the grave, and they found in this traffic a colossal profit; it yielded returns as stupendous as the temples which were the counting-houses of those sacred corporations. Around about this grave of Egypt's yesterday stretch the fertile fields that furnish food for the man and the beast of the Egypt of to-day. The buffalo browses and the *fellah* tills the soil where once great Rameses rode through the acclaiming streets



THE SPHINXES WITH RAMS' HEADS

of Thebes in his triumphal chariot on his return from some victorious invasion.

Thebes was a city of wide extant,— we may cross the Nile and ride for several miles toward the western mountains and yet not get beyond the limits of that biggest of the big cities of antiquity.

At the time of its greatest glory, Thebes covered vast areas on both sides of the Nile — the eastern shore being the site of the city of the living, the western shore that of the larger, grander, and more splendid city of the dead. The

THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON

old Egyptian always looked upon his tomb as his real home. His house was but a place of passing sojourn; his sepulcher was his eternal dwelling-place. The Pharaohs reared them splendid mortuary temples on this plain, and set in front of them gigantic portrait statues of themselves. Two of these colossi, portraits of Amenophis III, still indicate the site of his mortuary shrine. His tomb and the tombs of all the Kings who ruled in Thebes were subterranean palaces, hollowed in the foundations of a range of hills a few miles to the west; but there on the plain stood an array of temples that were the gorgeous, visible ante-chambers, each one corresponding to one of those mysterious, unseen tombs. These statues give us some idea of the scale on which those vanished temples were conceived. The

DER-EL-BAHRI

northernmost colossus is the one known as the Vocal Memnon—the one which used to speak and greet the rising sun; but whether the sounds that once came from the now dumb monster were caused by a priestly trick, or by the expanding or cracking of the stone as the sun's rays touched and warmed it after the chill of the night, has never been determined. In the background, set close against the reddish cliffs, we find the temple built by the one woman who succeeded in achieving greatness in that distant age. She was Queen

THE PAINTED HATHOR COW

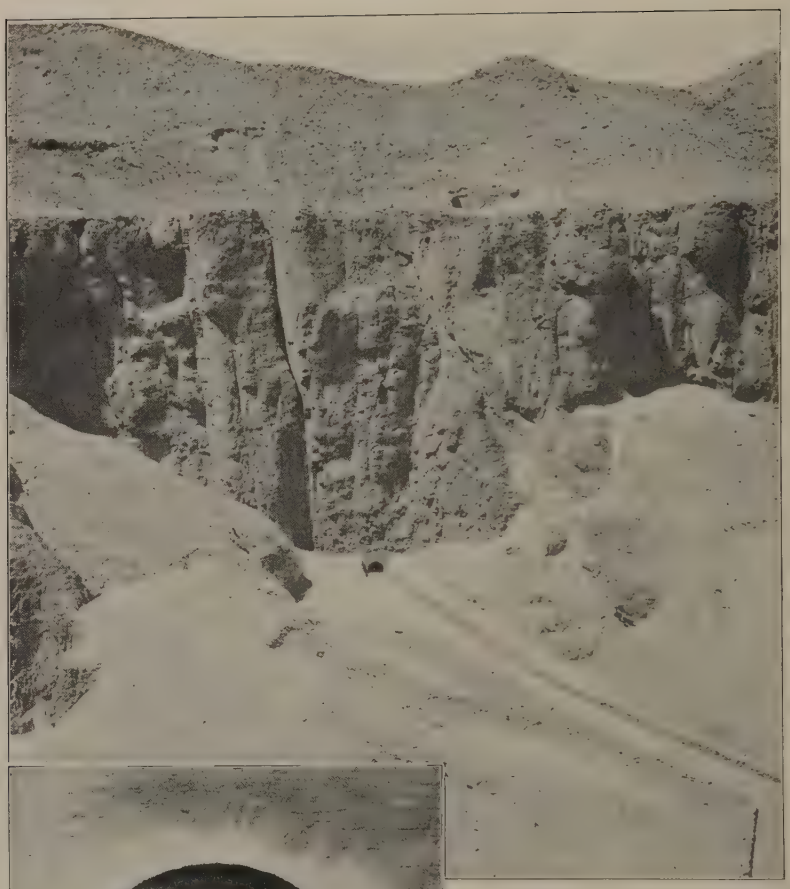
Hatshepsut, the first distinguished woman in history, the first and only female Pharaoh. Her temple at Der el Bahri has proved a rich mine for the archeologists. It was not far from here that they found, in 1881, those mummies of the Kings — of Rameses and the rest — which we have seen in Cairo.

The monarchs who ruled in Thebes, knowing that even the greatest pyramids of their predecessors had failed to preserve their royal remains from profanation, resolved that their own mummies should be, not buried under colossal artificial mountains like the Pyramids, but hidden deep in the foundations of the everlasting hills. So they commanded their royal architects to dig and burrow, rather than to build. They tunneled into the cliffs, two hundred, three hundred, and in one case nearly

INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH

AMONG THE TOMBS OF THE THEBAN KINGS

seven hundred feet, descending in some places by inclined and in others by vertical shafts nearly two hundred feet below the point of entrance, which was always carefully concealed. More than forty of those entrances have been discovered; more than forty underground burial palaces of the Theban Pharaohs have been cleared and carefully explored. They have found long corridors adorned with painted pictures, two and three thousand years of age, but bright and fresh as if they had been painted yesterday. They have found spacious ceremonial chambers — long suits of subterranean rooms, their walls alive with tinted illustrations of the royal lives lived by the men for whom these deep,



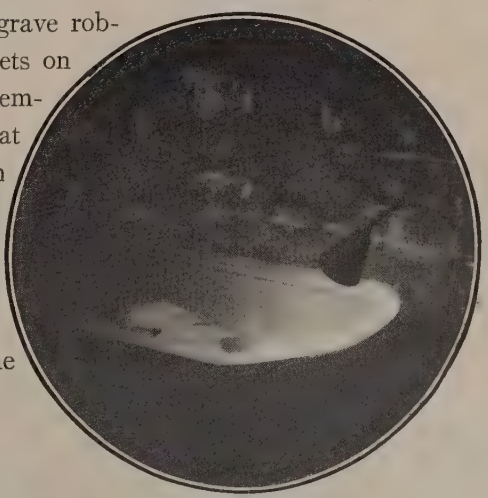
ENTRANCE TO A ROYAL TOMB

PORTAL OF A MORTUARY PALACE

eternal dwellings were devised. But they found here, as at the Pyramids, that the royal graves were empty. A few mummies were discovered in the side chambers, but they were not those of the Kings. The royal mummies of the mighty Pharaohs had been

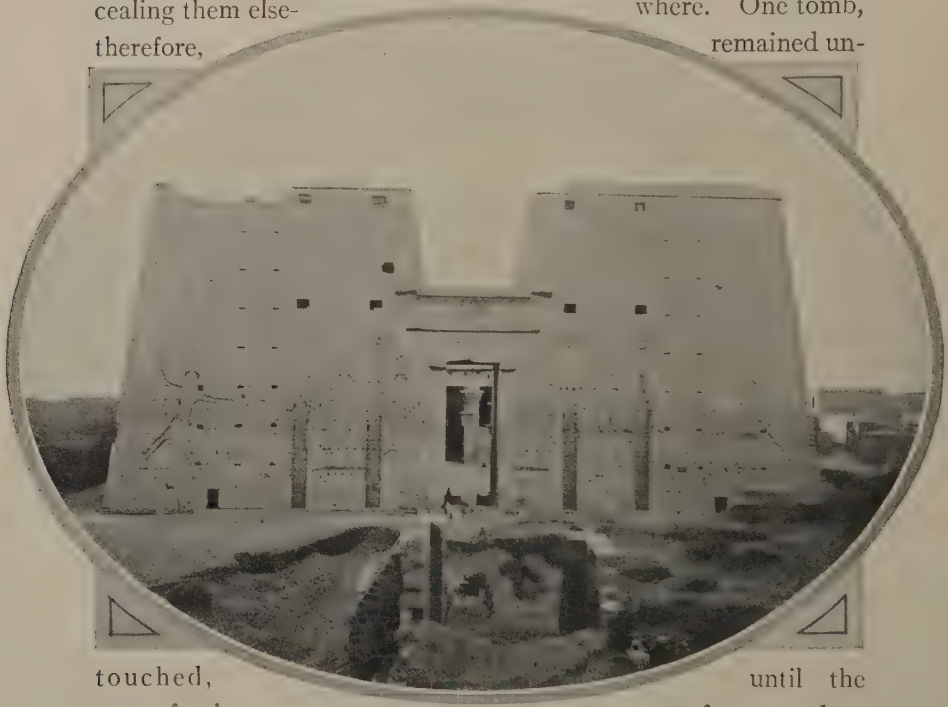
IN THE TUNNEL OF A TOMB

taken away secretly, at the command of one of their weak successors, in the days when the empire was tottering and the government powerless to protect the royal dead, and had been hidden all together, as a matter of precaution, in a secret shaft, where they lay until discovered by modern grave robbers, who in placing royal trinkets on the modern market betrayed themselves and inspired the search that resulted in bringing to light, in 1881, that marvelous array of mummies, including those of Seti I, Rameses the Great, and of the monarchs who had preceded and succeeded them upon the throne



HIS MAJESTY, AMENOPHIS II

of Thebes. Thus both the royal bodies and the royal tombs of the great dynasties were found, but the bodies were not found in these tombs, save in the case of one King — Amenophis II. One tomb was overlooked, both by the ancient ghouls and by the later Pharaoh who tried to save the bodies of his fathers by concealing them elsewhere. One tomb, therefore, remained untouched, until the men of science of our modern day, in 1898, found its hidden entrance, groped their way along its superbly decorated corridors, and, reaching the inmost mortuary chamber, looked on the face of one great King who had been lying there for three thousand three hundred and thirty-four years. Here he was found just as his courtiers had left him on the day of his imposing funeral in the year 1436 B. C. This was to me the most impressive moment that came to me in Egypt, this moment when I stood, almost alone, in this royal presence, deep in the caverned mass of those Egyptian cliffs, face to face with one who



THE PYLON OF EDFU

EDFU UNEARTHED

had been King in Thebes more than a hundred years before Rameses the Great was born — one who had come directly from his golden throne in that now ruined city to this granite bed, beside which we, creatures of a day, stand dumb and silent, chilled by the sense of all the centuries that lie between this man and us.

But it is with a deep sense of relief that we find ourselves again out in the free air of to-day, continuing our voyage southward from Thebes, toward other mighty monuments that wait for us along the River Nile. Greatest, at least in the material majesty of its perfect preservation, is the enormous temple that rises at a place called Edfu. It dates from the times of the Ptolemies, the Greek successors of the Pharaohs, who ruled Egypt from Alexandria, where their throne was established by virtue of Alexander's conquest of the land. The pylon of Edfu is practically perfect. It lacks only the cornice to complete the skyline, and the four masts

ROYALTIES AND DEITIES AT KOM OMBO

or flag-poles that were once fixed in those four grooves in the façade. The figures cut deep in the same huge wall represent a big King smiting his little enemies, while little gods and goddesses look on approvingly. The Ptolemies were not free from the old self-advertising passion of the Pharaohs; they also used the spare walls of their temples to let the whole world know the deeds and titles by right of which they held the center of the stage.

The preservation of Edfu is due to the fact that it lay partly buried throughout the Middle Ages. An Arab village grew up in it and on top of it. Much labor and money has been spent in shoveling off and out the accumulations of two thousand years, until to-day Edfu stands disinterred. But the Arab town surrounds it, and, given a decade of neglect, would creep back and overwhelm the ruin with its rubbish heap of vileness. Happier the fate of the ruins that

KOM OMBO

AT ASSUAN

were buried in the clean sand of the desert. The beautiful ruin of Kom Ombo, forty miles farther south and on the east bank of the Nile, was covered until recently with the pure, sandy cloak thrown over it by the east winds from Arabia. To-day the columns have emerged like lovely flowers in stone from their age-long concealment. The coloring of the deep-cut reliefs is in some places startlingly bright and fresh. The graceful lines and exquisite proportions of the hall of columns tell of the influence of Greek art; all this was a creation of the Greek age in Egypt. The Greeks brought to the heavy and impressive architecture of old Egypt some of the lightness and grace that characterized the immortal creations of Greek art on Grecian soil. We know that brilliant color was freely used within these temples. Traces enough remain upon some of the gorgeous capitals to give us some idea of what the decoration of this temple must have been.

From Kom Ombo to the first cataract the distance is under thirty miles — and at the next stop there won't be any temple. We are at Assuan, the health resort *par excellence* of Egypt. It is the sanatorium of Africa. It is a glorious place for invalids, and the favorite resort for beggars from all parts of upper Egypt and the neighboring sandy wastes of Nubia. It is the head-

quarters of the "Backsheesh League"—a large delegation of which meets every steamer that ties up to the pierless banks of the Nile at Assuan. One secure refuge for the helpless tourist is the terrace of the Cataract Hotel, whence we enjoy a splendid view of the Nile cañon. The outside world beyond the brilliant Saracenic awnings that are stretched to attenuate the tropic glare is almost too gloriously bright and sunny. On one side lies the parched bed of the shrunken Nile, and on the other the sun-baked desert of Nubia begins. One of our first short excursions into this glaring region was to the ancient quarries whence the old Egyptians took the granite for their colossal statues and their everlasting obelisks. We find one obelisk still unseparated from the mother rock; shaped and finished on two sides, it has not yet been cut loose from the cliff. Marks on the rocks tell us how this was to have been done. Wedges of wood were driven into the holes bored all along the proposed line of separation; these wedges were

THE TERRACE OF THE CATARACT HOTEL

then wetted, the wood expanded, a great seam opened, and the block of granite was ready for shipment down the Nile to Thebes, Memphis, or Heliopolis. Not far from this birthplace of all the obelisks we find a settlement of Soudanese—the blackest black folk in all Africa. There, and in the adjacent settlement of Bisharins,

THE NILE AT ASSUAN

every one, from the boldest "warriors" down to the tiniest babies, is in the retail *backsheesh* business.

About four miles above Assuan the Nile is dammed by the new Barrage, a modern work that takes rank in magnitude with the great ancient monuments of Egypt. But where they were erected at the call of selfish pride, at the cost of many lives, and to the impoverishment of the nation, this work is the result of an endeavor on the part of a wise government to give life to hitherto dead areas, and to bring the possibility of wealth within the reach of the hitherto impoverished population. The dam is one mile and a

AN UNBORN OBELISK AT ASSUAN

quarter long from shore to shore. It controls, to a certain extent, the level of the lower Nile by holding in reserve the surplus waters of the annual inundation, diverting them into new irrigation canals or letting them escape in regulated flow through the sluices to the greatest advantage of every farm and field between here and the delta, six hundred miles below. It lightens the labor of the countless workers at the *shadufs*, who do not have to dip as deep as formerly. It also makes possible the irrigation of broad areas which until now were waterless and unproductive. It has of course suppressed the old First Cataract of the Nile, where formerly boats had to be hauled by hundreds of natives up through the raging rapids, an exciting, all-day undertaking. Now we steam

SOUDANESE DEFIANCE

quietly into a superb canal and are quickly lifted through four locks to the new level of the upper Nile.

The Nubian Nile above the cataract has been transformed into a rock-bound lake. The Great Barrage has backed the waters up, widening the river, engulfing the sites of villages, submerging islands and apparently transforming the tall palm trees into some

A "BATTLE" FOR THE TOURIST'S GOLD

new kind of water-plant. The "*Nemo*" one day capped the climax of her many absurd performances by getting stranded in the tree-tops of a grove of palms. There we ran out of coal, and there we lay for twenty-two hours, while a small boat went back to Shellal for a supply of fuel. But it was a delay that was delightful. Few yachtsmen can boast of a similar experience. Like Peter Pan, we dwell among the tree-tops; beneath us doubtless are the submerged ruins of some Nubian village, which once rose on some lost island of the Nubian Nile.

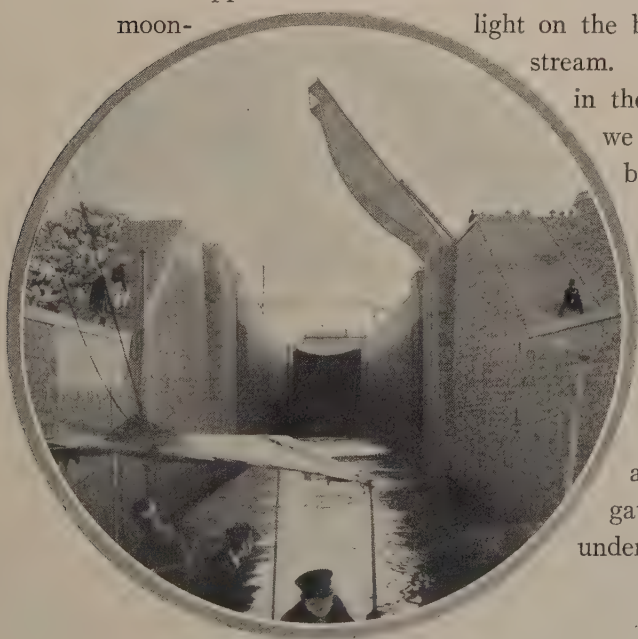
There was one world-famous island in this vanished archipelago — an island dear to every lover of the beautiful — the Isle

of Philæ, crowned with temples and girdled with temple walls and colonnades. Isis was the deity adored at Philæ, and it is fitting that a goddess, not a god, should have been supreme here on this isle that was so sweetly feminine and so exquisitely beautiful. Of the island itself only one rocky eminence remains above the new Nile level. Of the temples much still remains in view. Philæ has become a beautiful Egyptian Venice — and comparing the floating Philæ of to-day with the regretted island Philæ of the past, it seems to me that lovely Philæ has gained in beauty through this inundation due to the building of the Great Barrage. Those who agree with me in preferring this new Venetian Philæ will

THE ASSUAN BARRAGE

bless the dam; those who do not, will — shall we say — "Barrage the dam!" At any rate the Nile now paves the courts and fills the sanctuaries with the freshness and the music of the living waters. If Philæ on dry land was dream-like, Philæ afloat seems an enchantment, unfolding its manifold perfections as we glide silently and smoothly round about her pylons and her pillars, keeping always in view that most exquisite of all her structures, the columned *kiosk* known as Pharaoh's Bed. As we circle it by night, Philæ appears like an architectural wonderland moored in the moonlight on the bosom of the ancient stream. Yet there is sadness in the thought that what we see will not be seen by the travelers of future years. Philæ is doomed; the waters that lend her now this strange Venetian charm — the waters that have washed away the dirt and débris from her gates — will ultimately undermine her sacred walls

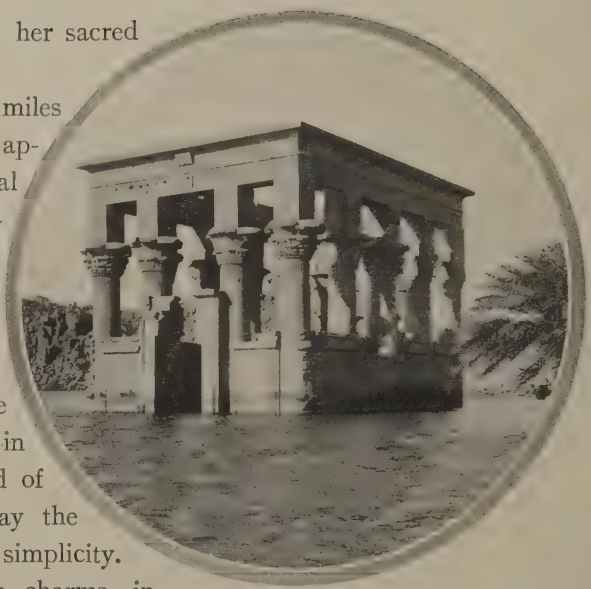
AMONG THE TREE-TOPS



IN THE LOCKS

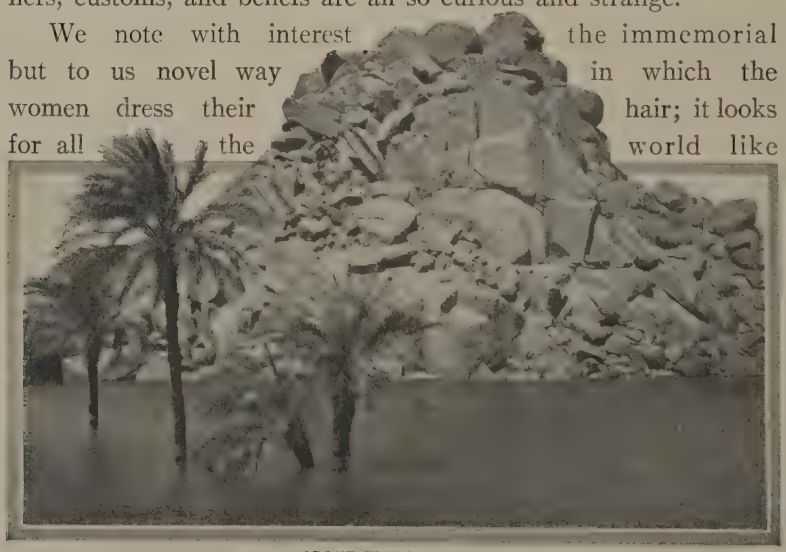
and wash away all save her sacred memory.

For nearly a hundred miles above the dam, the Nile appears to be in a perpetual state of flood. The shoreline has been pushed back, and all the trees in sight appear to have gone in wading, some of them waist-deep in the Nile waters. We are in Nubia, the Biblical land of Kush, where to this day the dwellers live in primitive simplicity. Small boys wear silver charms in place of shirts and little girls eke out their charms with fringy skirts called "Mother Nubias" that are too cute for anything. There is matter for a dozen lectures here in Nubia, where manners, customs, and beliefs are all so curious and strange.



PHARAOH'S BED AT PHILÆ

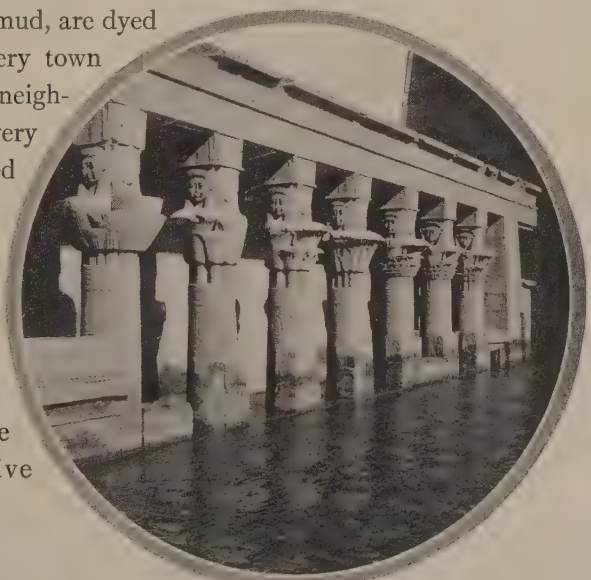
We note with interest the immemorial but to us novel way in which the women dress their hair; it looks for all the world like



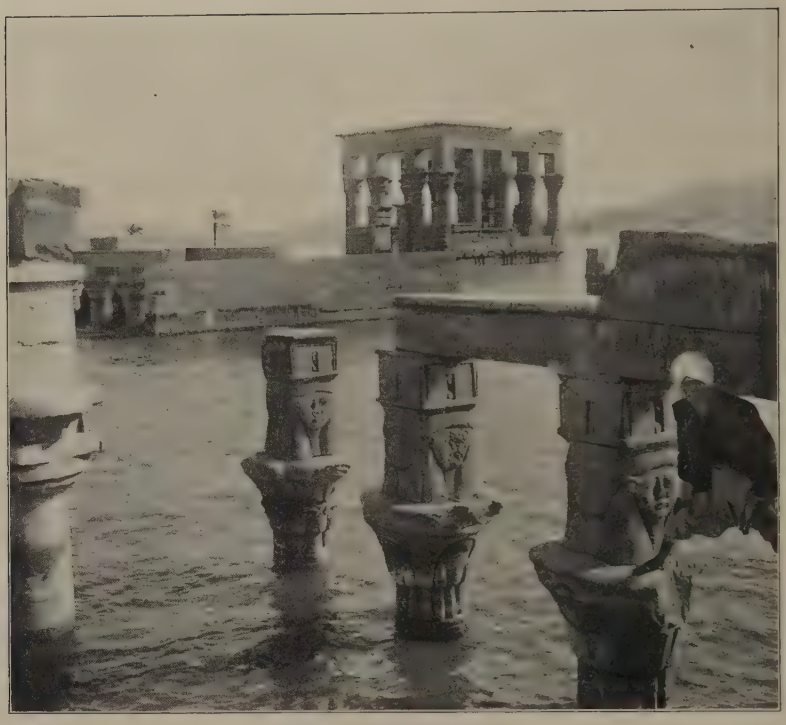
ABOVE THE BARRAGE

THE TEMPLE OF ISIS

black or reddish fringe — for sometimes the braided tresses, stiffened with black Nile mud, are dyed a somber red. Near every town we find a temple in the neighboring desert, and near every temple some red-haired woman with a mud-framed face, who is sure to have a silver ring for sale. There are some fourteen temples between the first and second cataracts — one very like another — all impressive

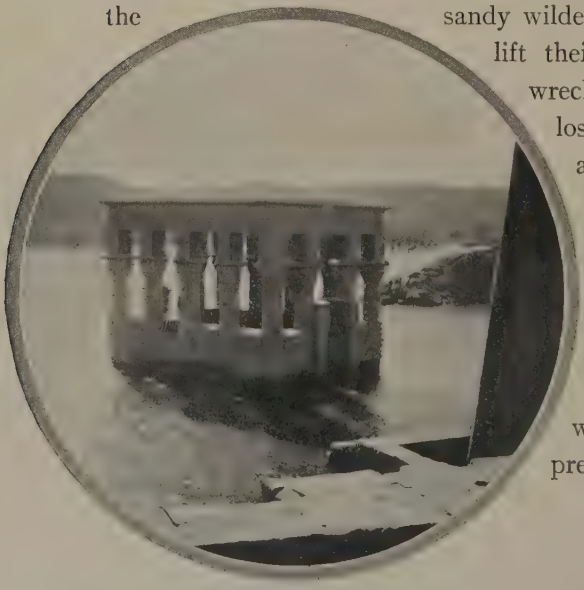


FLOODED PHILÆ



PHILÆ, AN EGYPTIAN VENICE

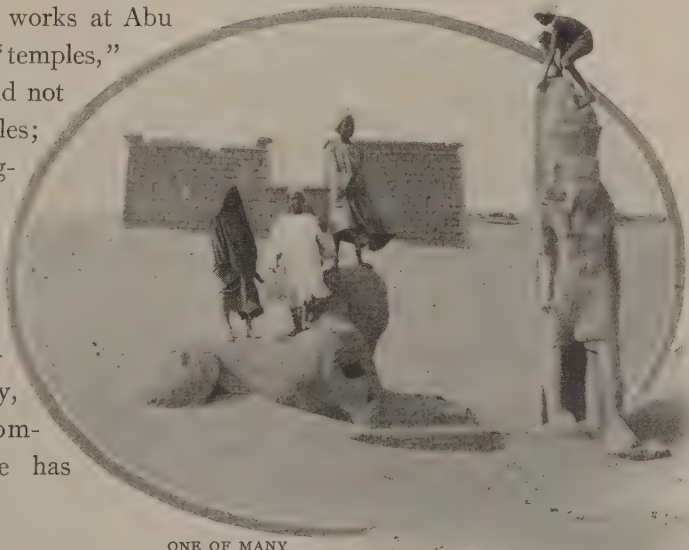
because of their solitary situations, because of the desolation of the sandy wilderness out of which they lift their shattered forms like wrecks of prehistoric ships lost in the bed of a dead and dried-up ocean. We dutifully "did" all these temples. All are worth visiting, but the story of these visits would delay beyond reason our arrival at the place where we shall see the most impressive sight of the upper



THE KIOSK THAT WAS NEVER FINISHED

IN THE LAND OF KUSH

Nile, a sight that ranks with the Pyramids and the Sphinx as one among the three supreme wonders of this wonderland of Africa. The place is known to-day by the Arab name of Abu Simbel, which means "Father of the Ear of Corn." We speak of the wonderful works at Abu Simbel as "temples," but they should not be called temples; the word suggests to the traveler who has come thus far up the Nile, something ordinary, something commonplace. He has



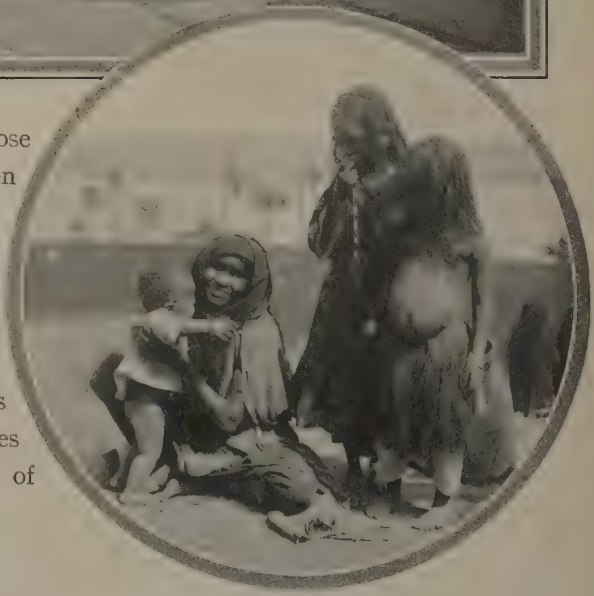
ONE OF MANY NUBIAN TEMPLES

seen so many temples that one temple more or less means very little to him. He would perhaps gladly pass without a glance the wonders of this cliff-bound Nubian shore if they were nothing more than temples. Abu Simbel is a place of unique marvels, masterly creations of a genius whose originality and

IN NUBIA

daring were amazing, whose resources must have been practically limitless.

That genius was none other than Rameses the Great — great even here in savage Nubia three hundred miles above his capital and only forty miles from the Second Cataract of



A "MOTHER NUBIA"

the Nile, beyond which lay the country of the barbarians against whom he ofttimes sent his conquering hosts. Here at Abu Simbel the great King set his everlasting seal deep in the rocky face of Nubia, marking this desert province as his own forever. More than three thousand years have rolled along the valley of the Nile without effacing this deep-set seal of that indomitable monarch; and even were the cliffs at last worn smooth by the rough rubbing of the hand of Time, there would remain the vast interior halls of Abu Simbel hollowed in the living rock of these grim cliffs that loom above the ever-living Nile and at the same time form a rocky dam to hold in check the billows of the dead sandy sea of the Sahara that rolls in all its vastness

THE "NEMO" ON THE NUBIAN NILE

westward from their tops to the far-off dunes along the Moorish shores that front the wide Atlantic. We cannot see that desert from the river, but we know that it is there and we do see the broad cascade of sand that tumbles imperceptibly over the brink and slowly swells and spreads until it sometimes half conceals the sculptured façade of the greater cliff-shrine on the left. The lesser rock-cut sanctuary on the right is not so threatened by the overflow from that great sea of sand. Its six colossal figures stand forth, at all times clean and sharp, from the six niches where they have stood like stony sentries for over thirty-one long centuries. The four male figures represent great Rameses, the two female figures, Rameses' queen and wife, Nefretere, who was the only royal consort of old Egypt ever honored with colossal portraits rivaling in magnitude those of the male Pharaoh, her royal lord and master. This in fact might be called a family memorial glorifying the wife of Rameses and the offspring of Rameses, for lost in the shadows beside the huge thirty-three-foot

ABU SIMBEL

likenesses of the royal pair, stand comparatively tiny figures representing their royal daughters, the princesses Meryt-Ammon and Hent-tewe, and their royal sons, the princes Mery-Atum, Mery-Re Amen-her-khopshef, and Ra-her-wnamf! What a time the royal herald must have had announcing the members of this royal

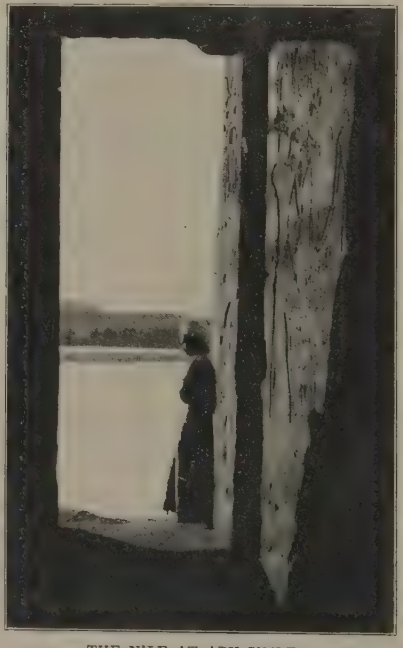
THE RAMESES FAMILY

family as they appeared upon the scene at the great ceremonies of the Theban court! The door admits us to the cave-like rooms cut in the cliff — a hypostyle hall, a transverse chamber, and an inner closet-sanctuary where stands a striking relief of the goddess Hathor in the form of a sacred cow. Human heads of Hathor and incised pictures and hieroglyphs adorn the pillars and the walls of these dark man-made caverns from whose cool depths we look out upon the hot sun-kissed surface of the silent Nile.

This lesser wonder would be alone well worth the journey. What shall we say of the greater wonder — the great rock-cut

IN THE HATHOR SHRINE

shrine before which sit the four colossi, as they have sat throughout the thirty-one hundred years that have elapsed since they were born, gazing benignly eastward, greeting the sun whose god was worshiped in that sanctuary, the doors of which they will guard until the earth itself shall pass away? There they must sit, doomed to terrestrial immortality by the pride and egotism of the King who fashioned them in his own image — for the four giants are four portraits of Rameses the Great.



THE NILE AT ABU SIMBEL

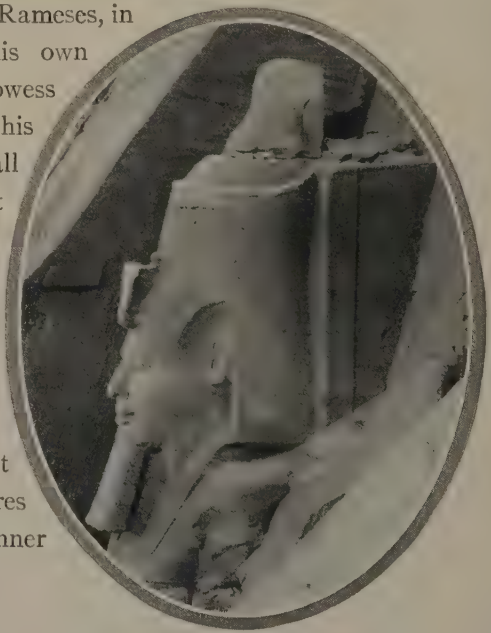
They are each sixty-five feet high. Should they arise they would almost overtop the cliff of which they are a part. Each holds a little desert in his lap, the feet of each are bathed in the hot desert sands that come down from the dammed and pent Sahara just above. The glacier-like sand-drift which at one time almost concealed the whole of Abu Simbel is fed by

RAMESES IN COLOSSAL QUADRUPLICATE

the exhaustless sandy reservoir of the Sahara. Fast as it is removed, faster it comes, but silently and imperceptibly, dancing down from the high desert with every breath of hot wind from the west. This we discovered as we toiled toward the top to peer over the cliff summits and see where all the sand was coming from. Viewed from a higher level on this sandy slope, the faces of the giants show their profiles grandly in relief against the golden cliff. The nearer statue of the southernmost pair has lost its head, decapitated by an earthquake soon after it was carved. The other giants still retain their heads, their crowns, and that expression of thoughtful unconcern that usually distinguishes the

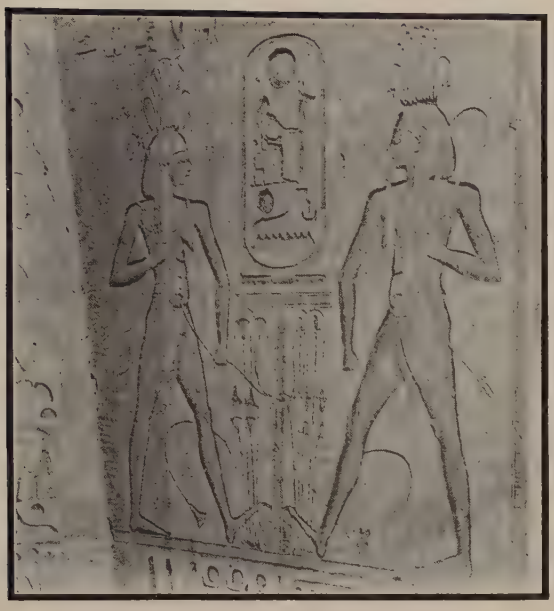
THE KINGLY PROFILES

portraits of the Pharaohs. Eight other colossal images of Rameses adorn the cavernous interior. The inner walls are all adorned with pictures that illustrate, and hieroglyphs that glorify the deeds of Rameses; it would require days to read the stories that they tell. On the north wall is an enormous composition — a picture of the Battle of Kadesh, where Rameses, in his chariot, cut off from his own forces, yet by his kingly prowess routed the entire army of his enemies, the Hittites. But all this is very difficult to make out because of the darkness that prevails, for there are no windows — only one great door. We stand at the threshold and peer into the dimly lighted series of halls and corridors. It is a hundred and eighty feet from the threshold to the figures of four gods who sit in the far inner



THE PHARAONIC FALSE BEARD AND DOUBLE CROWN

THE GREAT ROCK TEMPLE OF RAMESES II AT ABU SIMBEL IN NUBIA



NILE GODS UNITING THE PAPYRUS AND THE LILY

shrine; the gods themselves as well as their simple throne being a part of the solid rock. All this is not architecture, it is artistic tunneling. The huge figures of Osiris that support the roof are integral portions of the mountain inside of which we stand; the ceiling, walls, and

THE PORTAL OF THE GREAT ROCK-SHRINE

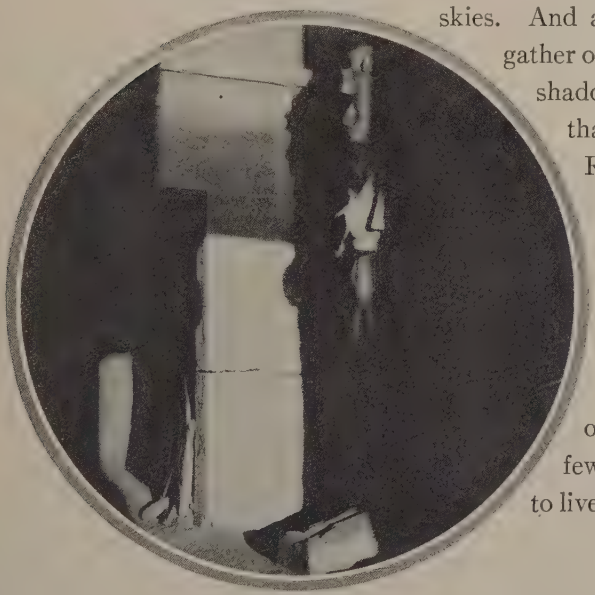
portals are of living rock. The eight colossi are in the form of eight likenesses of Rameses, the farthest one on the right being the finest portrait of the King extant. It is undoubtedly a portrait; we can trace resemblance to the actual face of Rameses as we saw it lying in mummy case in Cairo.

To that figure I owe one of those great moments that come so rarely to the traveler, one of those thrills that are the chief rewards of travel, one of those instants longest remembered and most frequently recalled. It came at sunrise one morning late in February. We stood in the great portal gazing into the dim sanctuary. Behind us the Nile, beyond which rose the eastern hills outlined against the glow of the coming day. The sun leaps in sudden glory above the crests, and sends its first ray straight as an arrow

THE VAST INTERIOR HALLS OF ABU SIMBEL

into the holy place that Rameses hollowed in this Nubian cliff. That first flash of the new-born day pierces the darkness of this cavernèd sanctuary and smites the four gods there in the inmost shrine full in their stony faces. It was a vivid, thrilling thing, to see the bright glory of the newest to-day touch and make luminous the dark mystery of this shrine of oldest yesterday. Then, slowly, and yet so quickly that we can *see* it move, that rectangular patch of glory, glowing white, moves from left to right as the rising sun begins its journey toward the southern skies. And as it moves the shadows gather on the left again, and other shadows, those that shroud that perfect likeness of King Rameses — those peopled shadows on the right — retire, slowly and yet so quickly that at a given instant Great Rameses seems to start forward out from the black depths of the centuries, and for a few uncanny seconds seems to live and breathe again, trans-

THE FIRST FLASH OF DAY



RAMESES THE GREAT TRANSFIGURED BY THE SUN

figured by the glory of the God of the Day — the great God of the Sun, all holy Ammon Ra, to whom the Pharaoh had dedicated this and a hundred other temples thousands of years ago. This instant marked the climax of our journey, but not our jour-

WADY HALFA

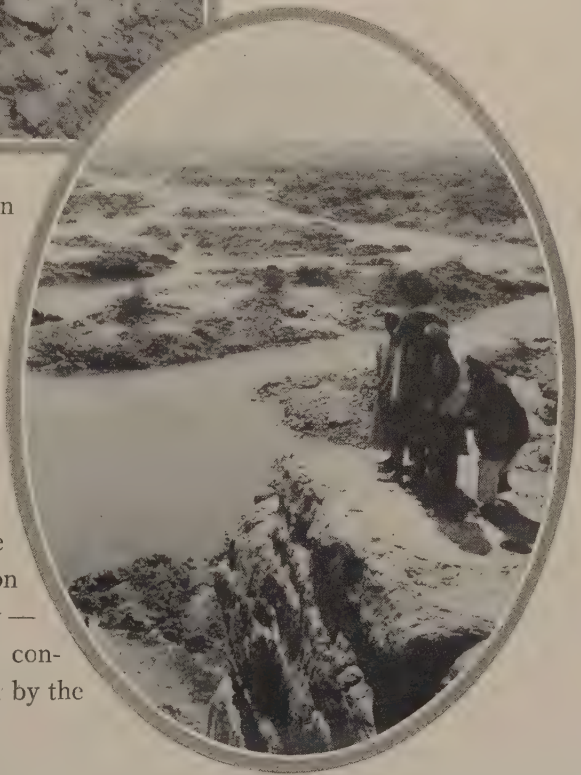
ney's end. Southward for forty miles we cruise to Wady Halfa, once an important port through which the commerce of the Soudan had to pass. Now, owing to the completion of the Soudan railway to the shore of the Red Sea, and the opening of the maritime port of Suakin, this river port of Wady Halfa loses much of its importance. It remains, however, the northern terminus of the railway to Khartum, about five hundred miles away, and it will figure on the time-card of the Cape to Cairo line when all the missing links of that chain of rail-

A TINTED TOMMY ATKINS

OUR JOURNEY'S END

of Abusir we look down upon the so-called cataract which is not a cataract, as we understand the word. It is simply a series of rapids where the Nile fights its way through a wild outcropping of blackish rock. Gazing southward, we see the beginning of that region of mystery and tragedy — the terrible Soudan — the conquest of which was begun by the ways shall have been forged and joined together — but that 's another story.

Our travel tale of Egypt ends a few miles south of Wady Halfa, at the Second Cataract of the great river to which Egypt owes her very being. From the bold pinnacle of the Rock



THE SECOND "CATARACT"

Pharaohs, attempted by the Romans, and finally achieved by the English under Kitchener. That the old Egyptian rulers even dreamed of conquest there proves them to have been men as ambitious as the most ambitious of our modern empire builders. Their works which we have seen in Egypt and in Nubia prove that they were masters of arts, and commanded resources of which we of to-day are ignorant. Great Kings they were, great works they have bequeathed to Egypt and to us, for we, the free man of a free land of to-day, are the heirs of all that was worth while in that king-ridden, priest-ridden, slave-ridden Egypt of a great dark yesterday. In Egypt and in modern Europe men look toward the past, and therefore ancient monuments may have for them greater significance than they can ever have for us, for we are looking always toward the future. We may roam afar and mingle with the children of the past in the old lands of the older hemisphere, interested or amazed by the things that they find great, but when it comes to living our real lives and doing our real work we turn with eagerness toward the new hemisphere, content to live and work among our fellow-countrymen, who are the heirs of a great yesterday, the masters of a wonderful to-day, and the makers of a still more wonderful to-morrow.

RAMESES, HIS MARK

SOUTHERN ITALY

Southern Italy

ON certain portions of our globe there has been set the seal of beauty. The Bay of Naples bears that seal. Nature has done for that famed region all that the eye of the beholder can demand. Gaze where you will, and natural beauty smiles back at you, everywhere save in the dark streets of the towns, yet even there, amid the squalor of the south, physical beauty smiles at you with the glorious eyes of Sunny Italy.

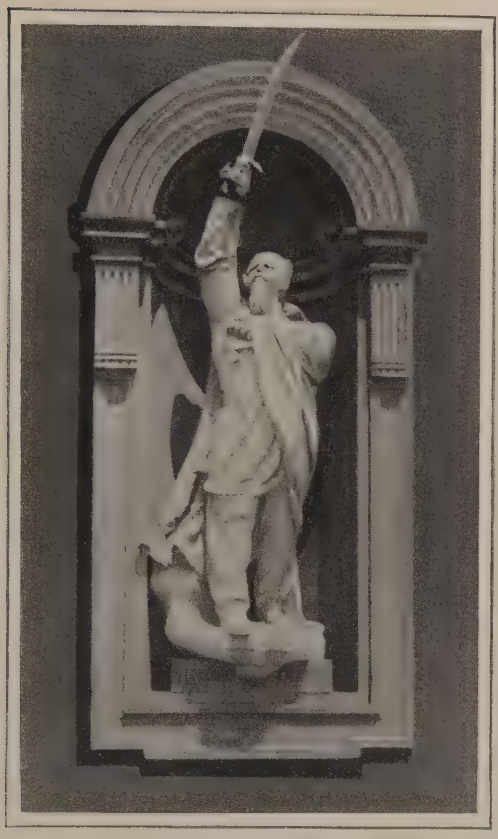
I pity a blind man most in Italy, yet even he might find life less of a burden there than in other lands, for there he would hear music, the real music that comes from the soul of a people. Ital-

ians need not be musicians to be musical, they do not look on singing as an art, but merely as another way of telling you their sorrows and their joys.

The ancient name of Naples was Parthenope, and Parthenope was, as every one should know, a siren; and sirens are, as every one should know, attractive female persons whom it were better to avoid. This may explain why Naples draws to herself every year enthusiastic multitudes of foreigners.

Few think to ask why Naples bears the famous siren's name; therefore it may be well to tell how Parthenope and her alluring sisters dwelt for ages on their rock — some say that lovely Capri is that selfsame rock, though of this no man may speak with certainty; how through the mythic centuries those fair and irresistible entanglers sang their songs and lured men to destruction, as sailors have been lured by the sirens of many another shore in many a later century; how it was known that the first failure of their wiles would mean their doom; how wandering Ulysses, with the aid of the stout thongs that bound him to the mast, got safely by — with no great credit to his self-control it must be said; how, cheated

VICTOR EMANUEL III



VICTOR EMANUEL II

of their prey, robbed of their fame by this Greek trickery, the sisters flung themselves into the sea and perished; and finally how the fair body of Parthenope drifted to this crescent shore, where the people, superstitious then as now, raised up a temple in her honor and called the place by her no longer dreaded name.

The beauty of the City of the Siren is proverbial; the beauty of the region round about has appealed to the wanderer ever since the dawn of history. The south Italian shore that curves around the Bay of Naples would be an earthly paradise — if we could but leave Naples out. "See Naples and die." Of course you will look for this hoary "bromidium" somewhere within this book, so here it is for what it is worth. Who said it first we do not know. I say it now; the next to say it will be he who next discourses to you of the siren city of Parthenope, for none may speak of Naples without quoting the oftquoted saying, until we almost wish that those who have seen Naples had also done the other thing and were safe and silent in their tombs, sparing us the tiresome iteration and reiteration of that depressing injunction to "see Naples and die."

I had seen Naples many times and nearly died of disappointment every time. Not disappointed in her beauty, but because I had not time to see the still more lovely places round about. Therefore it was with a keen sense of satisfaction that one April evening I sailed into Naples harbor with the thought that this time I could stay in Southern Italy almost as long as I might want to

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ST. ELMO AND SAN MARTINO

stay. For I had given up a tour around the world; first, because I had stayed too long in Egypt; secondly, because a leisurely sojourn in Italy looked more attractive than what would have had to be a race through India and Ceylon at the hottest season of the year.

Naples, however, proceeded to give us the hottest time that we had ever experienced, for we arrived on the very eve of the day that Vesuvius tore itself almost asunder in its fury, and buried towns and villages and human beings in the hot outpourings of

its wrath. But all this is another story to be told a little farther on. We skip at first the horrid yet fascinating chapter that deals with our experiences during our first ten days ashore, and open the picture-book of Italy at a less tragic page, to read about the ordinary life of Naples and to gaze at pretty pictures of the beauty-spots near by. The life of Naples! How much exuberant

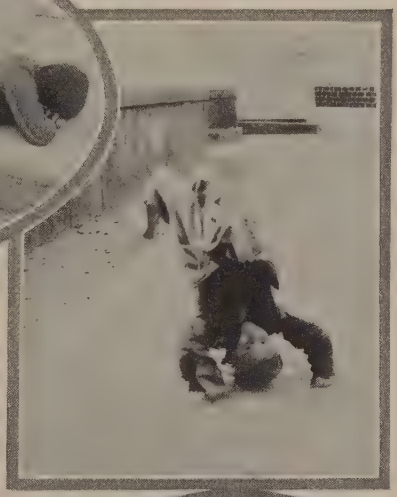
APLES VESUVIUS

joy and hopeless misery is summed up in that phrase. Sorry I am that it is so, but so it is that the word Naples always suggests to me, first and last, a picture of a dirty, ragged street crowded with dirty, ragged people. The traveler rarely meets with the better class of Neapolitans, the nice people, the people he would like to meet, the refined, cultivated families renowned for their exquisite breeding, that *certa grazia* — a certain grace peculiar to the aristocratic Italians of the south. And so, as we are merely passing travelers, we shall meet only the traveler's Neapolitans,

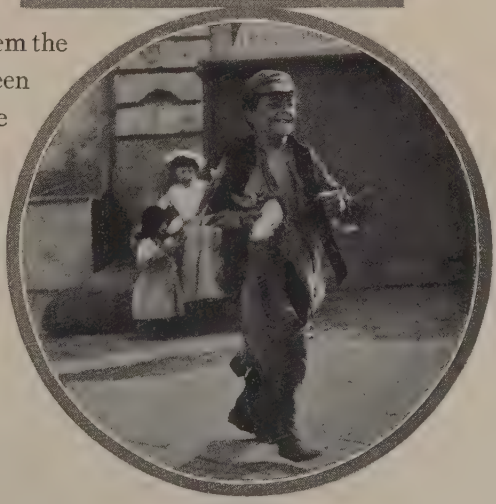
the common sort, the kind that gives the city its bad reputation — those picturesque, rascally, impossible, and miserable folk who are at one and the same time the traveler's delight and his despair. The newly arrived stranger cannot walk a step in the poorer quarter of Naples without being accosted, and either insulted by some gross word, which he is not supposed to understand, or entertained by some amusing little "stunt" performed by small boys as agile and as appealing as they are conscienceless and

OLD SANTA LUCIA

HOMELESS, BUT HAPPY



cunning. Topsyturvy street Arabs go tumbling like Barnum-Bailey clowns under our very noses, as an acrobatic escort of honor, flipflapping over and over until we flip to them the coppers for which they have been crying without missing a single somersault or handspring. No wonder they can sleep anywhere and everywhere. They have no homes; they need no beds, — the wide world is their

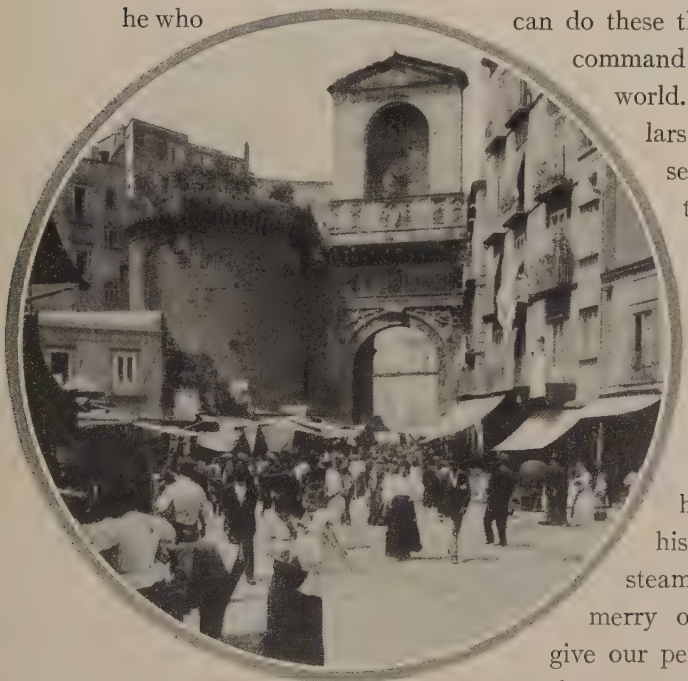


THE "HOTEL OF THE POOR"

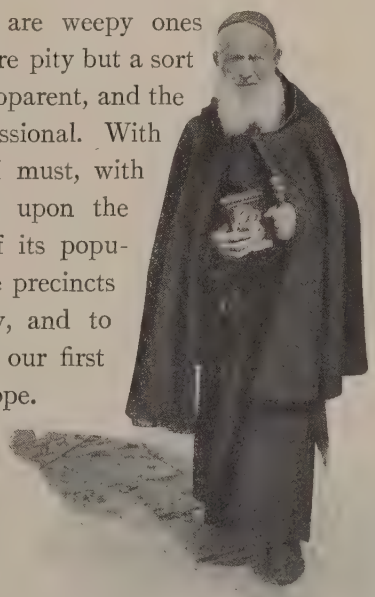
residence; the sidewalk is their couch. The largest hotel in Naples, the "Albergo dei Poveri,"—the polite Italian name for the poor-house,—is their ultimate refuge.

Such are the little men of Naples, at least such are the specimens the traveler first stumbles over as he steps ashore in early morning, but if he comes a little later, when they are wide awake, they do the stumbling, stumbling over one another in good-natured efforts to get at him and relieve him of all the small change that he brings. These self-reliant little savages, who have no homes, no families, "no nothing," do, however, know a lot. They know the secret of perpetual gaiety. Boys who have slept the cold night through out in the open street, using each other's feet for pillows and for

comforters, wake with a smile upon their faces and challenge the frown of a cold and unkind world with a look of indomitable hopeful cheeriness. They know a thousand ways of making something out of nothing. They can sing, cut capers, and make faces; they can pretend to cry and they can make you laugh; and he who can do these things can always command a living in this world. We pay two dollars here at home to see worse acting than these boys will give us for a few *centesini.* Urchins like these receive the new arrival on the pier. They pester him while he is waiting for his baggage from the steamer. There are merry ones to whom we give our pennies freely, and there are weepy ones carrying sickly babies, which do not inspire pity but a sort of pained disgust because the fraud is so apparent, and the practice of begging so unmistakably professional. With all my love for Italy and the Italians, I must, with every fair-minded foreigner, cry shame upon the city government that permits the scum of its population to greet the stranger even within the precincts of the Custom House to beg, to annoy, and to create a feeling of disgust which mars our first impressions of the loveliest land in Europe.



PORTA CAPUANA



Squalid to the last degree is the life of the lower classes, and its squalor is in no way hidden or disguised; it parades in every street, and flutters from the windows of every dirty tenement. Unsanitary piles of flats face without shame the lovely panorama

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS

of the Bay of Naples, and other flats even less habitable face one another at stiflingly close quarters in the long, deep, narrow streets.

The peculiarity of domestic architecture in the poorer parts of Naples is its pronounced domesticity. Domestic atmosphere exhales from every window. Every room is the abiding-place of an entire family. Every balcony is used as a back yard, where washing is hung out to dry, and bedding of all colors is put out to

air. Happy the family whose room is up aloft and looks out on the broad, breezy streets along the water-front, for such an apartment is luxurious and supersanitary compared with those whose windows open onto the infected alleys of the inner city. I do not

THE NEWER NAPLES

want to be unfair, and later on we shall see many splendid things of which poor Naples may indeed be proud, but were I to leave out the squalor of the south my picture of Bella Napoli would be untrue. But there are so many of those awful alleys that we are justified in calling them characteristically Neapolitan. Many kinds of people may be found in the same house. The higher up you go, up to a certain point, the higher is the class of tenants. The garrets are of course let to the poor, but so, too, are the shops

and dwelling-rooms of the ground floor. I want you to look in with me at one of these ground-floor doorways. I say doorway because there is no window. When the doors are closed at night, the little cave-like, low-ceiled room is sealed up tight. No air and

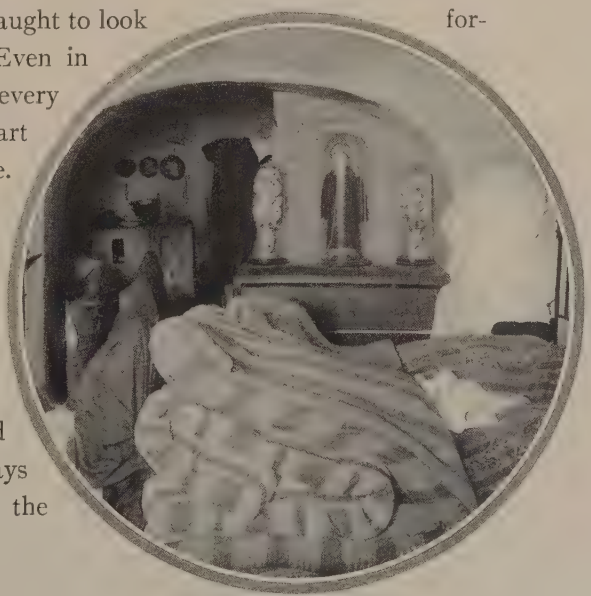
FILTHY FLATS

no light enter. A family of five or six will live, work, cook, eat, and sleep in one room of this description. By day the door is open, and the noise and dust of the crowded thoroughfare fills this dim hole where women toil with needles and children nibble broken bits of bread. By night the door is shut, and in this airless box five or six people sleep the solid slumber of the weary poor. But no home is without its altar, its images, and artificial flowers, and the only lamp used by the frugal folk is the oil wick that flickers

RAVINES OF POVERTY

before some saintly statuette or some religious lithograph.

The churches are the palaces of the poor people. Open all day and every day, they offer shelter, warmth, and consolation to the poorest of the poor. The grand interiors, all glorious with golden ceilings, marble pavements, and mosaic walls, give to the poor a foretaste of the splendors of that future state to which they have been taught to look forward all their lives. Even in the streets we see at every turn reminders of the part religion plays in daily life. The famous Porta Capuana, the gate that looks toward Capua, is but a picture-frame to hold a huge religious painting. Then, too, in all their holidays and festivals the church plays an important part. It is the



"HOME"

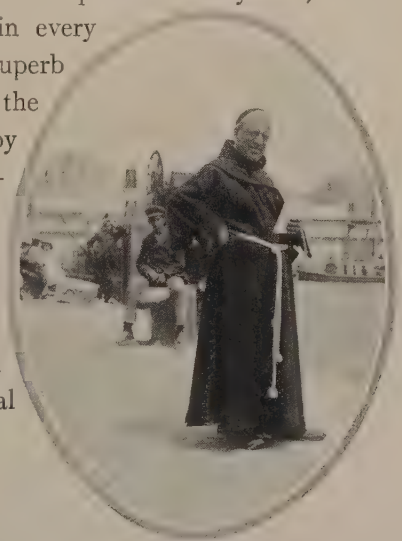
ecclesiastical and not the civil calendar that furnishes most of the holidays for Naples. We chanced to be in town on the great day when every Neapolitan who can afford it takes his family or friends off for a three days' dash in decorated carriages to the pilgrimage church of Monte Vergine, near Avellino, sixty miles away. They save up all the year to make a grand display on this occasion. The men of each party all dress exactly alike; all wear gray suits and soft gray hats; the women all wear pink, but put no hats over their lustrous tresses, specially oiled and coiffured to stand the strain of the excursion. It is a strenuous affair, this annual pilgrimage to Monte Vergine. Some twenty thousand people go; some by rail, but most of them by road. They go in every manner of conveyance, from lordly landeaux to tiny pony-carts drawn by Jerusalem ponies. The

RETURNING FROM MONTE VERGINE

NEAPOLITANS

return is like an all-day race. The drivers drive like mad. Mishaps are many. The newspapers next day publish a list of accidents, two columns long, including several deaths and many broken bones. It is always the same; without the accidents, this wild return of the pilgrims would lack its fascination for the populace.

But Naples is not all poverty and squalor. New, broad, clean, sanitary streets have been cut through the dense old districts. Fine business blocks now screen many of the crowded quarters of the poor. One might drive through Naples and see nothing save evidences of prosperity, clean thoroughfares traversed by well-operated trolley-cars, fountains and modern monuments in every square, and here and there some superb reminder of the superb old city of the Middle Ages. Yonder, fenced in by bill-boards, advertising a modern department store, rises the grandest of the old fortresses of Naples. It is the Castel Nuovo, the "New Castle," though it was built more than six hundred years ago. The sculptured triumphal arch that serves as its portal



A PADRE

is the best bit of medieval architecture in south Italy. This castle was the palace of the foreign despots who once ruled Naples, the French Kings of Anjou, and the Spanish Kings of Aragon. Dark deeds were done in that grim home of royalty. Even to-day they show you in its dungeons the salted carcasses of patriot conspirators, with severed heads and mutilated bodies, — evidences of royal revenge kept there by the bloodthirsty tyrants that they might gloat over them whenever they had no viler or more active occupation. A little farther on we reach the splendid portal of La Galleria Umberto Primo, a beautiful

THE GALLERIA

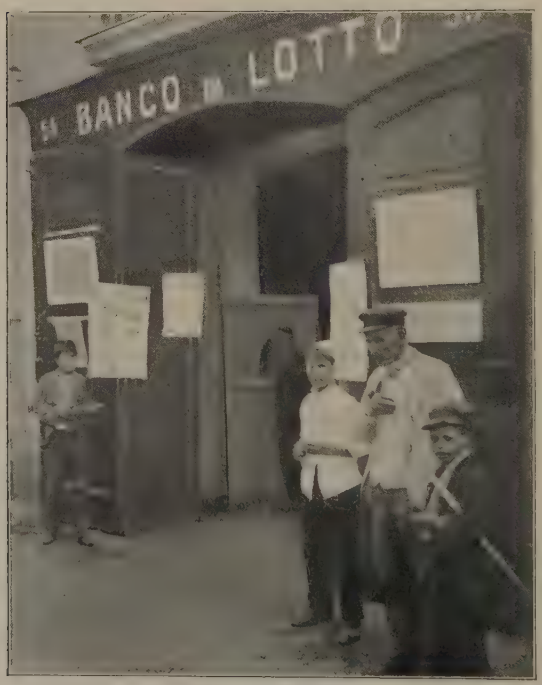
THE "NEW CASTLE"

arcade rivaling the famous galleries of Genoa and of Milan. It is not a gallery of classic art; rather a gallery of commerce and the liberal arts, for it is lined with offices and shops. There are also cafés and restaurants, cinematograph parlors, and, in the basement a small theater of varieties. All these and the gallery itself were closed for several days during the eruption of Vesuvius. The glass roof was thickly covered with volcanic ashes, and the authorities feared that the steel framework might collapse under the weight of the gray, heavy stuff that looked like dirty snow, but would not melt. Opposite one of the entrances stands the San Carlo Theatre, where under the arches of the *porte cochère* sit the celebrated public scribes or letter writers. We read in every book on Naples of

SAN FRANCESCO DI PAOLA

these immemorial penmen and of their patrons, who are always described as beauteous maidens, with eyes that flash the love messages that their untrained fingers cannot write.

I lay in wait for days to get a picture that would fit the popular conception, but the begoggled dame in our illustration was the only love-lorn maiden who appeared upon the scene. There is material in every Neapolitan street for an entire travelogue on manners and customs. Every detail of daily life is different from our own, and therefore interesting. How different the coming of the milkman; no gaudy wagon, no polished tins filled up with chalk and water, but a real motherly cow, a real self-sacrificing calf, and, best of all, real milk "drawn with care, drawn in the presence of the purchaser!" Goats are even driven upstairs in the apartment houses and milked in the hall while the purchaser looks on from his own sixth-floor door. The Neapolitans pay dear for all their milk, sometimes as much as ten cents a pint, but they see where it comes from and they take no chances. Yet they are fond of taking chances in all other things. They are inveterate gamblers. The government, realizing this, long since resolved to "take the bank" itself, deal the cards, or draw the numbers,



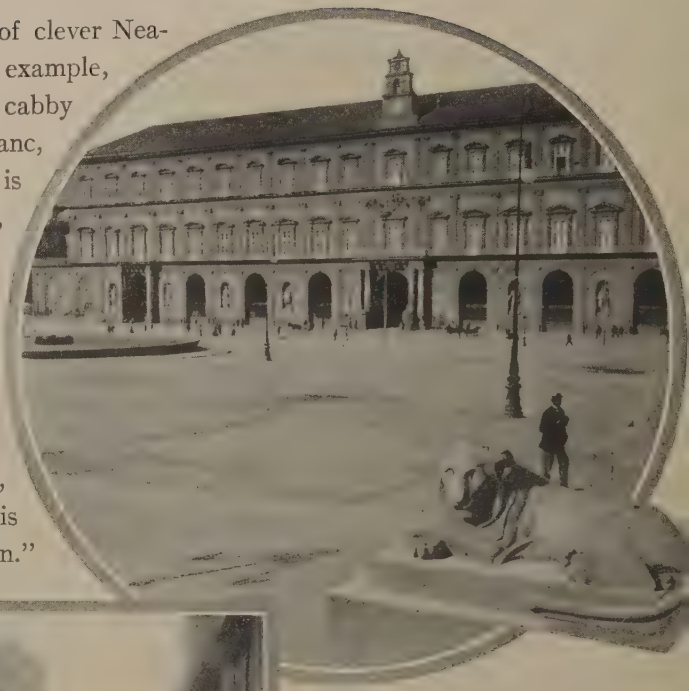
THE NATIONAL GAME

HONEST MILK

and thus get the rake-off for the public treasury. The government runs the gambling-houses, which exist by scores in every Italian city. They are called "Banks." The game is "Lotto," resembling Policy, a play on numbers. The drawings are held every Saturday, and it would seem that the population of Naples did nothing but wait for winning numbers to come out. The hope of winning a small fortune some fine Saturday kills all initiative, and though the state may make its direct profit, it loses indirectly through the debasement of its people, much more than it gains. To one who loves his fellow-man, a sojourn in Naples is depressing — he sees so much that is unlovable, unlovely, and unwashed in that mass of Neapolitan humanity. You must be always on your guard in Naples. I could

THE SCRIBE OF THE LOVELORN

tell a hundred tales of clever Neapolitan rascality. For example, one day I gave my cabby for his fare a silver franc, which, by the way, is four cents too much, and added two big coppers as a "*buona mancia*." He thanked me with all the graciousness of sunny Italy. I turned away, thinking, "Now there at last is a grateful Neapolitan."



THE ROYAL PALACE

IN THE CHIAIA

But he called me back, saying very graciously, "The *signore* has made a slight mistake." In his outstretched hand lay my two big coppers, but the franc which I had given him was not a franc — it was a bright nickel coin, worth only four cents, a new coin very similar

in size and in design to the silver franc or lira. The moment that your back is turned they slip away the silver coin and put one of those deceptive nickels in its place, then charge the error up to you, and if you do not know the Neapolitans you will be out another franc, and possibly still a third, which you hand over as an apology for having tried to cheat that honest driver! As some one has declared, "The Neapolitans were invented before the fuss about the seven deadly sins." It is good, indeed, to get back to the shelter of your quiet, elegant hotel, for Neapolitan hotels rarely employ natives of Naples — they know their fellow-citizens too well. The hall porter of our hotel, the Royal, hails from Brindisi, the head waiter from Milan, the servants are from Rome, from cities of north Italy, or even Germany and Switzerland; Italians from the north are as much

THE MUSEUM

A MARBLE TENT FOR A TOMB

foreigners in the streets of Naples as if they came from England or America. The Neapolitans do not speak Italian, they speak *Napoletano*, a barbarous, scolding dialect that fearfully offends the true Italian ear.

There is rarely any sadness in the tone of the tourist when his turn comes to sing or to murmur, "*Addio, Bella Napoli*"—for, fascinating as the Siren City indubitably is, beautiful Naples is not a restful place, and the traveler turns without reluctance to the more beautiful sites and more interesting scenes that wait for him round about Naples within a radius of a few miles. Accordingly we find ourselves up in the green hills, some thirty miles from Naples, at the famous monastery of La Cava. The situation is superb; the outer aspect of the institution is not very striking, but within it, or rather under it, hollowed in the living rock, are the most curious cloisters in the world — not the most beautiful,

CLOISTERS AT LA CAVA

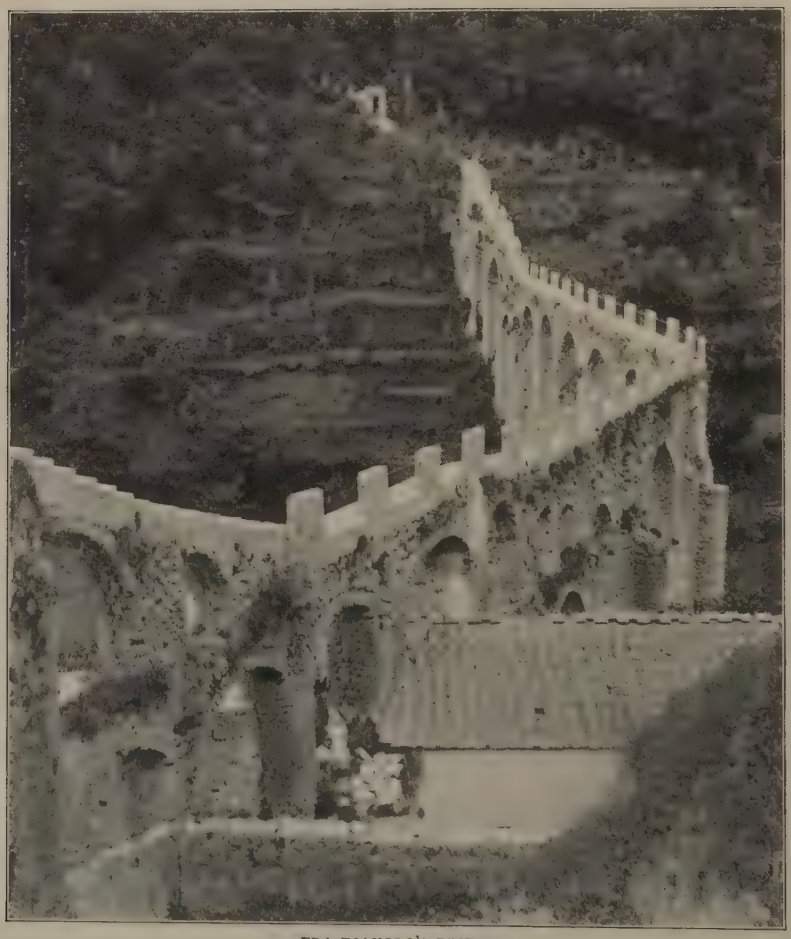
but the most curious. Like the temples of Rameses the Great at Abu Simbel on the Nile, these cloisters were not built, they were cut in the cliff, and are an integral part of the mountain mass which supports the monastery of La Trinitá, famous for its medieval archives. In those subterranean cloisters we find the

LA CAVA

arches of natural rock supported by slender pillars arranged in pairs like those of the more famous cloisters at Monreale near Palermo. Those Sicilian cloisters are undoubtedly the most beautiful in the world, but they are merely a later manifestation of the art of that Norman race of conquerors from the north, who hewed out these crude cave cloisters only a few years before they fashioned those exquisite colonnades that grace the hill of Mon-

reale above the Sicilian city. At La Cava many Norman knights lie buried. The neighboring city of Salerno was the seat of Norman power in the south, just before Sicily was won from the Saracens by the men who made that lovely island for a time a living monument to Norman art and Norman enterprise.

Salerno lies on the Salernian Bay as Naples lies upon the Bay of Naples, and were not Naples and her bay so near, this shore would be world-famous, and the word Salerno a synonym of beautiful. We follow the curve of this crescent shore some

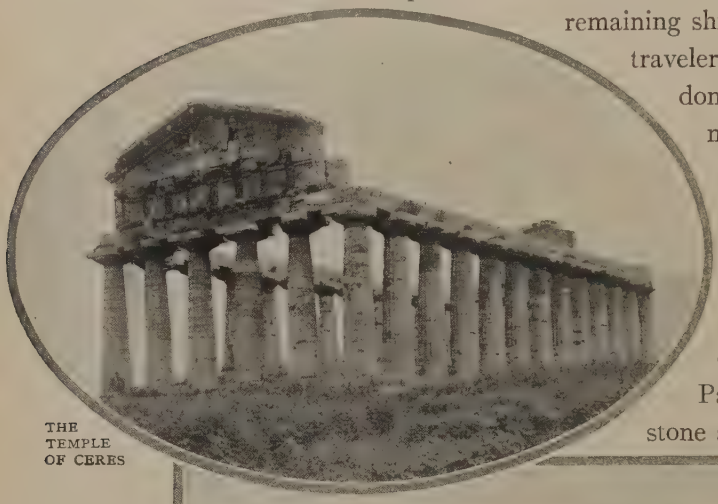


FRA DIAVOLO'S BRIDGE

PAESTUM

twenty-five miles more to Paestum, there to see one of the noblest sights in Italy, — a trio of Greek temples built by the Greeks themselves when Italy was a Greek colony more than twenty-five hundred years ago. The city walls are still intact, but within them there are no signs of the homes nor of the ancient streets of what must have been a rich and luxurious city, for it was founded by a colony of Greeks from Sybaris, a city farther south in what is now Calabria. All the world knows that Sybaris was the abode of elegance; even to-day we call the luxury-loving man a Sybarite. Strange, is it not, that the only thing bequeathed to us by the men of Sybaris, besides the adjective "sybarite," should have been the grandest and severest buildings in all Italy? Religious buildings, too, for the grand structures that rise on this now fever-stricken site of Paestum were temples dedicated to the gods and goddesses of a poetical mythology. The ruin that rises in grandeur nearest the northern gate of Paestum was the Temple of Ceres, goddess of the grain and of the harvest, or, according to other learned opinions, it was the shrine of Vesta, goddess of the family hearth. In severest Doric style are the two even grander ruins that stand side by side near the south gate, called the "Gate of Justice." They must have been of rare refinement, those old-time Sybarites who raised these noble shrines in honor of their deities. The

Greek name of the city was not Paestum,— that is a later Roman title. The Greek colony was Poseidonia, and Neptune was the tutelary deity. It is most fitting that the noblest of the temples should be that of Neptune. It is not only the noblest of the three remaining shrines that still lure travelers to this abandoned site, it is the most perfect specimen of a Greek temple anywhere in all the wide world outside of Athens. It is not of marble like the Parthenon; it is of stone and was once stuc-



THE TEMPLE OF CERES

DORIC PILLARS OF POSEIDONIA

coed over and made glorious with color according to the custom of the beauty-loving Greeks. We who have learned to love Greek ruins in their neutral tones of gray and brown would be amazed and possibly at first displeased could we behold these temples as they appeared in their prime. Of the life-story of this Italian city of the Greeks the modern world knows very little. When Rome was yet nothing, Poseidonia was powerful. Her

buildings served as models for ambitious younger cities, and her fame — though dim and vague to-day — must have been great in the young world of her far-off period of glory.

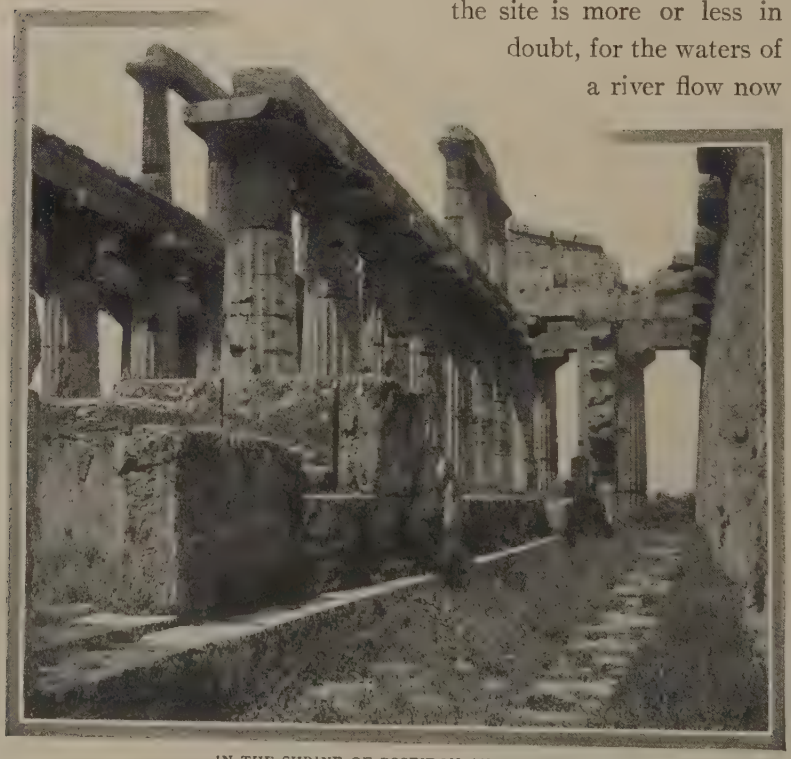
Her citizens, from within her ample walls, first mocked and then defied the barbarians who from time to time drew near, attracted

THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE

by her wealth, as wolves draw near to lonely houses where larders are well stocked.

Then the inevitable happened. Too much and too fine a civilization became the undoing of the civilized. Softened by centuries of elegant prosperity, the city lost that virile quality that is a city's surest safety. A city's walls are nothing when the men who man them have ceased to be the real ramparts of the place. So Poseidonia perished,— was overwhelmed by one of those wild floods of the uncivilized which time and again have swept over

the fairest provinces of Italy. Rome, for a time, revived the glories of the site under the name of Paestum. Then again barbarous darkness fell. The life-currents of the world altered their courses. Even the land itself, the very earth on which the city stood, degenerated; even the air became unfit to breathe. Malaria — "bad air" — enwrapped the ruins of the fallen city of this plain, and Paestum became a wilderness. No man now willingly dwells here at Paestum, where once upon a time all men who knew the fascinations of the city desired to abide. Fever has pitched its camp all around about the temples, the specter of disease and death now warns men from the spot to which the joys of life invited them in the old days of Sybaritish luxury. Even more utter was the ruin of the mother city, Sybaris. So completely was that ancient home of luxury annihilated that even the site is more or less in doubt, for the waters of a river flow now

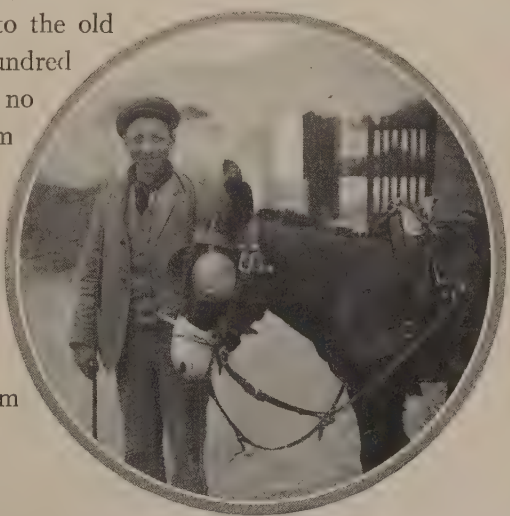


IN THE SHRINE OF POSEIDON AT PAESTUM

A PAESTUM PORTAL

where once upon a time stood Sybaris, the city of the Sybarites, whence came the colonists who founded Poseidonia.

But a thunder-shower coming on, we call the only cab in Paestum and drive back to the station. Our driver, a bright Italian lad, addresses us in English, and when I ask him if he learned our tongue in school he answers, "Oh, Skiddoo! me for New York City next month — back to the old job in the barber-shop on One Hundred and Third Street. This place no good." Although the Paestum shore is low and swampy now, on the north sweep of the bay the mountains of the Sorrentine Peninsula rise almost sheer from the Salernian waters. Along the faces of those fearful cliffs we may drive serenely from



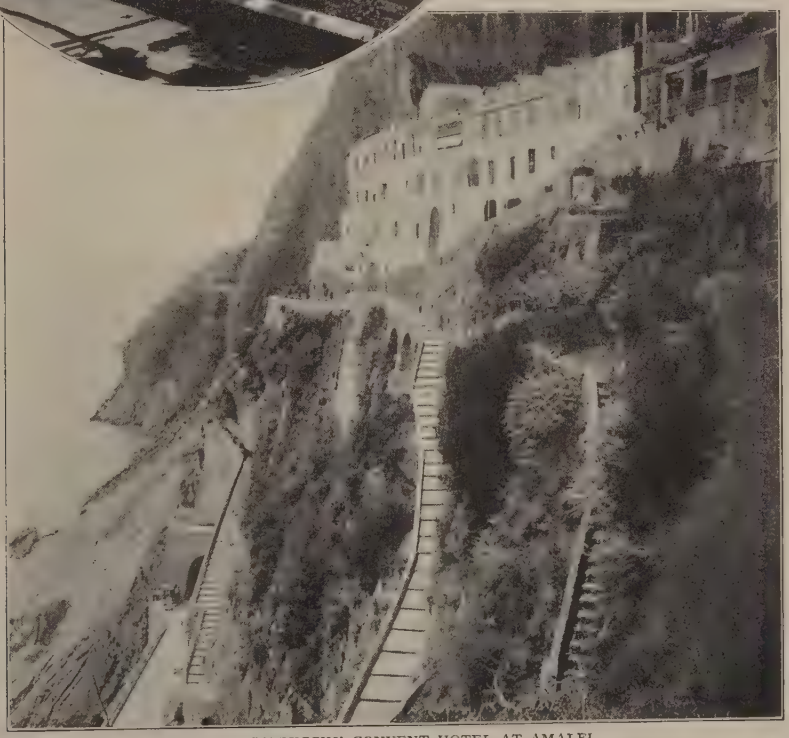
THE ONLY HACKMAN

THE AMALFI DRIVE

the railway station of Salerno, through thirteen miles of scenic grandeur to Amalfi, the most impossibly picturesque little town in all Southern Italy. Amalfi was a city once, or rather the chief city of a little group of merchant cities, a kind of Hanseatic League, controlling the sea-trade of the Levant. Amalfi was then powerful as well as picturesque. That was a thousand years ago. Amalfi then had fifty thousand inhabitants; to-day there are but seven thousand left. Amalfi then possessed a broad and splendid water-front; to-day the piers, warehouses, and public piles that stood upon that water-front are covered by the sea. The land has gone down and the waves come up, the coast line has subsided and the waters have rolled in, covering the city of the Middle Ages and gnawing at the foundations of the modern town which clings as if in terror to the cliffs. This clinging to the cliffs is what makes it so picturesque. The higher streets are tunnels running through and under the houses that are piled one on another, and from these steep, dark corridors we now and then look out upon the sunny housetops of the lower town. The campanile of the old cathedral of St. Andrew, whose bones lie in the crypt, sounds a note of old-time splendor, and the surround-

AMALFI

ing cliffs and mountains and the beautiful broken line of the receding shore assert the scenic splendor of to-day. A little way beyond the town, *of* it but not *in* it, is the quaintest of all Italy's hotels, the Cappuccini Convent Hotel, clinging like the town itself to the sheer cliffs that seem about to overwhelm Amalfi from the rear,



THE CAPPUCCINI CONVENT HOTEL AT AMALFI

IN AMALFI

as the sea once overwhelmed it from the front. In truth the town, tossed up by the sea, has been at times tossed down again by avalanches falling from these crumbling cliffs. Happily, these catastrophes have left unharmed the famous pergola of the Cappuccini; that terrace is still the ideal promenade that it has been ever since its gleaming pillars were erected and the vines trained on the trellis overhead by the old monks who lived in sweet

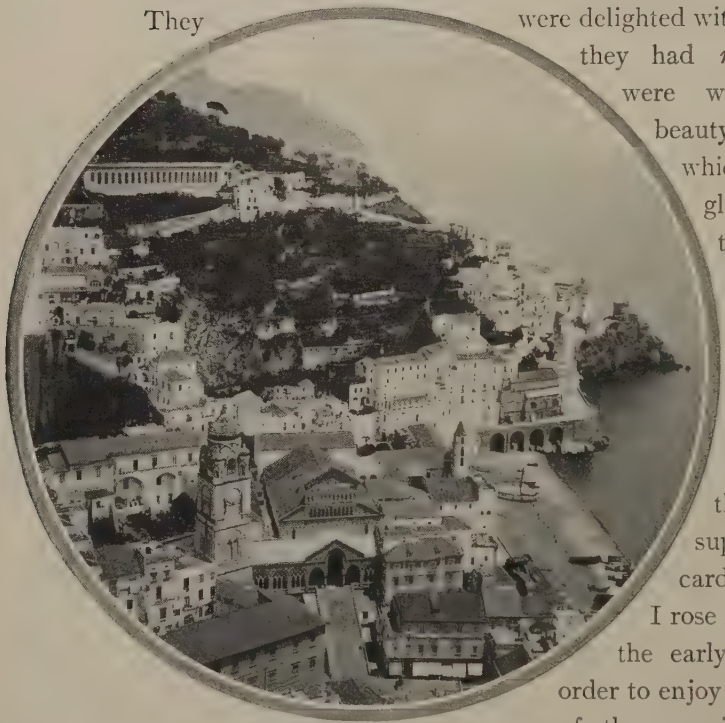
seclusion there for over seven hundred long, silent, sunny, and delightful years. For over seven centuries the same exquisite outlook has delighted the dwellers on this cliff. To-day the traveler treads the terrace where the old monks walked in contemplation of a heaven-to-be and contemplates — as he peers between the

THE CAPPUCCINI CLOISTERS

pillars of the pergola — a shore of such entrancing beauty as to seem a veritable heaven-that-is on earth, for the immediate enjoyment of us non-monastic mortals.

But like most travelers, I spent at first only the one day here and drove on to Sorrento. Then thinking of the pergola

I packed up and came back, and took a "cell" in the adjacent monastery for a period indefinite. This sort of place is too good to miss. Yet how our fellow country-folk do fly past! One night just after dark there came a traveling seminary, a dozen sweet American girls, touring the Continent in charge of a "professoress." They were delighted with Amalfi, which they had *not* seen; they were wild about the beauty of the pergola which they had only glimpsed on entering; but they were hungry, too, and tired, oh, so tired! So instead of moon-gazing from the terrace they ate a hearty supper, wrote post-cards, and retired. I rose next morning at the early hour of six in order to enjoy their enjoyment of the morning lights and shadows. To my amazement those pretty girls were gone! Gone an hour before at five A. M.! Gone by carriage to Sorrento, to catch the morning boat for Capri, to visit the Blue Grotto at noon, to sail back to Naples in the afternoon, and to start by rail for Rome that self-same night! Where was the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Enthusiastic Girls"?



AMALFI FROM ABOVE

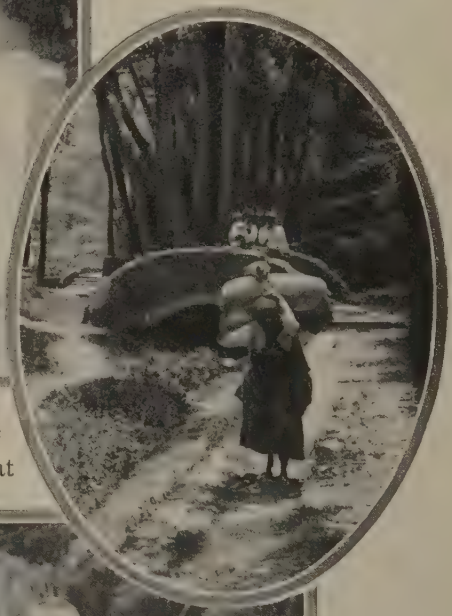
We climbed one day to the crest of the mountain range that rises like a verdurous screen between this picturesque coast and the Vesuvian plain. We did not see the great view of the volcano,

for the day was not clear, but did see how an iceless region manages to have an ice supply. Of course there is no natural ice even in winter in this sunny latitude. The people of the minor towns cannot afford to manufacture ice, and so they depend upon the winter's snow to cool their summer drinks for them. Deep pits, called *fosse*, are dug on the neighboring mountain-tops. When snow falls it is packed down in these pits in layers two feet thick, with coverings of leaves and branches spread between. When snow or *neve* is required, the ice-man climbs five thousand feet, uncovers the top layer, slices off a hundred pounds of hardened snow, and carries it in a burlap bag down to the town. If he starts before the sun is up and gets to town before the sun is hot, he may have fifty pounds, or half his load, still cool and salable inside the dripping bag. I met one of those porters coming down, wet with warm perspiration and with cold drippings from his

CATHEDRAL OF SANT' ANDREA

BEARING HER BURDEN

melting load. He was singing a wild mountain song. My guide, a lowlander, said that even he could not translate the words of that old song, sung in the highland dialect. But as we passed that mountaineering iceman I sang out a slangy greeting, for what I said was, "How would you like to be the iceman?" never dreaming that the harmonious individual would understand. The strange song was cut short in the middle of a line and he replied, "I 'd like it; it's a darn



A HAPPY PADRE

A PIT FOR STORING SNOW

good job on Broadway; I 'm going back next year." Thus I could understand him while his fellow countryman could not.

The mountains there above also furnish the fuel consumed by the frugal dwellers in the valley. The women hew the wood and carry it down the steep trails and along the sunny highroads. They also cut young trees and strip them into the long poles or *pali* used to support the vines in the treeless, grape-growing islands of Ischia or Capri. It is astonishing to see the skill with which these women negotiate the sharp steep turns of the mountain trails and the tight corners of the Mill Valley as they come swinging down towards

THE ICEMAN

LITTLE STELLINA . .

the sea with those long *pali* on their shoulders.

No wonder that the beauty of these women never outlasts their girlhood. They seem already old and almost invariably ugly at twenty-five, and yet at the age of ten many of them have faces of such wondrous beauty that we are saddened, rather than gladdened, by it, for we know how short-lived it will be. I recall one little girl whose face was a dream of loveliness. Her name was Stellina, and means "Little Star." She was a star, with her fascinating little twinkling, starry eyes—wonderful starry eyes—eyes that I never can forget; eyes that I shall remember as among the loveliest things I saw in Italy. And those starry eyes could not only shine divinely, they could wink and blink in a sweetly human way. Her father has gone to America to seek a fortune in California. She has two sisters to whom we do not pay so much attention,

. . . AND HER SISTERS

because they are not half so pretty. Why should we care more about the fate of pretty children than about that of the homely ones? We should never give a thought to the future of Stellina's little sisters, but we can't help feeling for and wondering about Stellina, because Stellina has a very pretty face, because she has those

MOTHERHOOD

WOMAN'S WORK

wonderfully soulful eyes. Will my Amalfi sweetheart share the common fate of Italy's young womanhood, and take her place in time among the human beasts of burden, or will her father "strike it rich" out there in California, and send for his family, as so many Italian fathers do, so that Stellina and her little sisters may grow up tall and straight, not bent by the burdens that Italian women have to bear in Italy? We meet so many of

them on the roads, carrying loads that would tax the strength of a pack mule or a horse. Each group encountered returns a greeting differing in form or in pronunciation according to the district whence the women come.

Apropos of the differing dialects of this peninulsa, the town of Atrani is next door to Amalfi; in fact, I have walked from one town to the other in exactly two minutes and a quarter, and yet the people of Amalfi cannot converse readily with the people of Atrani. The Amalfitani speak one language, their neighbors, the Atranesi, speak one quite different.

MY TABLE D'HÔTE SOLITAIRE AT RAVELLO

Above Atrani — twelve hundred feet up in the air — lies, or rather perches, the noble little city of Ravello, one of the most delightful sites in all the land of Italy. There, installed as a guest at the Hotel Palumbo, the traveler

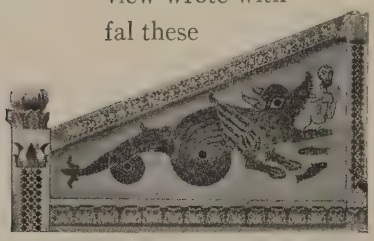
SIGNORA PALUMBO

RAVELLO

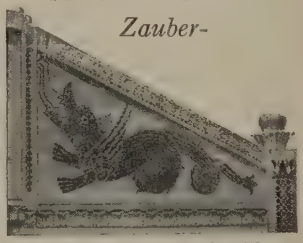
may pass some of the happiest days that Italy can offer. I called that little high-perched hostelry "my villa," for I chanced to be the unique guest, monarch of all I surveyed from the terrace where my lone *table d'hôte* was served. A friend who experienced the same delightful, comfortable, and well-served solitude a few weeks later wrote to me, "You are quite right, it is just heaven with a first-class cook!"

Ravello, though to-day merely a mountain village of two thousand souls, was once a city of princes and high dignitaries of the Church. The best preserved of its old palaces is the Palazzo Rufolo, now the home of an English lady. It is a grand old home with a grand history, for it has entertained great people in its time. Its exquisitely cloistered court has heard the laughter of many a medieval king, and the song of many a troubadour. Robert of Sicily, King Charles the Second, Robert the Wise, and Boccaccio, whose wisdom was made up of wisest folly,—all these and other notables of early centuries were frequent guests at the Palazzo

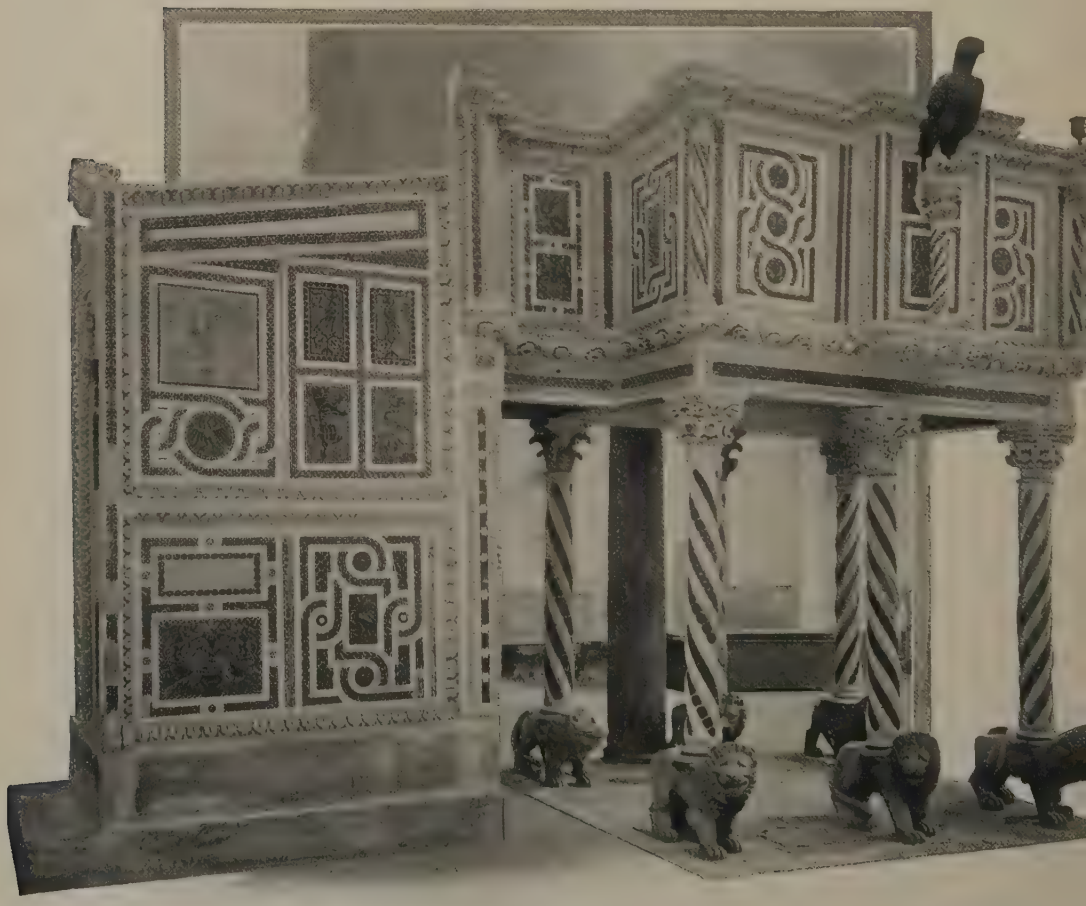
Rufolo. In our own day a king of music came, and Richard Wagner, looking out from the flowery terrace upon the wondrous view wrote with the hand that had scored Parsifal these words, "*Klingsor's Zaubergarten ist gefunden.*" — "Klingsor's enchanted garden has been found." There is a splendid old cathedral at Ravello, with a wonderful mosaic pulpit and mosiac pictures of Jonah and the whale that are intensely funny. There is a glorious view



JONAH . . . COMING OUT

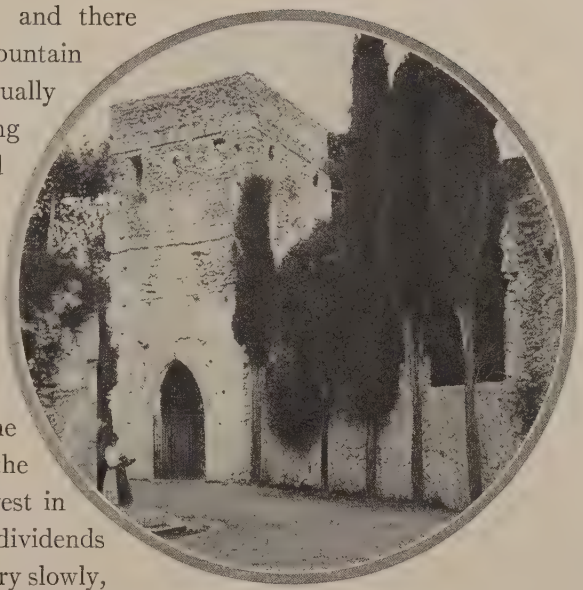


JONAH . . . GOING IN

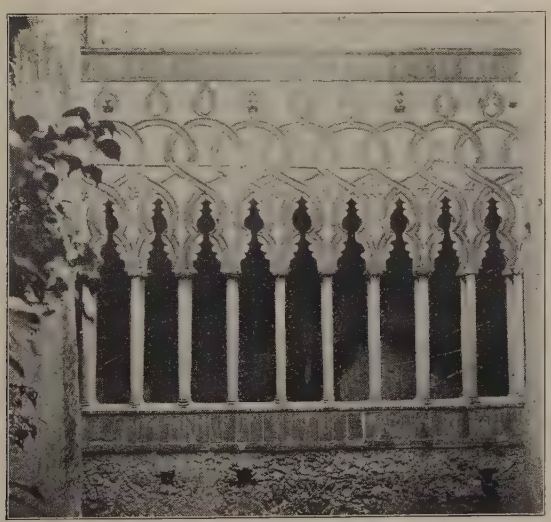


MEDIEVAL MOSAICS

whichever way one turns, and there are charming little mountain tramps to be taken, and equally charming half-day walking tours along the highroad that skirts the bold and rocky coast below. There is a whole world of pleasure waiting for the traveler who brings hither a light purse and a heavy balance to his credit in the bank of time, for time is the best kind of money to invest in Italy,— it pays the biggest dividends in joy. We should drive very slowly, or preferably walk every mile of the way from Salerno to Sorrento. Beyond Amalfi we should saunter through the other curious old towns, remnants of old-time seaport cities which, like Amalfi, have sought refuge from the invading sea by climbing up and clinging to the hillsides. Many of these towns have been almost depopulated by emigration to America. Many of them are kept alive to-day by contributions from America. A few Americanized Italians come

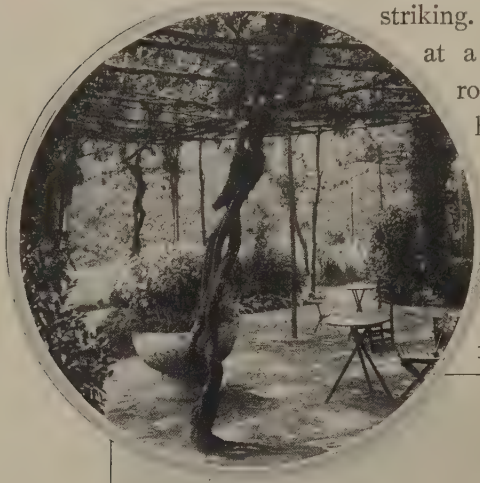


PALAZZO RUFOLU AT RAVELLO



IN THE COURT OF THE PALACE

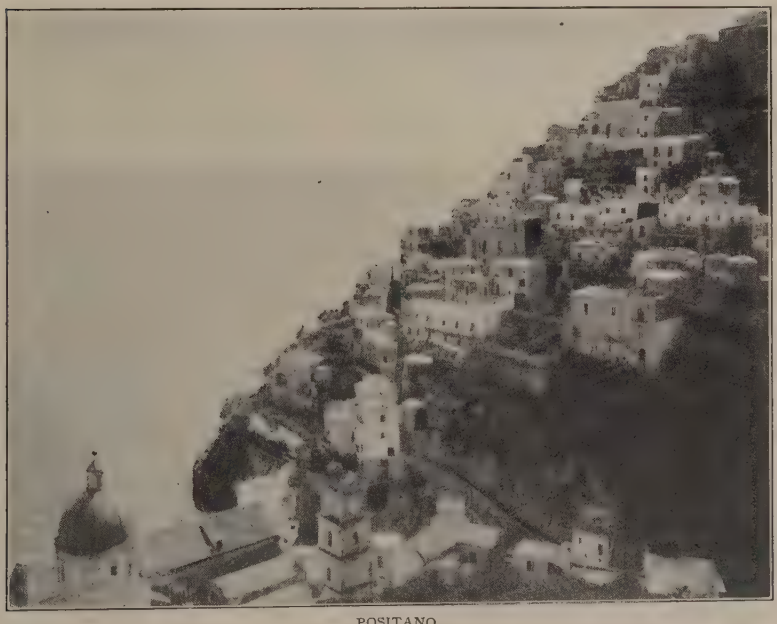
back to this poetic shore, but not for long. All hasten to return to the prosaic New World where dollars are as easy to get as francs are in Italy. The difference between the man who has been in America and the man who has always stayed at home is pitifully striking. On the outskirts of one village, at a glorious turn where the road rounds a superb promontory, I halted at the little hut of the Dazio Consumo — that is, the office where duties or taxes are collected on every edible article that is taken into the settlement for sale. The agent was a personification of official misery, ragged



FROM A RAVELLO TERRACE

and dirty and demoralized in look and manner. He was the picture of discouragement and weariness. Yet he had nothing to do but sit and look out on the glorious view, twelve hours every day, now and then holding up a passing peasant for a few *centesimi*. I asked him what his salary was. I had guessed what he was worth, and I had guessed nearly right.

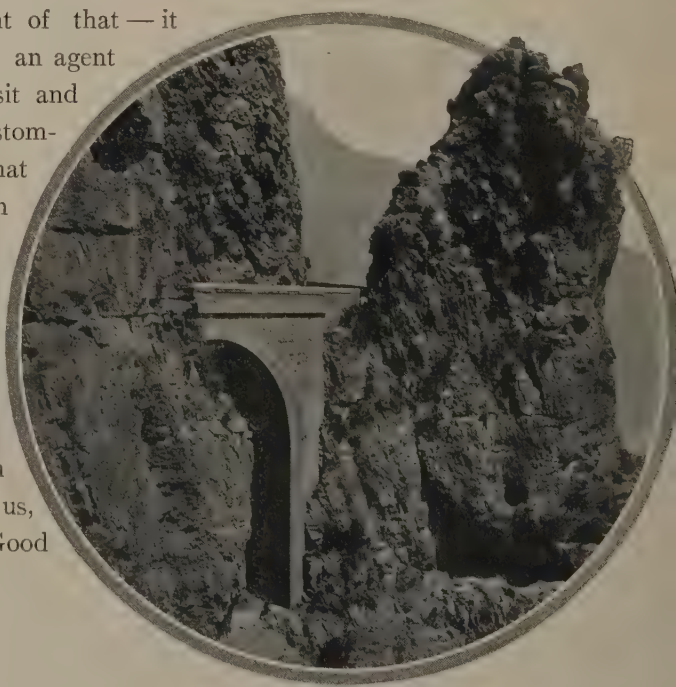
THE AMALFI ROAD



POSITANO

AMERICANIZED ITALIANS

One franc, or twenty cents a day, and he added with a whine, "I have a wife and four children to support." Undoubtedly the woman works and makes more than the man; undoubtedly the children run after tourists on the road and cry for *soldi*, and collect more *soldi* in a day than both the mother and father make. "But why," I asked the man, "why not do something with your idle time, why not take up some little industry—do something to turn an honest penny during the long hours that you sit waiting for another load of dutiable stuff to pass?" Why? He had never thought of that — it was not customary for an agent to do anything but sit and wait. "It is not customary." That is the cry that curses poverty-stricken Europe, from the slums of London to the sunny shores of Italy. But when we come a little later to another *dazio* station, a bright young man steps out and salutes us, saying in English, "Good



ON THE WAY TO SORRENTO

morning, gentlemen; can't I sell you some of these paper flowers? They are very cheap. I give you all this bunch for a nickel." The flowers were beautifully made of tinted paper, perfect imitations of carnations of all colors. "Where did you get them?" I inquired. "Oh, I don't get them, I make them to kill the time

THE HOTELS OF SORRENTO

and keep myself alive. You see, I have been three years in New York; I can't sit around all day and just do nothing." His pay was five cents a day higher than that of our discouraged friend a few miles down the road, but his income was more than three times as much; he made

A SORRENTINE VILLA

twice his salary every day in selling paper flowers. He is over here, as he says, "just temporary," to get the wife and baby and bring them back with him to the land where even the Italians of the south find it impossible to sit around and just do nothing. This is the kind of alien immigration that does us and the immigrant a lot of good.

Following the splendid road which in places appears to lead where only birds or aëroplanes were meant to travel, we come at last to beautiful Sorrento on the northern shore of the peninsula, overlooking the Neapolitan bay. Enthroned upon the cliffs that rise from the blue waters are the villas of the rich, and the hotels of those who, though they may lack fortune, are richer than the rich, if it be true, as I think it is, that "to travel is to possess the world." For those hotels are the homes of travelers, of those who, without great possessions to keep them prisoners at home, roam freely round the world and make the earth their own.

At Sorrento, which was Tasso's native town, dwelt a well-loved modern writer, who, though he was no poet, yet made mani-

LA TORRE DEI QUATTRO VENTI

fest to us in prose much of the poetry he found in his study of Italy and the Italians. Sorrento has added the memory of Marion Crawford to her many noble memories — for the author of "Saracinesca," and of "Ave Roma Immortalis," loved the place and dwelt there and dreamed and wrote in his villa on the

AN AMERICAN VILLA AT CAPRI

Sorrentino cliffs, with the modern muses for companions, and with the immemorial beauty of the panorama for his inspiration.

It is not difficult to fall in love with Italy, even with Naples still in view; it is most difficult not to fall in love with Italy when once you have begun to understand the Italian point of view, especially if you chance to find yourself at Capri. A voyage of thirty short, sunny minutes brings us from lordly Sorrento to the lovely island that lies just off the tip of the peninsula. We land at the Marina, a little town on what might be called the ground floor of the island, for Capri might be likened to a rocky sky-scraper, each floor of which has its especial attractions and advantages, from the wave-washed Marina to the village-crowned

and villa-studded cliffs, and from the wind-swept Salto di Tiberio to the cloud-capped summit of Solaro, which scrapes the blue Italian skies with its rocky crenellations more than nineteen hundred feet above the even bluer Italian sea. Some say that Capri was the original Isle of the Sirens, that here those enchant-

THE CHARM OF CAPRI

ing sea-maids had their home, to visit which meant joy—*and death.* Capri is still a siren isle, still a place of fascinations, but those who succumb to her charm find peace and happiness, not woe and desolation as did the victims of those alluring ladies of the far-off mythic days. In Roman times the charm of Capri brought hither several of the Cæsars, and one, Tiberius, lived here in awful imperial magnificence for a decade, from the year 27 to the year 37 A. D. Twelve villas, each one dedicated to one of the twelve gods in whose fear the tyrant stood, graced twelve of the grandest points of view. To-day those twelve imperial palaces are repre-

SAN COSTANZO

sented by almost formless masses of brick ruins, but the everlasting beauty of the outlook consoles us for the loss of all that antique magnificence; and the villas of the moderns are doubtless more to our liking than the vanished villas of antiquity.

One of the greatest days in the calendar of Capri is the *festa* of San Costanzo, which falls on the fourteenth of May. On that day the entire population of the island, which numbers only about six thousand, turns out to celebrate in honor of Capri's patron saint. The principal fea-

IN THE PROCESSION

ture of the celebration is the procession escorting the silver image of the saint from the church of Santo Stefano in the piazza of the town of Capri, down to the church of San Costanzo far below, near the seaport suburb called the Marina Grande. That little old church is the oldest on the island, sole relic of a town

CHURCH OF SAN COSTANZO ON CAPRI

that was abandoned more than four hundred years ago, because it lay too near the sea and therefore frequently became the easy prey of pirates. There in the venerable little sanctuary San Costanzo spends the night, and in the morning is reëscorted up to his accustomed shrine in the upper town, attended, as on the occasion of his descent, by the archbishop and the clergy, the mayor and the local authorites, and preceded or followed by pious companies of girls and hundreds of men and women chanting and praying fervently. The cortège winds it way through many narrow high-walled lanes, and on every balcony

LA BELLA CARMELINA

and terrace the people wait with baskets filled with rose leaves or the bright petals of other Capri flowers, and as the beloved image of their patron and protecting saint is carried by, they shower down a fragrant rain of leaves and petals, which in falling exhales the incense of the open fields.

THE TARANTELLA

Almost as famous as the lovely island itself is Capri's famous dancer of the tarantella, La Bella Carmelina. She and her tarantella are institutions of the island; it is believed that she

BAGGAGE ON THE BRAIN

has been dancing the tarantella to delight the tourist ever since the days of old Tiberius. Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite vivacity, nor can increasing weight rob Carmelina of her wonderful agility and grace. Her voice remains as young as ever, and no traveler can forget her soft and pleading tones; her

NOT A RUIN — BUT A MODERN HOME

speech is perfectly delicious — it falls upon the ear like vocal sunshine, it warms the heart and incidentally loosens the purse strings of her guests. Less sweet, however, is the voice of her old Auntie, who thumps a Saracenic tambourine, and utters sounds that instantly transport us to the sands of Africa, her song wild and weird like those we heard around the campfires in Morocco, or in the cafés of the dancing girls in the oases of the Sahara.

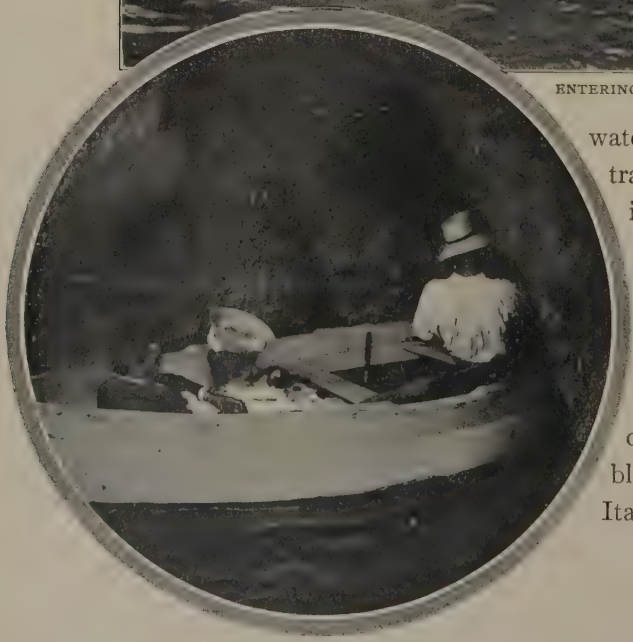
The tour by rowboat around the island, a tour called the "Giro," was proved to be a Giro of continual delight. We cruised into vast, gorgeous sea-caves, like Norwegian fjords roofed over, and looked back through their lordly portals at the gleaming waters and the somber cliffs. We squeezed our skiff into caverns so tiny that when the boat was in, the cave was full. We rounded every point and promontory, and came at last to that famous grotto to which the island owes most of its modern fame,

THE FARAGLIONI

ONE OF THE CAPRI CAVES

for the Blue Grotto is *the* grotto. The only means of ingress is a low arch through which the little boats are skilfully shot in, after the passengers have been compelled to drop their dignity and lie flat along the bottom. Never to be forgotten is our first impression, as, once inside the grotto, we rise from our cramped position and peer over the gunwale of the skiff. We are afloat on the bottom of an inverted sky! The cave is flooded with a fluid indescribable. It does not seem like

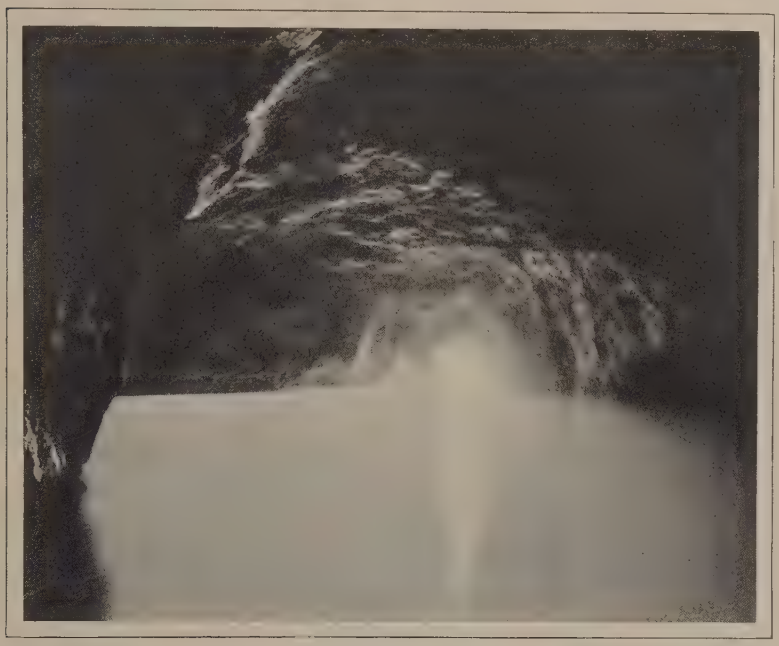
ENTERING THE GROTTO



"LOW BRIDGE"

water, it is too thin, too transparent, too delicate in texture; the stuff that buoys up our boat is like a cool, slow flame of blue — a bluish incandescent gas, a burning vapor of ethereal blue. But blue is not the word. Italians call this cave

"La Grotta Azzurra." "Azure," that 's the word, — the grotto holds the only sample of real azure now on earth, the rest is all stored in the heavens, in the azure spaces of the endless sky. What makes the water of the grotto blue, how comes this pure cerulean tone, here in this subterranean, almost submarine retreat?



IN THE BLUE GROTTO

The rocky walls are really colorless, and this same water of the sea would elsewhere take the ordinary tones of the outside sea, green near the beaches, or black beneath the shadows of the cliffs. It is all a trick of sunshine; the white rays that filter through the water that half fills the archway are turned to silvery blue. Even the innermost recesses of the cavern are steeped in color; there is no escaping this bath of beauty. We feel that we are being dyed; that when we come out into the open day again we shall be blue of skin, with azure eyes and tresses of cerulean hue. The magic of the grotto transfigures everything. The very ordinary boy who dives for pennies tossed into the blue water, turns to a silver

boy in the azure waves — his body gleams like that of some bright merman clad with polished silver scales. The grotto was known in antiquity. Secret passageways have been discovered, which, although now stopped up, led probably to a villa of Tiberius that once stood on the cliff above. But in Roman days the grotto was not what it is to-day. Tiberius found here only an ordinary cave with a high arched opening, letting in a flood of ordinary light. Either the sea has risen or the island has subsided since Roman times; certain it is that the entrance was then higher and the grotto easier of access. Then came the change, and the submerged grotto was forgotten. All through the Middle Ages it lay unexplored. It was not found till 1826, when August Kopisch, a German poet, dived in through that opening and found himself, first of all modern men, in the Blue Grotto.

ISCHIA

VOLCANIC FORMATION

The world knows little of his poetry, but crowns him with the laurel crown of gratitude because he opened for us that lovely shrine of all that is poetical, romantic, and fantastic. Capri has but a single, or rather a plural, fault, — there are too many tourists there, — while the reverse is true of Capri's rival island, Ischia, to which we come by steamer, a voyage of ninety minutes. Ischia stands sentry at the other tip of the crescent formed by the Bay of Naples. Ischia is four times as big as Capri, more varied in its beauty, and in some ways more beautiful. The entire island is one vast volcano, now fast asleep. The last eruption took place seven hundred years ago; but the last catas-

IN ISCHIA

ISCHIAN ARCHITECTURE

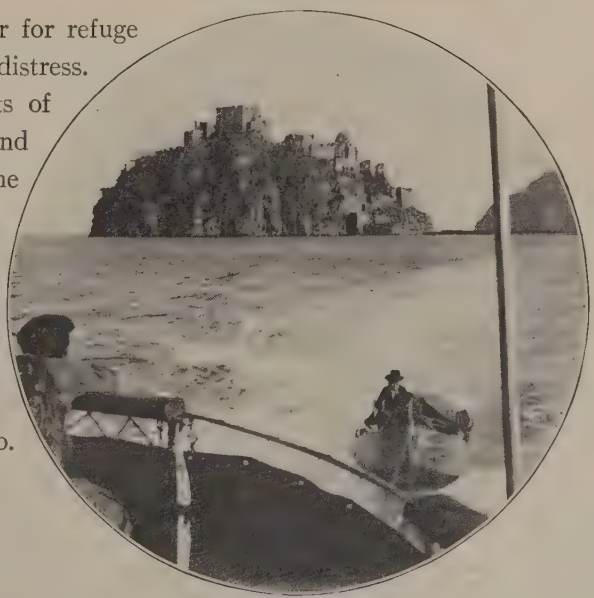
trophe due to volcanic forces occurred in 1883, when earthquakes shook the central portion of the island, and laid low several towns, killing nearly two thousand people. Travel is just beginning to come back to Ischia; there

ISCHIAN OLD FOLKS

is no reason why it should not have come back long ago, unless it be that Capri, which was almost unvisited in the days of Ischia's popularity, has, siren-like, known how to fascinate and hold

TOWN OF ISCHIA AND MONTE EPOMEO FROM THE CASTLE

all those who fled to her for refuge in the days of Ischia's distress. One of the great sights of the island is the grand old Castello d'Ischia, the home of good Vittoria Colonna, one of the noblest noble ladies of the Middle Ages, who was distinguished also by the friendship of immortal Michelangelo.



CASTELLO D'ISCHIA

LAKE AVERNUS AND CAPE MISENUM

From Ischia we return to the mainland shores, landing near Cape Misenum, named after the trumpeter who came from Troy with Æneas and the other Trojans. That cape is a volcanic crater, dead and cold inside, but covered now with a mantle of

MONTE NUOVO

warm, sunny vines. Near by is the site of Baiæ, the Newport of the ancient Romans, a city of imperial and patrician villas, most of which now lie as shattered ruins covered by the sea, for there, as at Amalfi, the coast has subsided, and there, as at Paestum, the malaria of the Middle Ages succeeded the magnificence of antiquity. Ah, if Vesuvius had only buried imperial Baiæ instead of provincial Pompeii, how much of ancient splendor would have been preserved for us to marvel at! for "Roman fashion made here the most voluptuous abode of pleasure of all ages; here was the home of a luxury of which we can have no idea to-day."

All this region west of Naples is rich in historic and mythologic memories. Here we may look upon the somber Lake Avernus of the ancients, marking the entrance to the infernal regions, where Æneas descended into hell with the sibyl as his guide. The lake is a volcanic crater, now dead and filled with those

ROMAN BATHS AT BAIÆ

IN THE SOLFATARA

supposedly poisonous waters over which no bird could fly and live. Near Lake Avernus rises Monte Nuovo, a beautifully proportioned hill with graceful pine-trees ranged along its sharply drawn skyline.

Monte Nuovo means "New Mountain," for the hill is new,— new as compared with other hills. It was born full-grown, as you see it now, on September 30, 1538, less than four hundred years ago.

Another crater, called the Solfatara, still shows abundant signs of vapory volcanic life. The famous Grotto of the Dog is a natural descending tunnel that leads — no man knows whither, for in it lies a mass of unseen deadly vapor, carbonic acid gas, quite warm. Being heavier than air, this warm gas lies low in the grotto; therefore a man may stand just inside with impunity, but a dog, unless he kept his nose

THE GROTTO OF THE DOG

THE ISLAND OF NISIDA

well up, would soon become unconscious, and, if not rescued, die. A tall greyhound might take his chances, but a dachshund would be doomed the moment he crossed the threshold. The deadliness of the vapor can be proved by the torch just as conclusively as by the canine. A torch burns freely when held aloft; when dipped down into that pool of invisible vapor, it goes out as if it had been plunged into a pool of water. This curious grotto is on the shores of Lake Agnano, which is another dead volcanic crater, once filled with water and now drained almost dry. We are, in fact, amidst an archipelago of craters — craters thrown up like mountains, hollowed in the earth like empty lakes, or floating on the sea like lovely islands, green and productive as if the only fires they had ever known were the beneficent fires of the bright Italian sun. Among those islands is the isle of Nisida — the home of Marcus Brutus — the Brutus who killed Julius Cæsar. There Cassius and Brutus laid

ITALIAN PINES

their plans; there Portia bade farewell to Brutus when he sailed away to meet the shade of murdered Cæsar on the battlefield of Philippi, in Greece, and there she killed herself on learning of the fate of "the noblest Roman of them all." The human history

Photograph by Josef de Frenes.

VESUVIUS GIVES WARNING

of this lovely region is as tragically fascinating as its geologic and volcanic records.

Between this literally "blasted country" and the city of Naples rises the rocky ridge of Posilipo, a barrier of solid, everlasting, non-volcanic rock that stands like a protecting wall between this volcanic wonderland of many craters and the turbulent town that is exposed on the other side to the greater fury of the one great crater of Vesuvius.

There is no mountain in the world that has so terrible a reputation as Vesuvius. The Alps, the Andes, the Rockies, the Himalayas are from four to seven times as high, but they are all

dead mountains — Vesuvius is alive. The other great volcanoes, Etna, Pelée, Kilauea, and the rest, live also, but they live farther from the haunts of man. Vesuvius rises almost in the suburb of the most populous city in all Italy. Vesuvius is surrounded by a little world of towns and villages; about two million human beings dwell within sight of the Vesuvian cone.

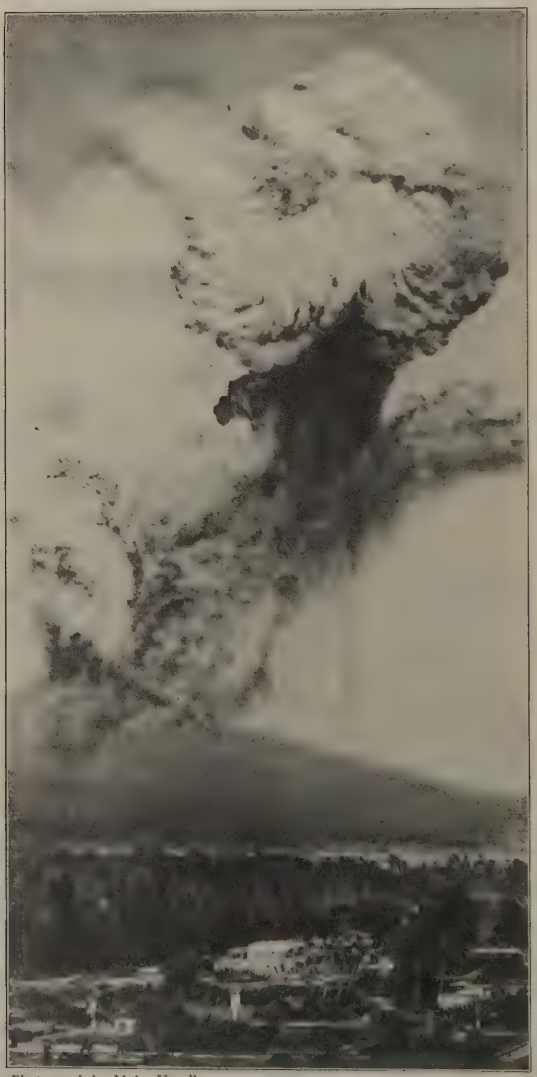
Vesuvius, moreover, has a history; it lives in literature as a Titanic traitor, as a wilful thief, as an avenging Nemesis, and as a cruel and merciless assassin. It has betrayed successive generations; it has repeatedly robbed industry of its reward; it has visited the sins of the past upon the children of the present; it has slain its tens of thousands, and the end of its career of treason and destruction is not yet.

A VESUVIAN PINE

Chance made us eye-witnesses of the last Vesuvian eruption, which began on April 8, 1906. We entered the harbor of Naples on the very eve of the most terrific outburst that had occurred in modern times.

It was too late for us to land, and we retired to our cabins, utterly unconscious of the impending tragedy — saying as we bade one another

good night, "How well Vesuvius looks to-night. We must go up to-morrow to the crater by Cook's railway." We did not know that while we slept that night in harbor, Cook's railway would be swallowed by the crater, and that part of the cone itself would cave in and be blown out again in atoms, rising in a dusty cloud to a height of several thousand feet before it settled down on the surrounding region. But we found some of that pulverized cone scattered all over town, like dirty, grayish talcum powder, as we drove next morning from the landing-place to our hotel. We found the house crowded with visitors. That Sunday morning, April 8, we secured the only vacant room; by Wednesday, April 11, my companions and myself and one other guest had the hotel all to ourselves. The others had all fled as fast



Photograph by Major Handbury.
ONE OF THE PRELIMINARY EXPLOSIONS

as they could get away. By Wednesday the entire railway system of the south was at a standstill, the lines blocked or buried by the cinder-storms. The streets of Naples were alive with the pitiful processions of the terror-stricken populace,— women with streaming hair loaded with grayish ashes, and small boys with the dirt of Naples powdered over with that same gray volcanic

THE NEAPOLITANS IN PRAYER AND IN PROCESSION

powder, paraded through every street, carrying crucifixes, candles, and the image of a saint or a Madonna.

It was not until Monday morning, twenty-four hours after we had landed, that Vesuvius was seen at all from Naples. All day Sunday a grimy haze hid everything; but Monday morning the

AFTER THE RAIN OF ASHES

wind changed, and the smoke that had turned all the world to a gray nothingness retired — took shape in the distance, and finally resolved itself into that terrible Vesuvian *pigna*, that awful, dreaded shape described by Pliny, eighteen hundred years ago, as being like a huge umbrella pine — a tree with trunk of rising smoke and spreading branches all of curling smoke, a tree six thousand feet in height and rooted in a burning crater that is itself four thousand feet above the sea. Never has humanity seemed more absurdly unimportant, and Nature more brutally and grandly

omnipotent than during these hours when we stand and watch that terrible, tremendous "pine-tree," out of its vague shapelessness taking shape before our eyes.

It must be understood that on the fatal night of the 7th and the morning of the 8th of April conditions were such that no

Photograph by Josef de Frenes.

THE SMOKE PINE OF VESUVIUS

pictures could be taken. We could not even see what was then going on. The first catastrophe of which we had definite confirmation was the overhwelming of the village of Boscotrecase, near Pompeii, by a stream of lava. This happened between two and four o'clock, in the darkness that preceded dawn. We reached the place twelve hours later. We found a sea of black stuff, like huge chunks of charcoal, lying ten to twenty feet deep over an area of many acres; with here and there a housetop rising from the mass. The lava came, not from the main crater, but from a new mouth or *bocca* which opened suddenly on the flank of the cone. As the lava swept down toward the village, the people fled. It did not come so fast but that the complete evacuation of the town was possible, save for two bed-ridden miserables who were abandoned and perished horribly, being simultaneously incinerated and entombed by that river of molten rock.

All this, however, happened in the darkness. When daylight came, the lava stream had done its worst and was practically

VESUVIUS SEEN FROM NAPLES

Photograph by Caggiano.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BOSCOTRECASE

THE HOT LAVA IN THE STREETS . . .

motionless. By afternoon it was possible to walk out on the hot and crackly crust, and peer into the upper windows of houses of which the lower stories had completely disappeared. We saw the tile pavements of these upper rooms bulged up by the pressure of the lava that had entered and filled the lower rooms so full that the ceilings were forced up until the floor above began to bulge and crack. Smoke was still coming from smouldering woodwork and furniture in these filled-up rooms. As the lava river made its way down the steep mountain-side, it took advantage of every channel that it found. Along the cut of the railway line it flowed freely, like a calm canal of fluid metal, covering forever several miles of recently laid track. By a curious freak the

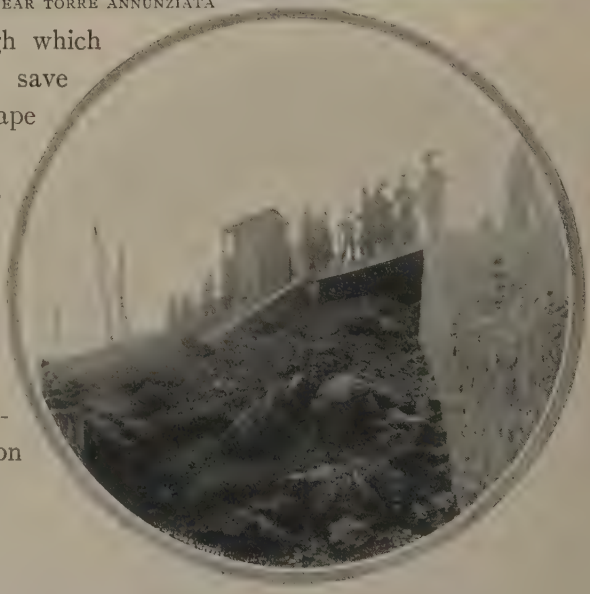
. . . AND PIAZZA OF BOSCOTRECASE

flood forked at the higher side of Boscotrecase, overran two widely separated sections of the town, and left an area of several square blocks in the center of the settlement untouched; then the two hot rivers almost joined again below, thus nearly hemming in this section on all sides with a flood of fire, save

THE LAVA NEAR TORRE ANNUNZIATA

for a narrow space through which those who had lingered to save their goods managed to escape at the last moment.

Destruction in quite a different form was meantime descending on the district that lies behind the mountain, on the landward side of Vesuvius. But that district is now inaccessible. Night has come on



HOW THE LAVA SEALED UP A ROADWAY

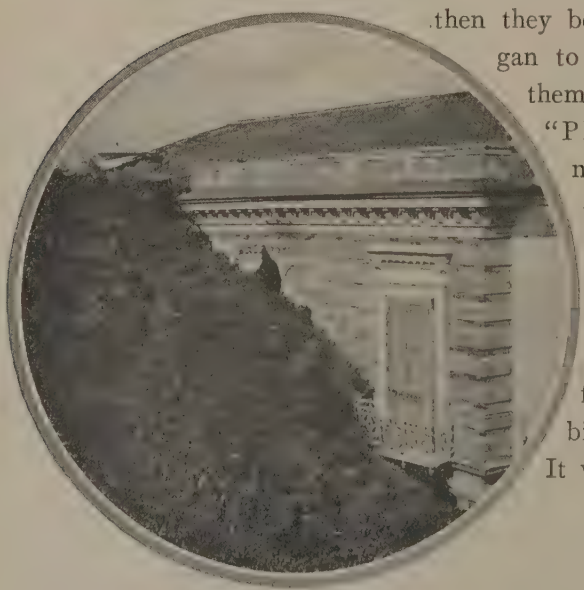
THE LAVA TWISTED TRACKS

and we are fifteen miles from Naples, to which we must return for food, rest, and, above all, plates and films, for we must use on every subject a dozen plates in order to be sure of getting one good picture under these conditions, the like of which we never

AND FLOODED THE CUT OF THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY

A WAVE OF LAVA

met before. Never shall I forget our return drive to Naples. At first fatigue was all that bothered us; then night came suddenly, and with it a strange smothering sensation, noticeable chiefly in the eyes, as if our eyes were being smothered; then they began to itch; then we began to rub them; then we kept them closed until the driver said, "Please take the reins a moment while I clean my eyes — I cannot see." No more could we, unless we cleaned our smarting eyes every two minutes. By this time the air was thick with flying ashes — powdery and bitter as pulverized quinine. It was like driving through a



HEAPED UP TO THE EAVES

blackish blizzard of heavy, clinging, penetrating, dirty, dried-up snow. The stuff got in our noses, and in our mouths and ears; every jolt shook it in showers from our hats and shoulders, and it took the three of us to steer the blinded horse along the now almost deserted street that curves for fifteen miles around the bay toward distant Naples. We could see nothing save a dim gas-lamp here and there — quickly extinguished, so far as

UNCANNY LAVA SHAPES NEAR A BOCCA

concerned us, by a sudden swirling of the ashy clouds. We knew that behind and above all this Vesuvius was waking to new activity; and worse, we knew that the wind was now toward Naples, and that there would be no end to our petty tortures even there. Then we began to wonder if something worse might not be coming. We thought of the last days of Pompeii—of the downpour, first of ashes, then of pumice-stone, then of cinders, then of boiling mud, and some who fared with us along this road that night were splashed with a quick, gusty rain of warmish, watery mud.

TORRE DEL GRECO AFTER THE CYCLONE OF ASHES

Again I must remind you that all this came at night; there was no way to photograph this storm of ashes; we could scarcely see it, but we have proof that it was real, — a photograph of the main street of the town of Torre del Greco through which we passed that night, showing how it appeared a few days later, and in

EXCAVATIONS AT HERCULANEUM

fact for many weeks thereafter, the ash-piles in the streets growing higher every day as more and more ashes are shoveled off the housetops and as channels are opened so that vehicles can pass. Even the roads in the open country between the towns are nearly knee-deep in a flood of powdery stuff that rises in big puffs, like puffs of smoke, wherever it is touched by foot of man or struck by hoof of horse.

Beneath these modern towns that lie along the shore at the

base of old Vesuvius there lie ancient towns that have been buried more than eighteen hundred years. Of these the richest was Herculaneum, of which a small portion only has been brought to light. Not large the area of excavation, but richer in results than all the widespread diggings of Pompeii, for here were found the finest bronzes of antiquity, and in one of these houses a library of books in the form of papyrus scrolls. Practically no books have been found in Pompeii, which was a city of light-minded Hedonists, but at Herculaneum dwelt men of wealth and culture, and fortunately for us their treasures of art and literature were more tightly sealed than those of the frivolous people of Pompeii. Herculaneum was entombed by masses of hot ashes mixed with water; this stuff fell from the skies and flowed down from the mountain-side, filling every chink and cranny of the

SOME OF THE VOLCANIC MUD STILL LEFT IN PLACE

THE STUFF THAT FILLED THE ANCIENT THEATER

city. Then this volcanic mud solidified — became fixed like an imperishable cement. Then, after the city was thus sealed, there came down from Vesuvius, in the course of centuries, many successive floods of mud and of lava. These later flows were spread above the vanished city, and sealed its embedded treasures all the more securely. Then new towns and villages sprang up and covered the site. Thus excavations at Herculaneum have been rendered costly and difficult. The modern houses must be purchased and cleared away. The ancient houses must then literally be picked and quarried out. We may descend into the ancient theater, passing first through the basement of a modern dwelling. Like other theaters of antiquity, this one was originally open to the

LOOKING UP THROUGH THE WELL

sky, filled only with fresh air and sunshine — now it is filled with adamantine mud — save where these tunnel-like passage-ways have been cut, through which we go down to the stage and the dressing-rooms which are like subterranean dungeons. There is one section of the theater from which we may look up and see the sky. We are down in a well, a hundred

feet below the level of the modern town. How tantalizing to know that on all sides of us there lies a rich, proud city of the ancients, with the greater part of its treasures undisturbed, waiting for the excavator. The best things in Pompeii were dug up by the survivors themselves, who knew just where to look and what to look for; but here they could not dig, and hidden Herculaneum is to-day nearly as rich in treasure as it was the day Vesuvius sealed it up. The little that has been found and taken out fills the richest rooms of the National Museum in Naples. Pompeian bronzes are tawdry and inartistic compared with those of Herculaneum.

POMPEII

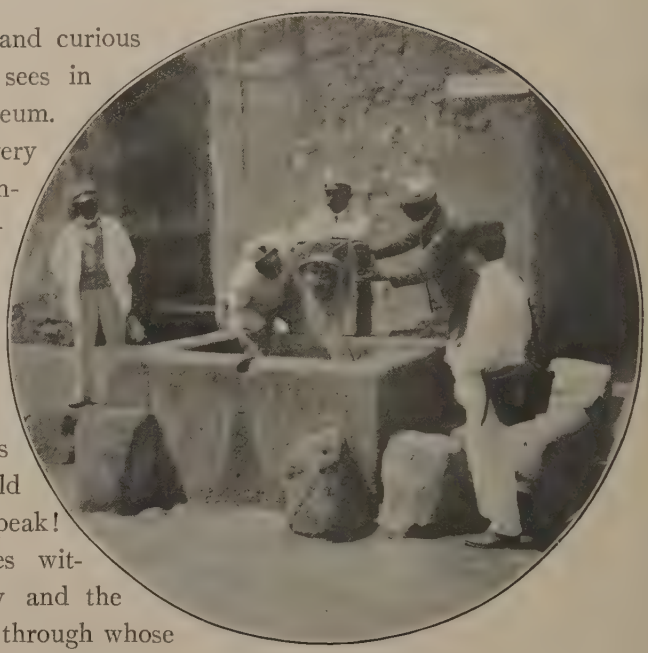
WHEEL-RUTS IN THE PAVEMENT

The excavation of Pompeii is being done by the Italian government, and, like all government jobs, it has been and is being very slowly done. At the present rate of progress another fifty years will be consumed before Pompeii stands free at last from every vestige of that volcanic stuff with which Vesuvius covered it in the year 79 A. D. The work, however slow, is admirably done. The ancient streets and structures are laid bare and clean. We see the doors through which the gay Pompeians stepped into their crowded streets; we see the stepping-stones touched by their sandaled feet, we see between those stepping-stones the deep ruts worn by the wheels of ancient carts. Those grooves or ruts in the stone pavement make more of an impression on the visitor

ANCIENT CAMPAIGN ADVERTISING

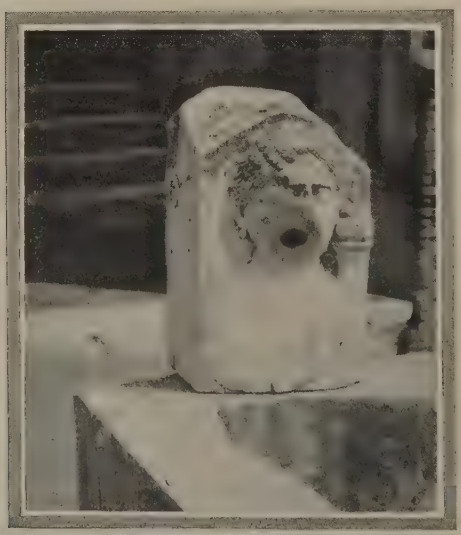
than all the beautiful and curious Pompeian things he sees in glass cases at the museum.

We see at nearly every corner one of the fountains where the old Pompeians quenched their thirst with water flowing out of marble mouths, now dry and gasping as in agony.



ONE OF MANY FOUNTAINS

Think of the tales those marble lips could tell could they but speak! for those marble eyes witnessed both the glory and the destruction of this city through whose silent, roofless houses we are wandering to-day. How fresh and cool and clean the colonnaded courts; how beautiful the *atrium* and the *impluvium*; how neat and cozy all the tiny inner rooms, to which the luxurious Pompeians repaired only for sleep, living the greater part of their gay lives out in the open air. They well knew how to live. They recognized the bath as one of the most sane and wholesome luxuries of life. Their public baths were as splendid as their



A THIRSTY FOUNTAIN HEAD

temples. Cleanliness came as far in advance of godliness in those days as it now sometimes lags behind. We see the house where dwelt the young man Glaucus, hero of Bulwer Lytton's tale. The tale may not be true, but let that pass; Lord Lytton makes the old Pompeians seem alive to us. That house will always be the House of Glaucus in the eyes of every traveler who has read the "Last Days of Pompeii." The finest palace yet uncovered in Pompeii is that of the Vettii family. It is more grandiose than any of the others; evidently the Vettii were among the most important people of the place. The mural decorations are extremely beautiful, and the broken walls and columns have been partially restored, giving an air almost of completeness to the house. Here better than elsewhere in Pompeii, we realize what the atmosphere of the Pompeian home was like. The archeo-

IN A POMPEIAN PALACE

THE HOUSE OF THE VETTII

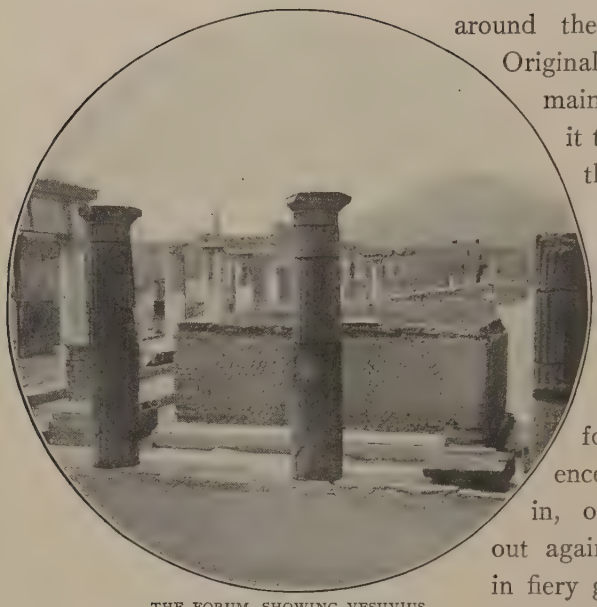
MURAL DECORATION

logical authorities have here been guilty of a poetic weakness. They have admitted that it requires more than cold stone and stucco to re-create the atmosphere of a past age. They have planted grass and flowers in the court, so that the charming little stat-

uettes may feel at home in this silent modern wilderness of ancient ruins; we almost seem to hear the plash of fountains.

The remnants of the public buildings are less interesting than those of the private homes, chiefly because Pompeii had been partially destroyed by earthquake only sixteen years before the great catastrophe. Many of the public buildings then thrown down had not been re-erected, but private enterprise had already created a new city of luxurious homes. Before the cataclysm that marked the terrible last day of Pompeii, Vesuvius was of quite another form, greater of girth; the present cone was not the main mountain; it was merely a hummock in the crater—a vast crater, the walls of which had a circuit the size of which we may picture to ourselves by taking that ridge, now called Monte Somma, and in imagination completing its circle and carrying it

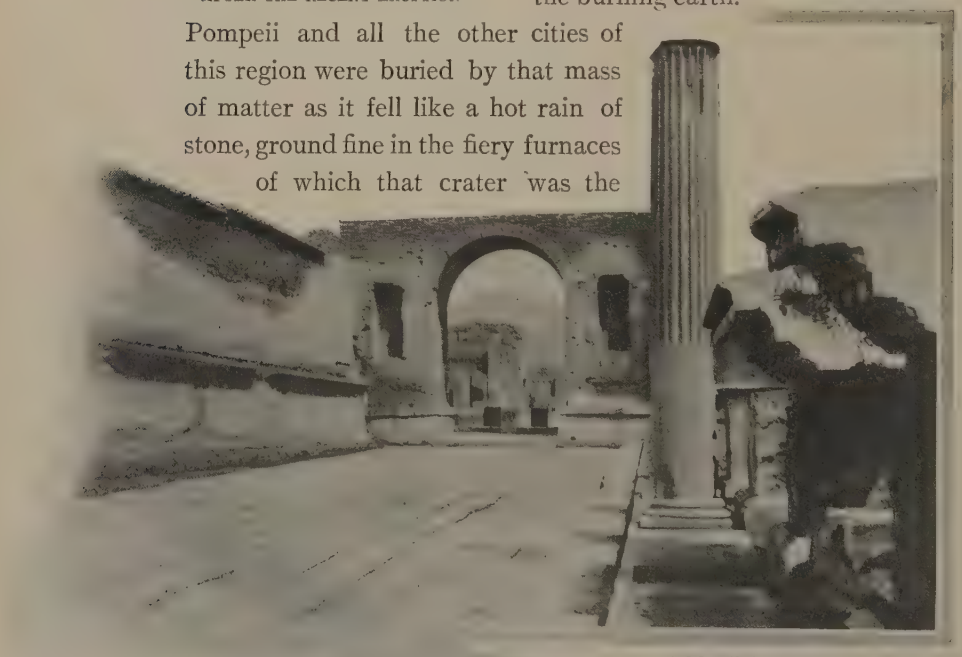
REPRESENTING A CIVILIZATION OLDER THAN THE ROMAN



THE FORUM, SHOWING VESUVIUS AFTER THE RECENT ERUPTION

around the present Mt. Vesuvius. Originally Monte Somma was the main mountain; what is left of it to-day is only a segment of the enormous circle that outlined the crater of antiquity. That crater was literally blown to atoms by the outburst that destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. More than four fifths of its circumference was shattered and fell in, only to be hurled up and out again by the blast that came in fiery gusts from the interior of the burning earth.

Pompeii and all the other cities of this region were buried by that mass of matter as it fell like a hot rain of stone, ground fine in the fiery furnaces of which that crater was the



A POMPEIAN AVENUE

only outlet. Then the cone that we now call Vesuvius was built up in the midst of what had been the floor of the almost annihilated Monta Somma.

The same thing happened in April 1906, only on a smaller scale; the fiery forces began to shoot steam, smoke, and ashes from that new chimney, thus wearing away its inner side; then the thin rim fell in, and its débris was shot into the air in huge masses; these fell again into the crater, and again they were ejected, each time breaking down more of the shattered rim, each time ground finer and finer by attrition; then when the wind sprang up, the particles fell, not back into the furnace, but down upon the fields and homes of men in the unhappy region round about. But during this modern eruption of which we are witnesses, the wind carries the volcanic rain in other directions. Pompeii smiles

THE AMPHITHEATER, SHOWING VESUVIUS AND THE RIDGE OF MONTE SOMMA

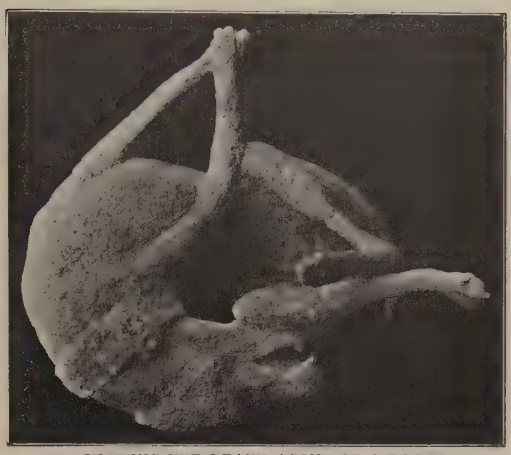
THE STREET OF SEPULCHERS

in the sunshine, not a speck of dust in her immaculate, deserted streets; yet there above looms the great destroyer, actively doing just what it had done in the year 79 A. D. We realize that it is indeed a privilege to stand here in the ancient city and see history repeat itself. What we see is what met the eyes of the Pompeians on the day their city disappeared.

But the wind is arbiter of each town's destiny. On the far side of the volcano two

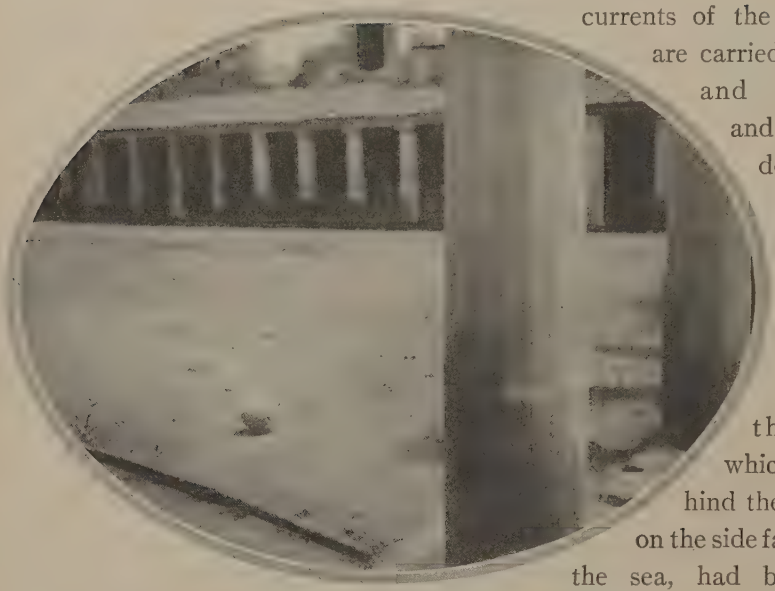
A RESTING-PLACE FOR THE LIVING IN THE STREET OF THE DEAD

modern towns are suffering what Pompeii suffered in antiquity. Had the wind been this way, those towns would have escaped, and Pompeii would have been buried for the second time. But as it is we stand here, free from fear, and witness the stupendous spectacle of Vesuvius in violent eruption, lifting its cloudy column to a height of ten thousand feet, nearly two miles into the sky, and sending its rain of ashes far across the Adriatic Sea, to fall upon the mountain villages of Montenegro, three hundred miles away; while other ashes, caught by the higher



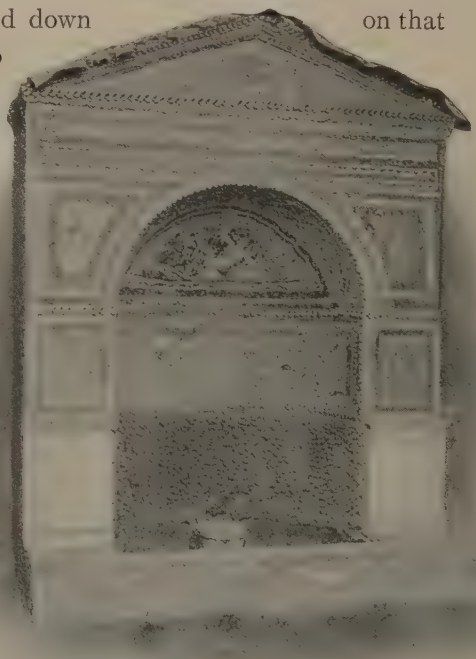
SHOWING THE DEATH AGONY OF A DOG

NOT A BODY: A PLASTER CAST OF THE HOLLOW FORMED IN THE ASHES BY THE VICTIM'S BODY, WHICH HAD BEEN REDUCED TO DUST

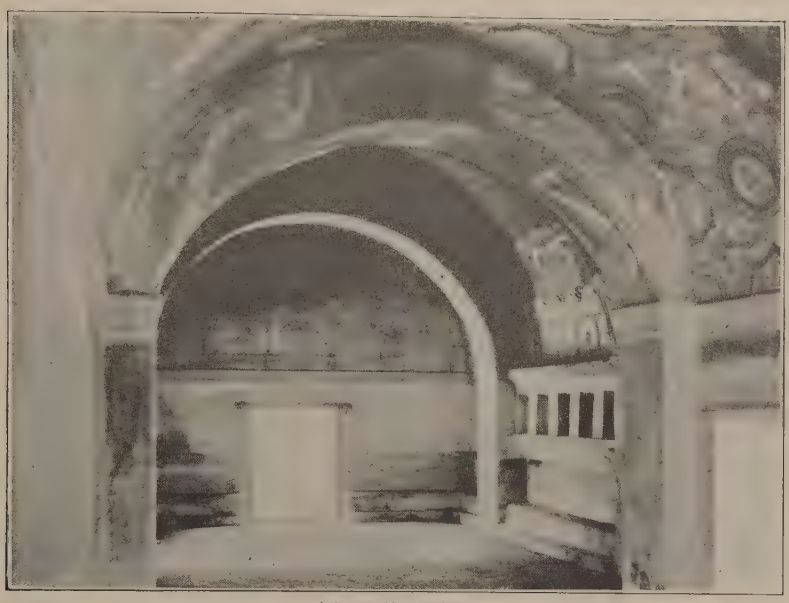


WHERE ATHLETES EXERCISED

currents of the upper air, are carried northward and westward and dropped down in the streets and parks of Paris, a thousand miles away. Meantime the towns which lay behind the mountain, on the side farthest from the sea, had been almost completely overwhelmed, not by lava, for none had flowed down on that side; not by ashes, for no fine stuff had fallen there; but by cinders—big gritty cinders. The nearer we get to the unhappy towns, the deeper the flood of cinders. We meet hundreds of refugees trudging along, carrying bundles on their heads and babies in their arms, not knowing where to go, having no money and



A MOSAIC FOUNTAIN



A POMPEIAN BATH

no homes, thinking of nothing save their dull desire to get beyond the reach of that awful rain of cinders which has already crushed their houses, killed their neighbors, and is now pursuing them as if bent on destroying every inhabitant of this once happy region known as the *Campagna Felice*,

NICHES FOR THE BATHER'S BELONGINGS

Photograph by Fumagalli.

VESUVIUS IN FURY

or the Happy Country. A terrible obscurity fills the sky and follows them like a black wall of solid stuff, reaching from the pale earth up to a heaven that is black and ominous: yet behind us the sky is clear and blue and beautiful.

Blacker and blacker grows the air, until it is as black as night with an almost opaque blackness—a blackness that we can

MIDNIGHT DARKNESS FALLS AT MIDDAY

FUGITIVES FROM THE CYCLONE OF CINDERS

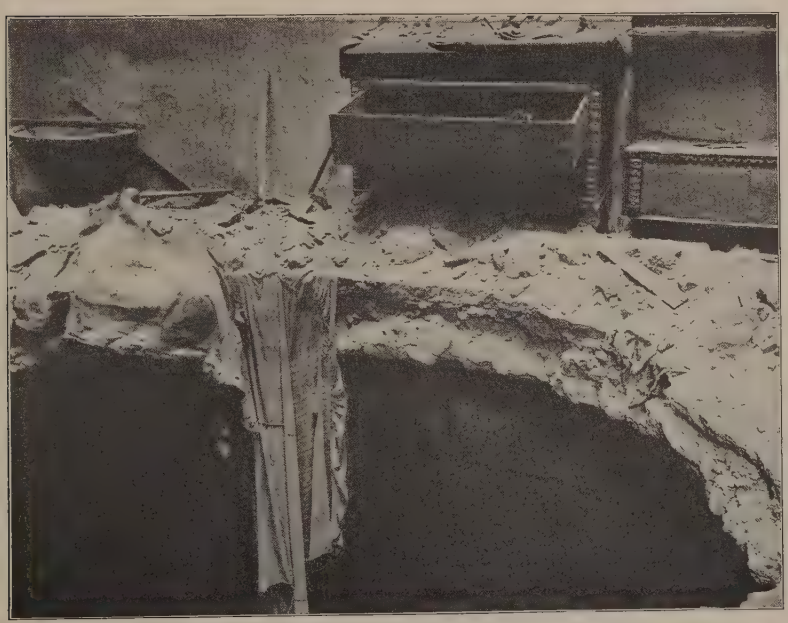
THE FLIGHT FROM SAN GIUSEPPE

postively feel. It is a rain of ashes, not of cinders: but there are already cinders underfoot, and we crunch our slow way over miles of cindery roads to San Giuseppe, a town which had been reported utterly destroyed. This report was an exaggeration. San Giuseppe has been gutted, not destroyed.

During the dark early hours of that awful 8th of April, a cyclone of hot cinders swept down on San Giuseppe. The people

"FUGGIAMO" — "WE ARE FLEEING"

SAN GIUSEPPE OVERWHELMED BY CINDERS

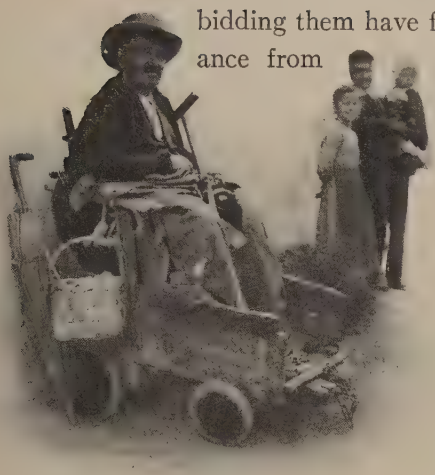


WHERE THE CONCRETE ROOF CRASHED THROUGH

THE COLLAPSE OF THE NAVE

naturally kept indoors. The cinder heaps began to rise on the concrete roofs, deeper and deeper, until the roofs could stand no more, then crack, crash, a mass of concrete and volcanic débris came straight down through the houses, crushing everything. Two hundred frightened folk took refuge in the church. They thought the house of God would stand even if all else failed. They put too much trust in their poor old church; its roof was even less secure than those of their own homes. While those two hundred people knelt in prayer, while the priests stood at the altar,

CALLING ON THE SAINTS



HIS PRIVATE CAR

bidding them have faith and trust to heaven for deliverance from the raging rain that deluged all this place with grit and fire, the fatal cinders were heaping themselves in deep drifts on the sloping roof. At last the aged structure could support no more — roof, cinders, ceiling, all crashed down upon that congregation; and out of the two hundred who were praying there, less than sixty lived to tell how the rest perished. San Giuseppe was not the center of the storm; that was at Ottaiano, about one mile away.

AFTER THE CATASTROPHE. READY FOR THE TOURIST

THE FLOOD OF MUD

In Ottaiano cinders fell to a depth of seven or eight feet. They filled the narrow streets, blocked the doors of many houses, and while the inmates were imprisoned thus, broke down the roofs and killed them in their homes: in all five hundred perished.

THE VOLCANIC MUD INDOORS. NOTE THE "HIGH MUD MARK" ON THE WALL

Comparatively little permanent damage was done to the grape industry. Save where the lava flowed, or cinders fell to a great depth, the vines will speedily recover. In fact, six weeks after the eruption we saw the vineyards as green and smiling as they ever were. But even six weeks after the worst was apparently over; the worst was still to come for certain towns that up to that time had suffered very little. They were subjected to the nastiest misfortune that befell any Vesuvian community. They were flooded by a flood of filthy mud. We know that ashes and volcanic dust lay in deep drifts on all the higher slopes of the volcano. Harmless while dry, those ash-drifts were changed by the rains into destructive glaciers of mud. Like huge, terrible Niagaras of brownish mud, they came in cataracts over the ridge near the Observatory; and then they found the channels made by man — the roads — and these became at once raging canals of mud, emptying their vile floods into every town through which they passed.

As for the funicular or wire-rope railway that once ran up the cone, part of it fell in with the top part of the cone itself; the rest

FLOODED WITH FILTHY "LAVA DI FANGO"

has been obliterated save for a short patch of perhaps a dozen ties holding four rails that may be seen hanging like a bent, broken ladder on the scarred slope of this Titanic ash-pile. The once sharp apex of the cone has been blown off. Vesuvius has changed its outline since the 7th day of April, 1906. Formerly a pointed cone, it is now truncated. Vesuvius is 300 feet lower than it was before the fuss began. Its height was 4,275; it is now less than 4,000 feet. The crater continued to pour forth smoke and ashes for ten days, from the 8th until the 18th of April.

THE VESUVIAN TROLLEY LINE

AFTER THE ERUPTION

We saw no floods of fire, no terrific bursts of flame. These things were hidden from all save the few brave men who spent those days and nights of terror

near the crater in the quivering Observatory; they did see awesome, fiery sights. They saw red lava, and they saw redder flames; they heard the thunder of Vulcan's furnace; they felt the mountain swing and sway after each awful effort of its raging heart. We were cut off from all of these things by that black veil of smoke and ashes that shrouded all the mountain during those hours when it was not fit that the frightened world below should see the fullness of the horror that was transpiring there above. The moments best remembered are those when we stood at daybreak

FROM THE OBSERVATORY

PROFESSOR MATTEUCCI

on the water-front of Naples, and looked across the bay toward thundering Vesuvius, waking again to fury, in a grand final effort to paint the whole sky with inky blackness and thus blot out the glorious sun, which, however, rose triumphantly, sending bright rays of promise through the smoke, dispelling the long night that had enveloped Naples. It was as if the sun had said to the volcano, "You have done enough; let poor humanity have peace," and so the "*pigna*" of Vesuvius grew less and less terrible of aspect; but every time the rains fell, the motionless lava rivers on the slopes would send up clouds of steam. Although the surface lava was quite cold, the under strata remained seething hot for many months, and thus when the rain-water came percolating into contact with the hot lava, glorious geysers, like jets of steam, would rise, and we could not but believe that the crater had poured forth its molten contents again and seared the slopes with wide, fresh streams of lava. We actually respond to several of these false alarms, only to find that the vapory display is due to the rain that had fallen while we slept. Vesuvius has not waked. The treacherous, terrible volcano sleeps its old half-troubled slumber — to sleep a harmless sleep perhaps for centuries — perhaps, who knows, to wake again in awful and destructive majesty before another day has passed.

SWITZERLAND

Switzerland

MOUNTAINS are the grandest manifestation of mere matter of which we are able to conceive. The vastness of the desert and of the sea eludes our faculty of measurement, but a mountain, rearing itself against the sky, seems to reveal itself to us in all its hugeness. We feel that we can measure it, that we know where it begins and where it ends, that we have grasped its size and shape. Therefore we like to look at mountains. There is a satisfying completeness in the vision. As we look, the mountain seems to tell us all its secrets. Yet we know that mountains are hedged about with mystery, that they reveal

their secrets only to those who pay for them with a long lifetime of devotion.

The traveler goes to Switzerland chiefly to look at mountains; Switzerland is a land of satisfying points of view; the Swiss Alps are as effectively displayed as the treasures in a well-arranged museum. But the mountains are not the only things in Switzerland. There are the towns and cities and the people, those admirable Swiss people, who have made their land in many respects the model country of the world. Although Switzerland may be the playground of Europe, it is not the playground of the Swiss. It is their workshop, where they toil at many industries, and practice many useful arts of which the outside world knows little. We know only that they make music-boxes, cheese, and watches; and that they are the best hotel-keepers in the world. But to say that the Swiss are a nation of hotel-keepers is to make a poor return for all the comforts and courtesies we owe to those who have been our hosts in Switzerland. The traveler has cause in many lands to thank the Swiss who have made the management of hotels an art, and sent forth many missionaries to practice and to teach that art in the lands of the outer barbarians.

APPROACHING THE BERNINA PASS

We are to enter Switzerland by one of the eastern gateways, the Bernina Pass, to which we come up out of the Italian valley of the Adda. A superb road winds upward from the almost tropical Val Tellina, and skirting the almost arctic slopes of the

great peaks of the Bernina chain, brings us into one of the highest and longest of all Swiss valleys, the Engadine, the valley of the River Inn. We rest at Pontresina, one of the most attractive resorts in the Engadine. This famous little place, which is in winter merely a mountain village, becomes in the long summer season one of the most densely populated hotel cities in the

PONTRESINA

world. Pontresina is a city of hotels. Its one long street is lined with big, well-managed caravansaries, their windows nearly all commanding splendid views of the surrounding mountains or of the lovely valleys that lead away in three directions, one toward the Bernina Pass, whence we have come, one toward St. Moritz, whither we are going, and one toward the great Roseg Glacier, which we may view from the great sunny windows of the Kronenhof Hotel. Many a tourist does his mountaining from these windows, with the assistance of a field-glass and a cup of tea. Fault-finding critics — and is it not a critic's duty to find fault — declare that the charm of Switzerland has been killed by comfort,

THE MAIN STREET OF PONTRESINA

like the proverbial cat. But as an enterprising native said to me — one who had made a fortune in the hotel business, and had built himself in this same village street a splendid house containing every modern comfort — "You foreigners are so unreason-

AN ENGADINER-HAUS

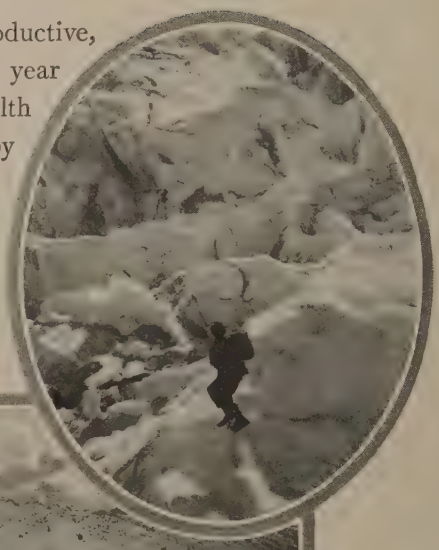
A VILLAGE OF THE ENGADINE

able; you come to a poor village and complain that it affords no comfort for those who would so gladly come to enjoy the lovely scenery round about. We borrow money and build for you a magnificent hotel, and then you say, 'The mercenary Swiss are ruining their lovely country and killing all its charm.'"

The Engadine is a rich country,

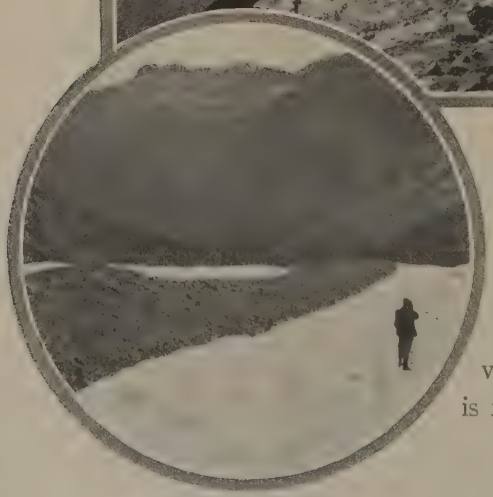
ENGADINE ARCHITECTURE

as rich as it is beautiful. It is not productive, but rich with the wealth left here each year by foreign visitors, and with the wealth brought back from foreign lands by the clever and industrious natives of the valley, who in youth go out into all countries, to learn the languages and engage in business, and then in middle age return with honestly earned fortunes, to build a big, cozy "Enga-



THE "SNOUT" OF THE MORTERATSCH GLACIER

diner-haus" and settle down as founders of a family. These fortunes increase, and when the favor of the traveling world fixes itself upon some lowly village, plenty of local money is forthcoming for the erection of



A MEDIAL MORAINE

PIZ BERNINA

enormous and luxurious hotels. It is astonishing to find so much metropolitan luxury so near the edge of the icy wilderness of the high Alps. The glaciers fill the neighboring valleys, the snow-peaks cut their white outline against the clear blue sky. Nature

THE PALÜ PEAKS

in one of her grandest and most awful moods invites us from the tea-rooms to the yawning crevasses of the Morteratsch Glacier and from the *table d'hôte* to the towering summits of the Bernina or the Palü peaks.

The monarch mountain of this region is the Piz Bernina, more than thirteen thousand feet in height. Great glaciers hang

THE ROSEG GLACIER

in broken folds from the Bernina slopes — long slopes so steep that we cannot conceive how ice and snow can cling to them. It seems as if the great white scales must fall from the rocky faces of the mountain; and now and then a roar like thunder, echoing across the silence of the place, tells us that a few thousand tons of ice have slipped and fallen a few hundred feet; but those colossal avalanches look to us like puny cascades, falling from a ledge and vanishing in clouds of spray.

PIZ ROSEG

Not far from Pontresina lies another famous Engadine resort frequented by the homeless rich not only in summer but in winter too. Superb hotels, palatial *pensions*, an army of well-trained servants speaking every language ever heard on this side of the earth, are here at the disposal of the man who does not count the cost of travel, and insists upon the best. For the rest of us there are more modest hostelries; and cozy lodgings can be had at modest prices in the hillside village called Dorf St. Moritz, or in the valley suburb called Bad St. Moritz, not

NEAR ST. MORITZ

because it is any worse than the Dorf, but because its chief attraction is the *Bad Anstalt*, or Bath Establishment. I asked what the baths were good for. According to the testimony of the

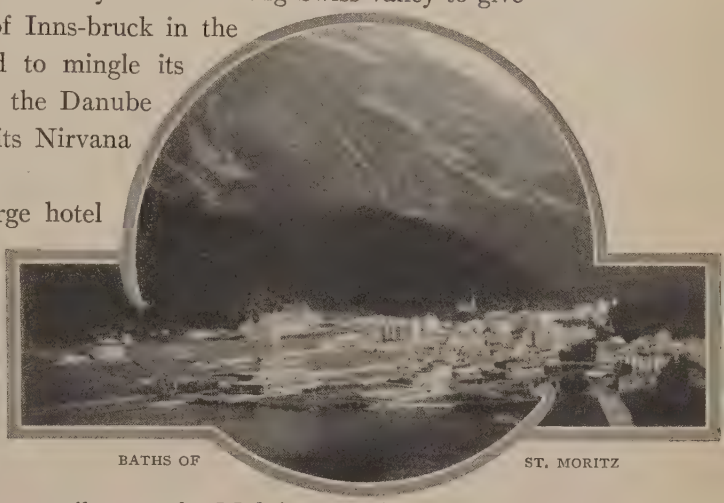
THE LAKE OF ST. MORITZ

natives these baths are good for everything that ails anybody. The health-giving waters, if drunk with regularity, are warranted to make sick people well, well people better, and better people as happy as if they were really good.

Beyond St. Moritz there lies a chain of lovely little lakes, along the shores of which we drive to the Maloja Pass at the upper end of the Engadine. There we may see the silvery cascade that gives life to the River Inn, the baby river that is cradled by the lakes, suckled by the

GREEK ROOM AT THE KULM

glaciers, strengthened by the rain-laden winds of its Alpine birthland, and sent on its way down the long Swiss valley to give a name to the city of Inns-bruck in the Austrian Tyrol, and to mingle its waters with those of the Danube and ultimately find its Nirvana in the Black Sea.



BATHS OF ST. MORITZ

There is one large hotel called the Kursaal at Maloja. It was established there in 1884 by a sanguine Belgian nobleman who invested all his capital in the ambitious enterprise. But until recently Maloja was far removed from the traveled track, and before the railway and the automobile made this region easily accessible the unfortunate promoter who had reclaimed the splendid wilderness found himself bank-

A LAKE OF THE UPPER ENGADINE

rupt. But his judgment in scenic matters was supreme; from Maloja we may enjoy the exquisite vista down the Engadine with its long chain of lakes, or the impressive plunging view into the deep Bregaglia Valley, through which a splendid road winds down to Italy — to Chiavenna and to the Lake of Como. Resisting the ever-strong temptation to drop into Italy, we turn back from the Maloja Pass and leave the Engadine through another portal — a tunnel through which the trains of the wonderful Albula Railway find their way in and

MALOJA

AMONG THE RHÆTIAN ALPS

THE ALBULA RAILWAY

out of this high valley. This line from St. Moritz to Coire is the most amazing over which it has ever been my fortune to travel. Our train runs down hill like a scared cat — a cat which has taken lessons in the art of zig-zag running from some experienced jack-rabbit. The beautiful B. and O. is a bee line, compared with this Albula Railway down which our Engadine Express goes squirming like an eel in eager efforts to escape from this most puzzling labyrinth of Rhætian Alps. Sometimes it glides along the wall of gorges as terrible as Colorado cañons, sometimes along the floor of peaceful valleys,

THE SOLIS BRIDGE

or it plunges into a tunnel, winds down a spiral inside the mountain, and emerges at a point directly underneath the point where it went in, saved from a drop into some bottomless ravine by a slender viaduct, the piers of which reach down into

ON THE ALBULA LINE

THE FILISUR VIADUCT

black abysses, like groping fingers of masonry feeling for the unseen foundations in those fearful depths. Thus we come, thrilled by the splendor of the scenery, down to the Valley of the Rhine, and thence by another line of railway to Lucerne.

The Swiss city best beloved by tourists is undoubtedly the city of Lucerne. I do not know how many tourists visit Lucerne in a summer, but I do know that this attractive town is usually so full of strangers that beds are at a premium in season. Americans seem always to outnumber the tourists of other nationalities. Our girls especially are conspicuous everywhere in town, because of that peculiar swing, that self-assertive air, that independent "don't care" manner that makes us stand out in a European crowd, like quills upon the fretful porcupine. We see them and we hear them everywhere. They troop by

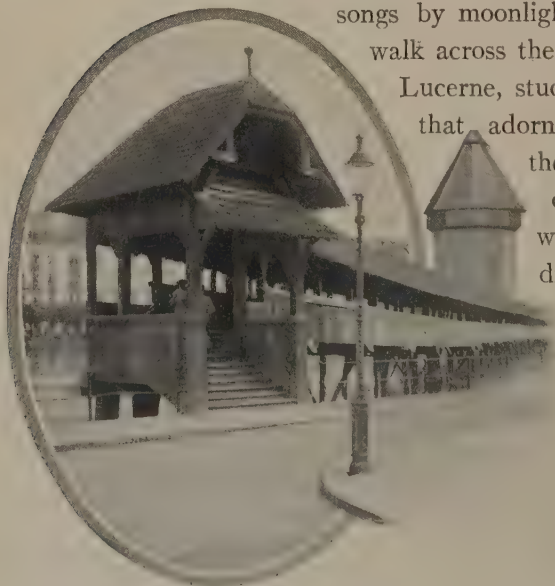
PILATUS

LUCERNE

Photograph by Wright Kramer.

QUAI NATIONAL

scores up and down the shaded promenade along the shore in front of the lakeside hotels; they fall upon the pretty merchandise in Lucerne's shops, much to the profit of the thrifty folk who deal in laces, linens, silverware, and watches; they sing soft college songs by moonlight on the lake, they dutifully walk across the famous covered bridge of old Lucerne, studying the quaint dim pictures that adorn its roof. Just before dusk they flock out to the old church of St. Leodegar to listen to the wondrous organ that fills the dimly lighted nave with melody for an hour every afternoon. At evening we may find them on the terrace of a restaurant on the Gutsch, a hill that rises



KAPELL-BRÜCKE

on the outskirts of the town. Below us flows the river Reuss, off to the left extend the walls and the nine towers of Lucerne, beyond lies the new water-front with its magnificent hotels; high in the distance looms the celebrated Rigi, to the top of which every tourist goes by rail to see a sunset or a sunrise — and there

LUCERNE FROM THE GUTSCH

below to the right we see the Water Tower near the covered Kapell Bridge. That tower gave its name to the city. It was originally a lighthouse, a "lucerna," and the town that slept within the circle of its guiding beams became identified with that old *lucerna*, and, christened by custom, this most Swiss of all Swiss cities is still known to us as Lucerne.

In every European country the traveler of to-day has cause to grieve over the passing of the picturesque, the disappearance of the characteristic. Town architecture is continually tending

toward the uniform and commonplace, therefore the traveler cannot prize too highly the quaint old beauty of Lucerne, a city which despite the improvements of the last few years has known how to preserve and even enhance its old-time charm: and so long as the old Kapell-Brücke spans the rapid current of the river Reuss, so long will Lucerne hold its medieval look.

LUCERNE AND MT. PILATUS

But of all the "lions" of Lucerne, *the* lion is the Lion. The Lion of Lucerne is the foremost and most famous monument in Switzerland. Famous and worthy of its world-wide fame is this most kingly creature, cut in the living rock of a sheer cliff, rising from a pretty garden in the city's heart. Familiar to us all since childhood through the myriad reproductions or pictures of it that adorn our homes, the Lion yet appears to us unfamiliar, different, and nobler than the mental image that we bring with us into the silent presence of the actual thing. Bigger and nobler than we thought to find him, Thorwaldsen's dying lion gives us a shock, first of surprise, and then of awe. Familiarity with puny copies of this inimitable monument has bred contempt for a great work; the work itself shames us into a more respectful mood. To make

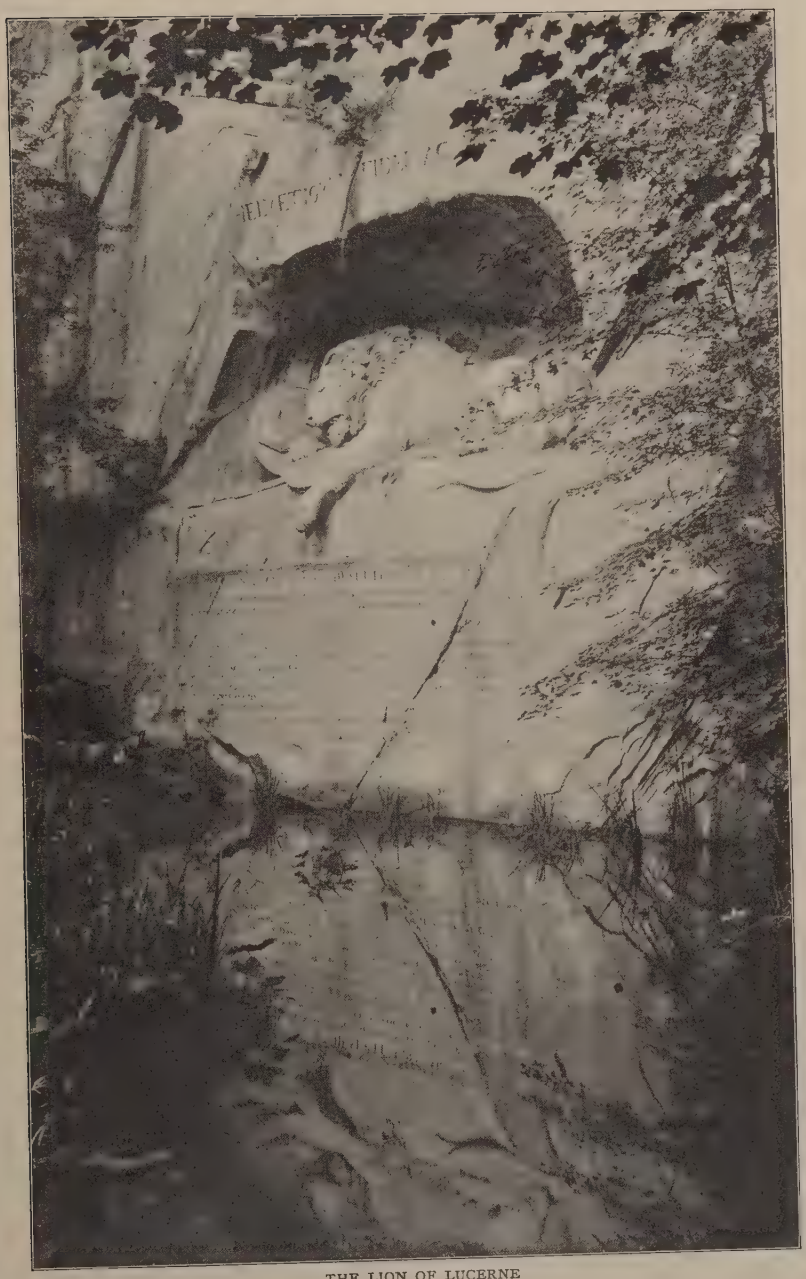
clear what I am trying to express, remember how we have misused and misapplied quotations from the play of *Hamlet,* until "To be or not to be" becomes a byword, and the phrase "I am thy father's spirit" has become a joker's jest. Yet when we find ourselves in the dim theater under the spell of some great actor's art, those phrases lose their pitiful familiarity and ring out grandly like new phrases that are big with dignity and meaning. So with the Lion of Lucerne. In the tragic presence of the original we forget the petty plaster cast that glared at us from the "what-not" in our childhood days. To make a convincing copy of the Lion of Lucerne, man must first take a mountain of

THE TOWERS OF LUCERNE

rock, split it, as this one was split and shaped by glaciers, then hew a cavern in the rocky wall, and in that cavern carve another lion like unto this, in all its huge impressiveness. Then, too, we are inclined to be forgetful of the meaning of this monument, even though we be fresh from school and capable of reading the Latin inscription. It tells us that this is a memorial of those who died to save King Louis the Sixteenth of France from the fury of the Paris mobs. The Swiss Guard of the King alone was faithful. The Swiss defenders of French royalty paid for their fidelity with their devoted lives.

In earlier centuries many monarchs had Swiss body-guards. The Kings of France and Naples, the Emperors of Russia, and the Popes of Rome employed Swiss mercenaries. The Papal Guard alone survives, numbering now only about a hundred men,— every man six feet in height, and all still dressed in that amazing uniform designed about three hundred years ago by Michelangelo, who was a great costumer as well as a great architect.

"TO THE FIDELITY AND BRAVERY OF THE SWISS"



THE LION OF LUCERNE

GUARDING THE BOURBON FLEUR-DE-LIS

Old Lucerne is a walled town; a wall with many towers shuts it in, and shuts out from its busy streets the peaceful, pretty country that lies so near, in modest loveliness, as if waiting to be invited into town. Herein lies the charm of the medieval towns — in this sudden, sharp transition from stony streets to flowery fields; but,

THE WORK OF A GLACIER

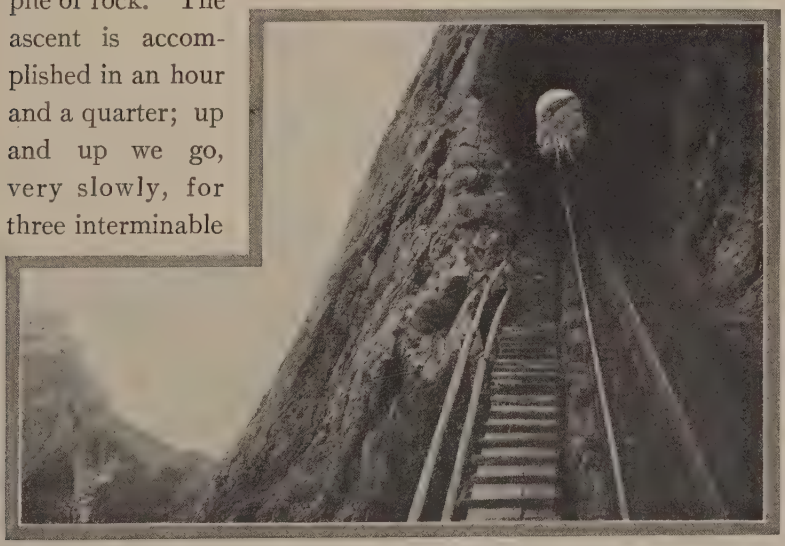
LEAVING LUCERNE

strange to say, the tourist seems to like the stony streets the better. We rarely meet a stranger outside the walls; the floating population rarely leaves the streets and quays along the water-front, save when that floating population goes afloat on one of the many tourist steamers that ply on Lake Lucerne. Every morning hundreds of sightseers embark for a long all-day run around the lake, or for a trip to some delightful spot along the shores, and every evening all those boats return, bringing back to the landing-places of Lucerne hundreds of tired but enchanted foreigners, who having seen the sights of Lake Lucerne will soon be sighing for more sights to see. Among the foremost sights to see is Mount Pilatus, which

LONDON POLYTECHNIC TOURISTS

rears into the air a range of rocky battlements that put to shame the puny walls and towers of Lucerne. Pilatus is nearly seven thousand feet in height, and yet its summit may be reached more easily than a top-floor bedroom in any of the old hotels where elevators are not known. There is a railway to the top of that high pile of rock. The ascent is accomplished in an hour and a quarter; up and up we go, very slowly, for three interminable

THE HOTEL AT THE TOP



THE RAILWAY UP MT. PILATUS

ABOVE LAKE LUCERNE

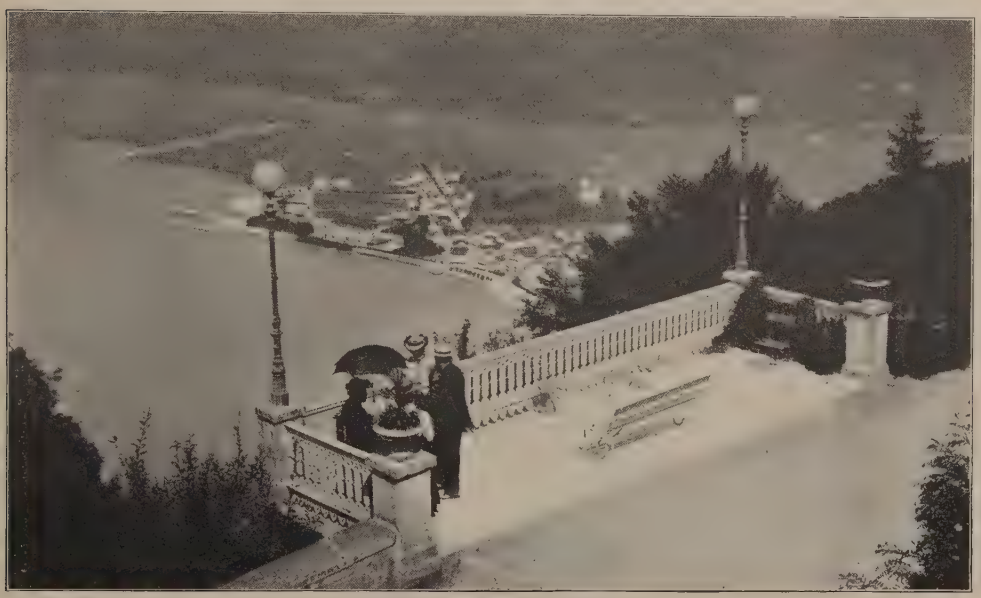
miles, through tunnel after tunnel, until at last we see the hotel of Pilatus Kulm — a big hotel that looks like a post-card pinned against a wall. Sun worshipers — all tourists are worshipers of the bright deity and pray him to bless their touring with his smiles — come hither by the hundred to witness both the going and the coming of the god of day.

And when the god sulks in his cloudy tent the hotel of Pilatus Kulm makes undue profit, for the faithful must then take up quarters there, and wait until Apollo is appeased.

The Lake of Lucerne is called by the Swiss the Vierwald-

THE "LIFT" OF THE BÜRGENSTOCK

stättersee. That means the "Lake of the Four Forest Cantons," and the four forest cantons are the four little states surrounding it. They are called Luzern, Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwyz, which gives the name to Switzerland, land of the Schwyzers. This region was the cradle of Swiss liberty, for here on the shores of this grand lake the Schwyzers and their neighbors formed their defen-



LOOKING DOWN FROM AXENSTEIN

sive league in the year 1291. To-day the lake reflects the façades of more hotels than almost any other lake in all the world. The hotels not only line the shore of every curving bay, and mark the tip of every beautiful peninsula, but they also lift their hospitable towers from every promontory top, and rear their comfortable battlements along the crest of every ridge of the encircling mountains. Some of them may be reached by cable cars, others by mountain-climbing trolleys, and others, like the great hotels on the Bürgenstock, have elevators to convey the guests from their high terraces up to still higher viewpoints. This elevator of the Bürgenstock is one of the most amazing lifts in Europe. It

looks as if a lake breeze would waft the flimsy framework from the cliff, and leave us stranded here upon an island in the air. But down we may glide to re-embark, and sail on past the pretty little ports with here and there an architectural reminder of a past more picturesque, but not as comfortable as the happy present.

The lake, surrounded by mountains of all shapes, is only twenty-four miles long and only two miles wide, and thus it offers us a grand and varied succession of scenic surprises. For a space we skirt the bold, awful wall of a sheer mass of rock rising directly from the waves, and almost overhanging the lake that hides its deep foundations. Impassable in other days, this mass of rock is traversed now by two of the most famous thoroughfares of the Old World. One is a railway, the St. Gothard, which pierces the cliff by means of a long tunnel; the other is a carriage road, the Axenstrasse, that follows a ledge blasted in the face of the cliff and then passes through a windowed tunnel, from which the traveler may look down upon the lake through those two famous windows

THE AXENSTRASSE AND THE ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY NEAR BRUNNEN

ON THE AXENSTRASSE

that open there, like two great, blinking, monstrous eyes. This is probably one of the most hackneyed spots in all the world of travel. We have seen pictures of this place, we have all passed this way, or else it is inevitable that we should pass this way some day; and still there is nothing commonplace about this too

THE OLD SWISS INN AT TREIB

familiar section of the Axenstrasse. If it is on the beaten track, the track is beaten hard, because it is a track so well worth beating; and it is being beaten harder every year.

TELL'S CHAPEL

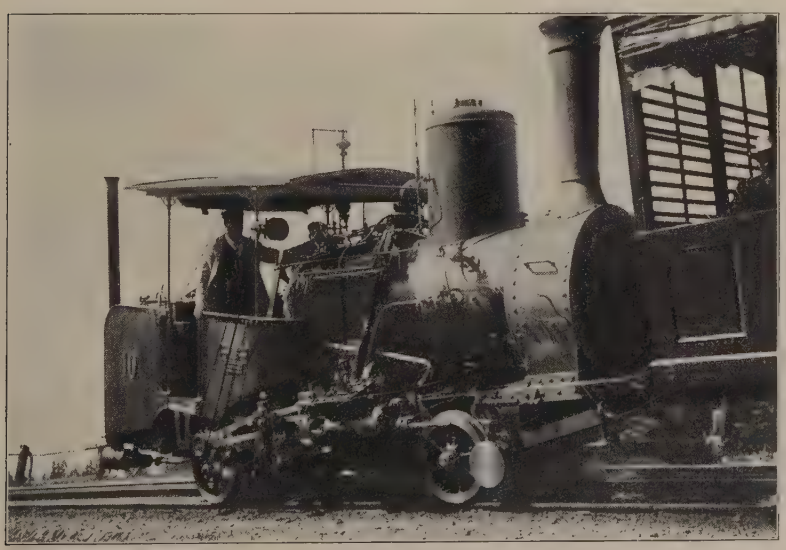
TOURISTS AT TELL'S CHAPEL

Tourists by tens of thousands tramp this thoroughfare every season. In addition to the coupon holders who follow the man from Cook's there is that ever-increasing army called "Polly People," that is to say, the British trippers brought to Lucerne under the auspices of the London Polytechnic. For five pounds, twenty-five dollars in our money,

WILLIAM TELL IN ALTDORF

THE RIGI RAILWAY

they get a trip from London and return, a week's board at the Polytechnic *Chalets*, on the shores of Lake Lucerne, and every day a comprehensive and somewhat hurried tour to some of the interesting places close at hand. We follow a "Polly Party" to Altdorf, the town of William Tell, where a brief lecture is delivered by the guide, who tells them all they need to know about the great Swiss hero, who did or did not shoot the apple from the head of the brave little son who was the apple of his eye. Altdorf exists to-day in fat prosperity, thanks to the fable of the hero Tell, for Altdorf is just far enough away



AN ALPINE ENGINE

VIEWING THE PANORAMA . . .
POST-CARD

from other points of interest to compel each visitor to lunch or dine in one of the hotels. It is amusing to see how systematically the foreigners are fed, then led from monument to church, and then shipped back by bus to the pier, and put on board the steamer that will carry them past that famous little building called Tell's Chapel, nestling amid the foliage at the base of a forest-clad cliff. It marks the place where William Tell is said to have escaped his enemies by leaping from a passing boat. Tell's Chapel is another of those altogether too famous sights; so famous and so often pictured and described that

THE TOP OF THE RIGI

mention of it seems to make a travel story trite. Another thing that suffers thus is the world-famous summit of the Rigi — a mountain vulgarized to the last limit — its top become a trading-post for postal cards and souvenirs. I cannot find it in my heart to rave about the Rigi — I should as soon enthuse about the charm of Coney Island, or the local chutes. The poor old Rigi

LAKE LUCERNE AND MT. PILATUS FROM THE RIGI RAILWAY

is being worked to death; its summit is too easy to attain. You take a train and up you come in unadventurous comfort.

It may be that they are spoiling Switzerland for those who dare to do the things that call for all the skill and courage of the practiced climber. But is it not true that the majority of us would never see these wonderful and most inspiring places were it not for the convenient railways that run through all the cantons, the stairways that lead down to the depths of the deep gorges, the cog-wheel or cable trains that soar up to the heights, and the good Swiss roads that lead us to the gates of everywhere? Thanks to these things we were enabled to see and to enjoy in two short

months more than our grandfathers could have seen in two long summers; Switzerland, if spoiled, is spoiled delightfully.

So now we go by train from Lucerne to Lake Brienz. We cross that lake, and are at Interlaken, between the Lake of Brienz and the Lake of Thun; between two lakes and in the

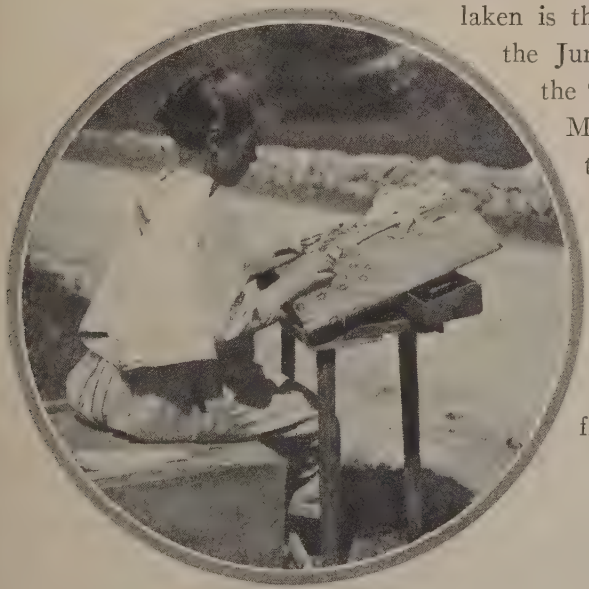
INTERLAKEN AND THE JUNGFRAU

midst of more than twoscore excellent hotels. We are more conscious of being among the hotels than between the lakes, for we cannot see the lakes for the hotels. Each of these hotels is represented at the railway station by one or two members of that band of polyglottic porters peculiar to this land of many-tongued tourists. Those uniformed linguistic experts assemble, on the arrival of the trains, to greet the foreigners who come from all parts of the world, and make them feel as much at home as if they had arrived in some completed Babel, where the confusion

THE VALE OF LAUTERBRUNNEN

AT MÜRREN

of tongues had been resolved out of its original chaotic state into a condition that makes for the comfort and convenience of men of every race. The windows of this long array of inns look out upon one of the most admired views in Switzerland — a simple view, but grandly, gloriously simple: a flat foreground of green, two gentle hills, one rocky cliff, and a great snow-clad peak, 13,670 feet high. That peak toward which we look from Interlaken is the incomparable Jungfrau — the Jung-frau — "Young Woman," the "Virgin Peak," the "Maiden Mountain." But as the mountain will not come to us, let us play Mohammed and hie us to the mountain. An hour's ride by rail and we are there: there in the lovely Lauterbrunnen valley that is the antechamber of the Jungfrau. Here we pause before



MAKING LACE

being ushered into her majestic presence. Meantime the name of this Yosemite-like valley explains itself. Lauterbrunnen means "Nothing but Springs" — for everywhere, on all sides, there are falling waters, cascades and torrents, cataracts and rivers, and waters leaping into view at every turn, as if the region were indeed alive with springs. Cable cars lift the lazy tourist from Lauterbrunnen village twenty-two hundred feet, to the terminus of an electric line that runs along the rim of the valley to the world-famous little Alpine town of Mürren, whence the "Maiden Mountain" may be seen in all her snow-white dignity and beauty. The Jungfrau has been called the loveliest of all the Alps. She is indeed one of the loveliest. She is surpassed in beauty by her rival, Monte Rosa, and in grandeur by that King of all the

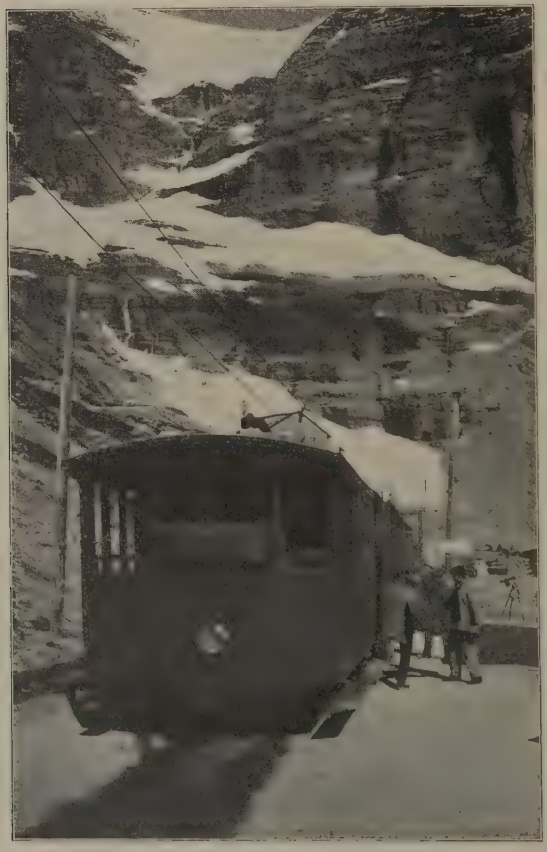
THE MAIN STREET OF MÜRREN

Alps, the Matterhorn. But to be beautiful and grand among the Alps is to be beautiful and grand indeed. The Jungfrau has her place in that great Alpine galaxy, and like some sacred priestess of the high places of the earth she is attended and watched over by two guardian heights: the sharp keen-crested Eiger, and the

THE JUNGFRAU

somber, snow-cowled Monk. We always hear the names of these two mountains spoken as if they were inseparable; in fact, the Eiger and the Monk are joined in an eternal union, and though distinguished from the Jungfrau, they form with her one mighty mass of rock, one homogeneous wall, more than a dozen thousands of feet high, and long enough to form the boundary of a state. Mürren was once a simple Swiss hamlet on the heights. It is now a summer resort frequented by all sorts of people from all corners of the earth. But yet in spite of these annual

invasions it retains its Alpine atmosphere and Alpine architecture. It is pleasant to wander through the village streets and forget for a little while the fearful presence of the monster peaks that tower round about us, for at times we sense the terrible oppression of these heights, so high, so forbidding, so like walls, that we feel as if we were confined in some colossal, natural dungeon whence no escape is possible. Below us a vast void, behind us a steep slope, and there beyond the void a range of walls like those of some colossal Jericho — walls that will not fall down until the earth itself shall crumble once more into chaos. And thus there is an awful fascination in the scene, as night and morning we look out and up at the Eiger and Monk and the Maiden and watch the evening clouds and shadows gather, and see the night enshroud the peaks, and, after hours of obscurity, behold those walls again assert themselves at the approach of dawn, as if to say to the new-risen sun, as it comes up for the ten millionth time, "Behold! we are still here!" The Jungfrau was



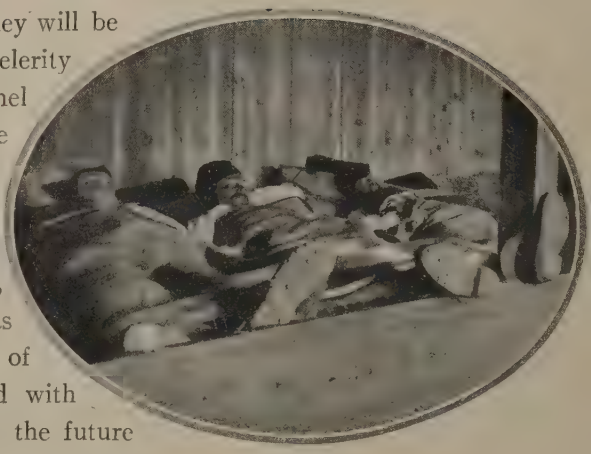
THE CARS THAT CLIMB THE JUNGFRAU

first climbed about a hundred years ago. It is now climbed every year, and every year the Jungfrau claims her victims. The very day we came, two men died there amid the snows. They were skilled climbers, but they were not able to cope with storm and chance — those evil geniuses of every mountaineer. We climbed the Jungfrau — part way — but we eliminated fear of

A "STATION" ON THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY

storm and cut unlucky chance down to an inappreciable minimum by going up the Jungfrau in an electric trolley car. The trip, though novel, gives us but one or two fine moments, for the line runs through a tunnel, pierced in the rocky wall, known as the Eigerwand. The tunnel is now three and a half miles long. Upward and onward in the dark we go until one hour after we have played Jonah to the Jungfrau whale, the whale gives us up temporarily at the Eismeer Station. The "station" is simply a cavernous cut, made at a point where the long tunnel closely parallels the sheer face of a cliff. Thus far could travelers come

in 1905; in a few years they will be carried with comfort and celerity through the completed tunnel to a point 13,428 feet above the sea inside the Jungfrau, thence sent up in elevators 242 feet more to the apex of the mountain, and there enjoy what was once the coveted reward of daring alpinists who paid with risk of life for that which the future tourist may enjoy for the mere cost in

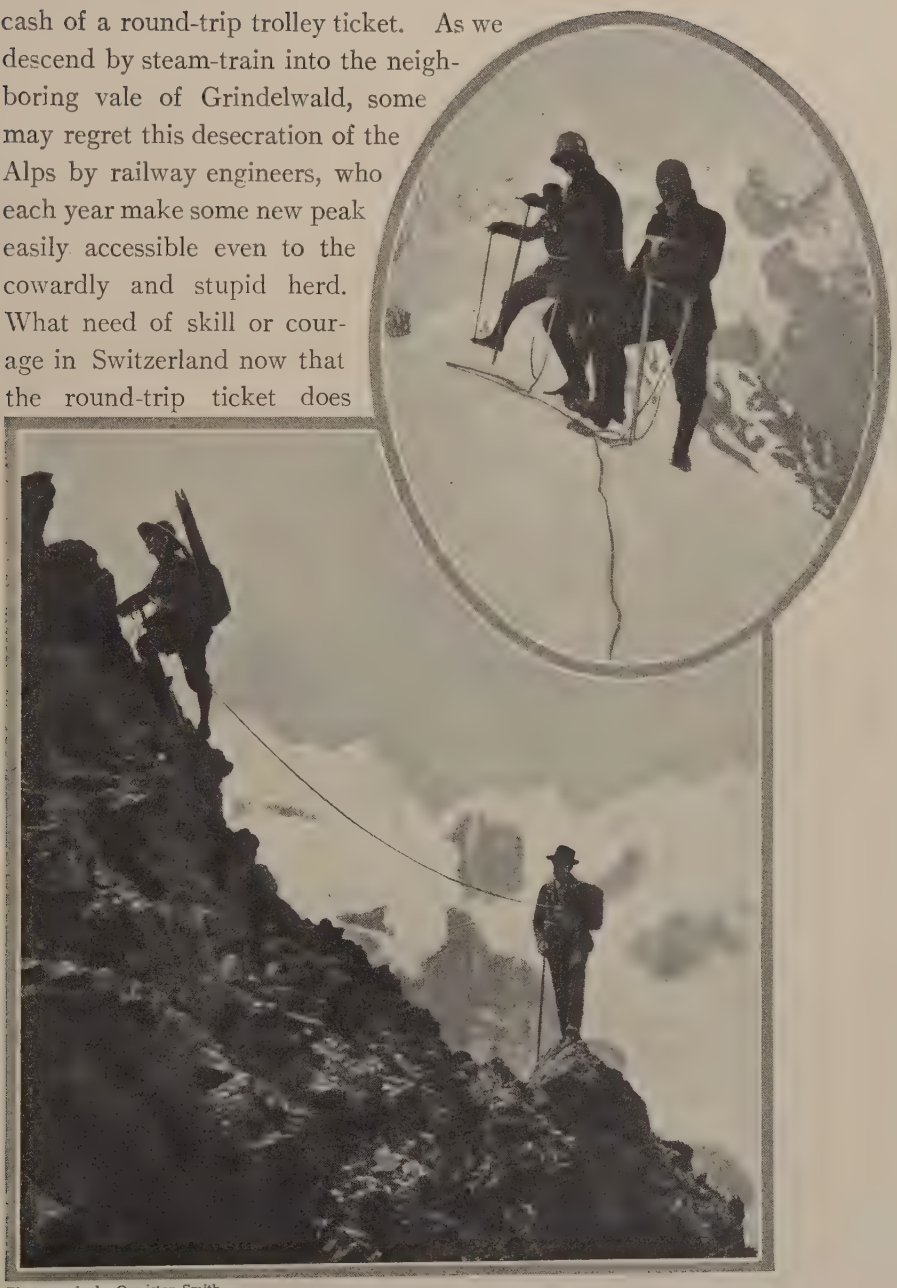


ALPINE REPOSE

THE WETTERHORN

THE EIGER, THE MONK, AND THE JUNGFRAU

cash of a round-trip trolley ticket. As we descend by steam-train into the neighboring vale of Grindelwald, some may regret this desecration of the Alps by railway engineers, who each year make some new peak easily accessible even to the cowardly and stupid herd. What need of skill or courage in Switzerland now that the round-trip ticket does



Photographs by Ormiston Smith.

CLIMBING THE WETTERHORN

the work that once could be accomplished only with the ice-axe and the alpenstock? Shades of the climbers of the past—of Whymper, de Saussure, Conway, and all that daring company who dared and did and died that they might pierce for us the mysteries of Alpine snows; yet all their words, all their brave books, all their descriptive pages, gave us no real conception of

BERN

the glory and of the danger of it all. It is to men of our own generation, unknown men, that we must turn if we would really know what it is like to scale a dangerous peak. Photography pushes literature aside, the bioscope beats all the autobiographies ever penned by climbers. A young English bioscope operator, Mr. Ormiston Smith, whose studio at Grindelwald lies almost within the shadow of the Wetterhorn, has done more to make us know and feel the terror and the fascination of the higher Alps than all the famous alpinists of history. Thanks to his work, vast audiences in all parts of the world have enjoyed the most thrilling climbs in Switzerland.

But it is always good to come down from the lonely, glorious heights to the crowded, interesting cities where men strive in other ways.

The capital of Switzerland is not the largest of Swiss cities. Bern has a population of only about seventy-five thousand, and is surpassed in size by Geneva, Basel, and Zürich, which is the largest with a population of nearly two hundred thousand. Switzerland being one the best governed countries in the world, we look with a respectful admiration at the Federal Building in Bern, the seat of a pure government — a place where honest men, elected by an honest people, govern honestly and unobtrusively. Few persons outside of Switzerland know the name even of the President of the Confederation. But popular ignorance of the name of Switzerland's executive is easily accounted for. His term of office is extremely brief; he occupies the presidential chair for only one short year. The President has barely time to make his inaugural address before he must begin to compose his valedictory. There are two chambers in the Swiss Federal Congress: a Council of the

THE FEDERAL PALACE

States, with forty-four members, two from each of the twenty-two cantons; and a National Council, with one hundred and sixty-seven members, one for each twenty thousand of the population. If any eight of the twenty-two cantons, or if thirty thousand citizens, make a united demand for the revision or amendment of a law, that law must be referred to the entire people. This prin-

THE POST-OFFICE IN BERN

ciple is called the Referendum. We can imagine no simpler or more perfect form of democratic government. Switzerland is in many ways a model land. Like most good things, Switzerland is small. The combined area of the twenty-two cantons is less than sixteen thousand square miles. Three Switzerlands could be set down within the limits of New York State. The population numbers about three and a half millions. All the Swiss in Switzerland could be housed within the limits of New York City. Four languages are spoken in Switzerland: German in fifteen cantons, French in five, Italian in one, and Romansch in the greater part of the Grisons, the region round about the Engadine. There are four hundred thousand foreigners resident in Switzerland, but

WATCHING THE OLD CLOCK "PERFORM"

casual foreign visitors to Switzerland are numbered in millions.

Although the perpetual neutrality of this little mountain country is guaranteed by the Great Powers, Switzerland can mobilize an army of two hundred and twenty thousand well-trained soldiers — not "chocolate soldiers" either, as the heroic history of the Swiss

THE CLOCK TOWER OF BERN

THE BERNESE HISTORICAL MUSEUM

struggle for liberty can attest. But although no longer compelled to fight foreign aggression, the Swiss are engaged in a perpetual struggle with the forces of nature, and in this warfare the generals are civil engineers, the troops are regiments of road-builders,

THE DOUBLE STAIR OF THE RATHAUS

MEDIEVAL SWITZERLAND

builders of bridges, borers of tunnels, rearers of ramparts against floods, snowslides, and avalanches.

In the cities the Swiss are fighting the battles for humanity and progress. The world owes much to Swiss initiative — the

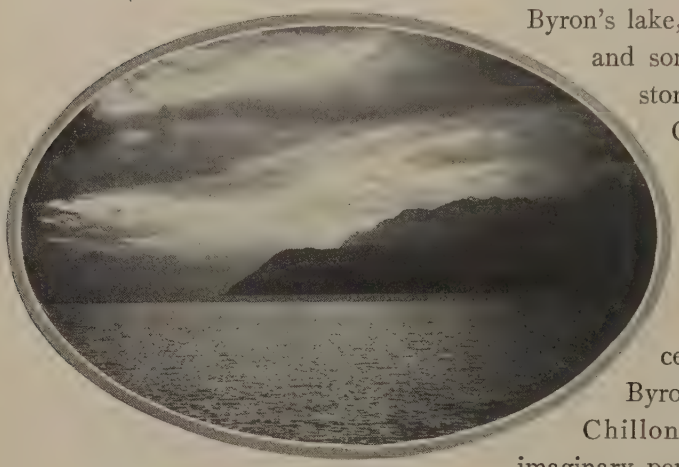
ROUSSEAU'S ISLAND IN THE RHÔNE

International Red Cross was instituted in Switzerland; the Universal Postal Union was born in Bern in 1874 and still has its headquarters there.

In aspect Bern is German, but another beautiful Swiss city only a few hours distant is not only French in aspect, but French

GENEVA

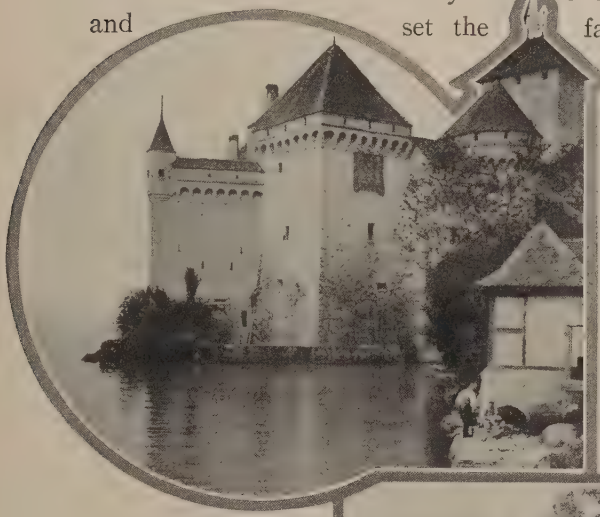
in speech and manners. Geneva is almost Parisian. Geneva, like Lucerne, lies at the western end of a most lovely lake. The lake is known by three names. To the French-speaking natives of this region it is *Lac Léman;* to German-speaking Swiss, the *Genfer-See;* to English-speaking visitors it is the Lake of Geneva — Byron's lake, the lake of poetry and song, the lake of the story of the prisoner of Chillon, of Bonnivard, defender of Swiss liberties, who was imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon four centuries ago. But Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" was a purely imaginary personage. The real Bonnivard was a young ecclesiastic — a champion of freedom — but after six years of confinement in this castle of the Counts of Savoy he had become so thoroughly accustomed to his shackles, that when he found himself at last free, he became a Protestant, and put on in turn four sets of matrimonial chains — for he married four wives in succession.



THE LAKE OF GENEVA

NEAR VEVEY

It required the combined strength of a Bernese army of seven thousand men and of the lake fleet of the Genevese to take the Castle of Chillon from the tyrant Charles III of Savoy and set the famous prisoner free in the year 1536. The building, strong for those old days, is still of imposing aspect; in fact, it is the finest medieval castle in all Switzerland. It was given its present form in the thirteenth century, by the powerful



BY CHILLON'S WALLS

Count Peter of Savoy, the same who was lord of the Savoy Palace in London, where the name is perpetuated in the palatial Savoy Hotel that now rises between the Thames Embankment and the Strand, covering part of the site of Count Peter's vanished palace.

WHERE BONNIVARD WAS PRISONER

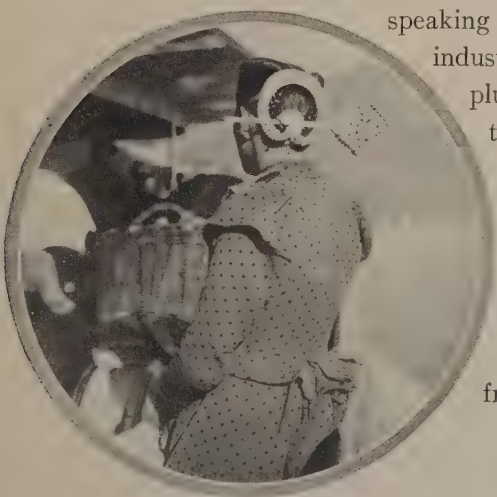
THE CAUX-PALACE HOTEL

Another great hotel, the Caux-Palace Hotel on the heights of Glion near Chillon, is related architecturally to the famous castle, for its modern towers and turrets are more or less faithful copies of the medieval towers and turrets that lift their peaked tops from Chillon's celebrated walls, mirrored in the waters of Lake Léman.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

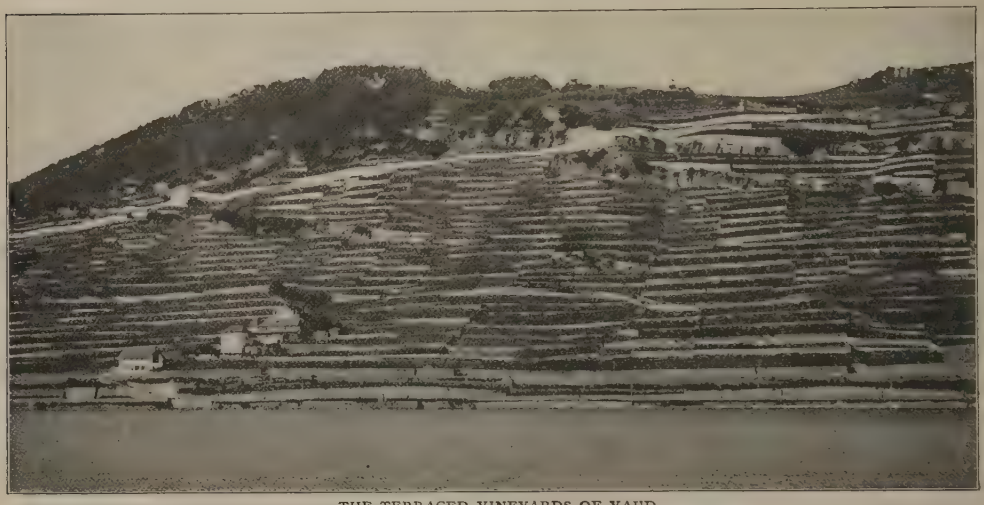
NEAR MONTREUX

Along the northern shore of Lake Geneva we find a score of charming towns, each one inviting us to taste the pleasures of a sojourn on that happy shore. Of all those towns the fairest one is Vevey, whither we went in August, 1905, to spend the nine rich days of the great Festival of the Vintners — *La Fête des Vignerons*. Vevey is the heart and center of the vineyard region of the Canton of Vaud — a Swiss canton inhabited by a French-speaking population, imbued with all the industrious traditions of the Swiss, plus the artistic, beauty-loving temperament of the French, who are their nearest neighbors on the west. The toil spent in the cultivation of the vine has not always been as well rewarded as it should be. Blights and leaf diseases have ruined the fruit of many a season's labor.



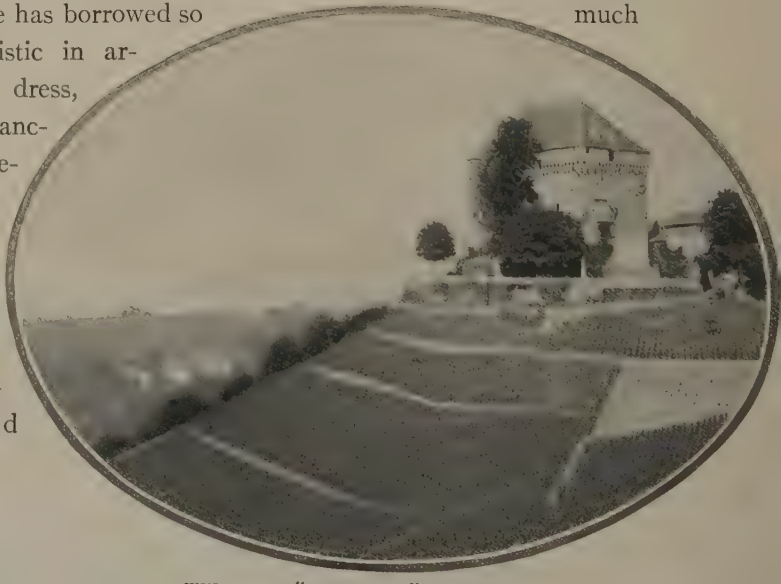
A CURIOUS COIFFURE

But the Vaudois peasant has remained ever true to this old motto, "Ora et Labora." He prays and labors for a period of years; then every fifteen or twenty years, if the season be especially



THE TERRACED VINEYARDS OF VAUD

propitious, he rejoices and gives thanks. The *Fête des Vignerons* is his thanksgiving celebration. The last preceding one was held in 1889. To find a record of the first vintners' festival we should have to go back to that pagan antiquity from which the modern fête has borrowed so much that is artistic in architecture, dress, and even dancing. At Vevey we find a happy blending of antique grace and classic dignity — old



WHERE THE "VIGNERONS" TEND THEIR VINES

GRUYÈRE CATTLE AND CLASSIC COSTUMES

beauty of dress and drapery, young beauty of the physical. The everlastingness of youth is one of the dominant impressions. Humanity is always young; as young to-day as in the days when Grecian children marched through the streets of Athens in honor of the pagan goddess

THE GRECIAN MAIDENS

THE VINTNERS' FESTIVAL AT VEVEY

Ceres, or of the wine god Bacchus, who has always been the favored divinity of the vineyard workers since the old pagan pantheon was first graced or disgraced by his presence.

EN ROUTE TO THE ARENA

The modern personification of Bacchus carried in triumph through the streets of Vevey was as beautiful a human being as I have ever looked upon. As he is borne along on the shoulders of hairy satyrs he seems a living incarnation of some ideal figure, conceived by a Praxiteles, and cast in bronze by the artistic artisans of ancient Athens. During the nine days of the festival

IN ATTIC GARB

BEAUTIFUL BACCHUS

FAT SILENUS

FOSTER-FATHER OF BACCHUS

Vevey's streets are alive with the gods and goddesses, the fauns and nymphs, the satyrs and bacchantes of mythology, and the costumed shepherds and cowherds, grape-growers and dairy folk of

THE "FÊTE DES VIGNERONS" AT VEVEY

antiquity. A stranger dropping into town, not knowing that a festival was on, would imagine himself enjoying a delightful classic nightmare — at least until he encountered the very material personification of Silenus. Then he might think that he was "seeing things" inspired by a too devoted worship of the young god of the vine, for old Silenus is an awful thing to look upon as he rides past, in vinous exaltation, on a

A GODDESS ON HER CHARIOT

donkey. An interesting fact in connection with these two characters was brought out by one of the old programs of the fête of 1889. Then Bacchus, the beautiful youth, was represented by the man who now appears in all the sordid and repulsive fleshiness of fat Silenus. To think that this clumsy creature was ever

THERE WERE 1,800 PERFORMERS AND 13,000 SPECTATORS IN THE ARENA OF VEVEY

slim and trim and beautiful enough to be regarded as a fit portrayer of the glorious young god of the grape! Is there not here an object-lesson for temperance advocates to seize upon? Look on this picture, then on that: beautiful young Bacchus, idealizing the alluring cause — repulsive old Silenus incarnating the inevitable effect. There are hosts of lessons to be drawn from the *Fête des Vignerons;* it appeals to every mind, to every man's imagination, for in it we find imaged all our dreams; the good and beautiful and true; the self-indulgent, sensual, and selfish — all are personified in the festival procession, which seems to symbolize the

FROM LA GRUYÈRE WHERE THE CHEESE COMES FROM

endless cortège of humanity itself, with all its passions and weaknesses, and all its aspirations toward goodness, truth, and beauty.

But what we see in the streets is nothing compared with the great spectacle presented in the arena of the huge amphitheater

GRUYÈRE CATTLE

in the presence of audiences of thirteen thousand persons. More than eighteen hundred characters appear in the colossal production. The orchestra is made up of three symphony orchestras and two military bands. The music is good music; it has the dignity and genuineness of the native folk-song, with a beauty

DANCE OF THE GRECIAN MAIDENS

and poetic grace that one would not expect to find in a mere peasant festival.

There is no trace of any theatric sham; all that we see is real. The little harvesters and gleaners who follow the chariot of the golden-haired Ceres, goddess of grain and harvest, are real field laborers. The millers in yonder mill on wheels are real live millers. All the cattle that appear in the arena are real cattle, the finest of their kind — animals absolutely perfect, brought down to town from the high mountain pastures of La Gruyère, the region whence we get the famous Gruyère cheese.

The performances began at eight o'clock in the morning, and ended usually by one o'clock in the afternoon.

Six different audiences assembled in the enormous amphitheater. Six times the wonderful spectacle of life and grace and color was unrolled before our dazzled eyes; six times our ears drank in the melodies of the score played by the great orchestra and sung by a thousand fresh young voices. Six times we witnessed with delight the sensational finale — the wild dance of the bacchantes, fauns, and satyrs and the fluttering evolutions of those maids in gowns of brown and gold who represent the fallen autumn leaves swirling and circling in the unseen arms of the winds of early winter. Six times we were thrilled by the grand final chorus, in which the toilers lift up their voices in praise of wholesome toil, in thanksgiving for the good gifts of Nature — which after all are only the just rewards of labor. Their dances

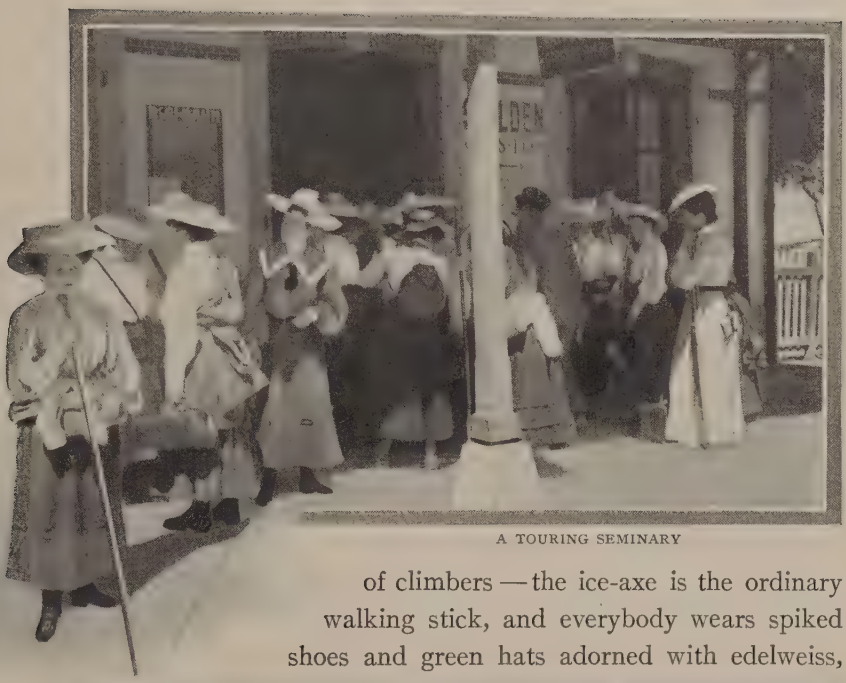
THE BACCHANALE

IN SUNSHINE . . .

and their songs are inspired by the joy of living, and we who look and listen are made happier and better by this uplifting spectacle.

No traveler feels that he has quite reached the heart of Switzerland until he finds himself at Zermatt. It is pre-eminently the headquarters of the alpinist. The town is always full

. . . AND IN RAIN



A TOURING SEMINARY

of climbers — the ice-axe is the ordinary walking stick, and everybody wears spiked shoes and green hats adorned with edelweiss,

SCHOOLGIRLS ON A TRAMP

ON THE WAY TO ZERMATT

and carries a coil of rope and one of those most convenient knapsacks, a soft bag with cleverly adjusted straps, known to all Swiss tourists as a "ruck-sack," or a "back-sack," that stays on the back where it belongs. The magnet that draws most people to Zermatt, I need not name. I need not even point it out. It is

IN THE VALLEY OF VISP

there, you cannot miss it — it is everywhere, the most self-assertive mountain in the world, the most astonishing in outline, the most savage in form, the coldest, cruelest looking peak that Nature ever fashioned in her favorite rock-garden of the Alps.

The mountain has three names, one known to us all, the others less familiar. The English-speaking world accepts the German

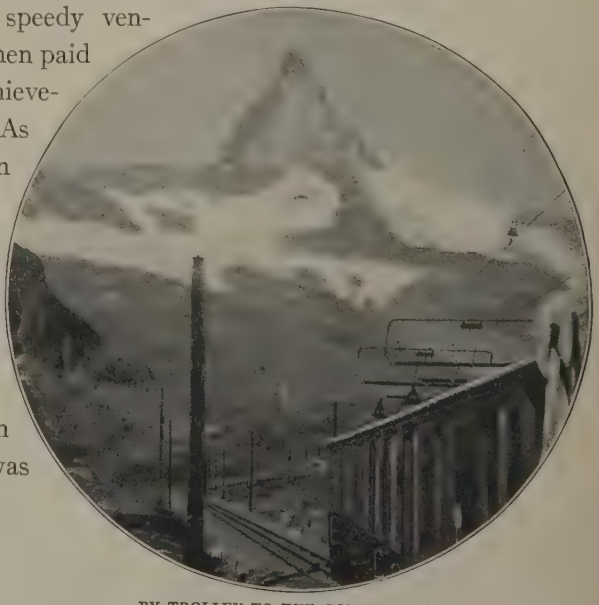
ZERMATT

form "Matterhorn," neglecting the softer, less effective appellation of the French, who call the mountain "Mont Cervin." The Italian title "Monte Silvio" is rarely heard outside of Italy. Its height is 14,780 feet, only a little higher than Pike's Peak; but height is not always a criterion of difficulty in ascent. A railway takes us to the summit of Pike's Peak — only a few, and they the bravest and most skilful of climbers, have reached the summit of Silvio's snowy pyramid.

You know, of course, the story of the conquest of the Matterhorn, first climbed in 1865 by Whymper, Hudson, Hadow, Lord Francis Douglas, and three guides. For years the peak had

CLIMBERS

baffled Whymper and other famous climbers. Then on that famous, fatal day, July 14, 1865, this last of all the great peaks, the one that had held out the longest, succumbed almost without a struggle. The climbers found a possible, almost an easy, route, and those four Englishmen and their Alpine helpers were the first of human-kind to look down on the world from yonder pinnacle. But the peak exacted speedy vengeance. Four of those men paid promptly for their achievement with their lives. As they descended, all seven roped together, young Hadow slipped, fell forward, struck Croz the leading guide and knocked him off his feet, and they slid away together. The next man on the rope, Hudson, was

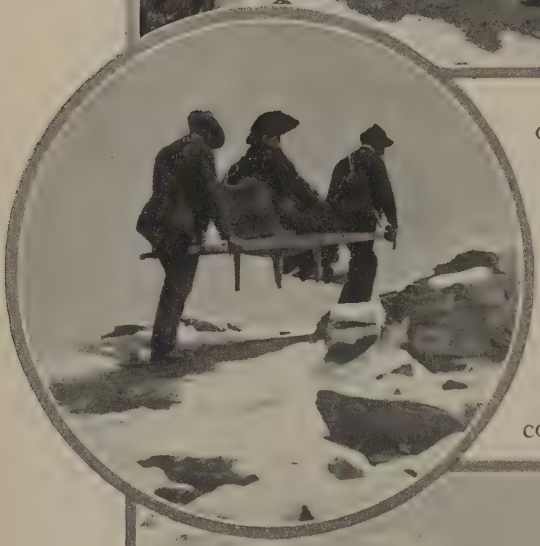


BY TROLLEY TO THE GORNER GRAT

carried with them — then the fourth, Lord Francis Douglas, jerked from his foothold, followed. The rest, Whymper and two guides, braced themselves, held firm, and would have saved their companions had the rope been strong enough. But the life-line parted. Four men, still linked together by the lower section of the broken rope, went sliding on their backs down the smooth snow-slope, sliding with ever-increasing swiftness — not hurt as yet, but doomed. They could not stop, and on they went, over a ledge and down four thousand feet! Three bodies only were recovered. But this tragic beginning deters no one. Two hundred parties climbed the Matterhorn during the following fifteen years. How many more have climbed it in the last quarter of a century, I do not know, but scores of climbers tempt Providence upon the mountain every year. Hundreds of less adventurous lovers of high places come every

THE LAST STAGE UP THE GORNER GRAT

MODERN ALPINISM



day by trolley car up to the Gorner Grat, walking the last few hundred feet of the ascent from the railway station to the rounded summit of the *grat*, or ridge, which is to-day disfigured by the presence of a comfortable and comforting hotel. Five or ten

A PANORAMIC POINT OF VIEW

times a day, in season, train-loads of tourists come toiling slowly up this last steep stretch; and climbing at an altitude of ten thousand feet is amazingly hard work to the beginner. Many an eager tourist starts at a swinging pace up this trail, only to stop suddenly, with throbbing heart and bursting temples, at the end of his

THE MATTERHORN FROM THE GORNER GRAT

first twenty paces. Then slowly, by short stages, he attains the hideous hotel that now disfigures the apex of the Gorner Grat. That inartistic tavern occupies one of the best viewpoints in Europe. From its windows more Alpine grandeur can be seen than from any other easily accessible point known to the traveling world.

We stand at the center of a circle of snow peaks — a perfect panoramic point of view, for look where we will, Alpine grandeur fills the eye. To the north yawns the valley of Zermatt, up out of which we have come. In early morning that abyss is often

filled with floating masses of white vapor. Morning mists lie lightly in the deep, narrow depression, which then appears like a Norwegian fjord filled with the flood of some sea of pure white eiderdown. That sea of fluffy clouds is beautiful to look at from above. From Zermatt village, in the valley far below, it is not

THE CLOUD SEA IN THE VALLEY OF ZERMATT

beautiful. When tourists there in the bottom of the valley wake and look out from their hotel windows to see what sort of weather they are to have for their excursions, they scowl and lose their tempers, for to them, roofed in by this great, misty canopy, the weather appears shocking — the sky is overcast for them, and possibly it drizzles there in Zermatt, while here, five thousand feet above, we bathe in glorious floods of morning light under a cloudless sky.

PICTURING THE PEAKS

Glorious beyond words is the panorama we may enjoy by merely turning on our heels as we stand here on the Gorner Grat. Peak after peak passes grandly in review as we turn slowly around. We see, as the eye travels westward, the Weisshorn, the Rothhorn, and the Dent Blanche, with other almost equally fine peaks between; then the majestic Matterhorn — standing more alone, as a King of the Alps should stand — fills our eyes and fires our imagination with its majestic mass like that of a pyramid, weathered half away, but still lifting its apex triumphantly against the sky nearly fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Matterhorn appears to be almost sheer on this, the eastern face, but could we view it from some point far around to the left, we should discover that the slope that looks so steep to us rises at an average angle of only forty degrees, and that the surface of the rocks is such that their weathered edges afford good foothold for the

THE BREITHORN

climbers. Some day we must approach the Matterhorn and other mountains of this chain from the south, and view them as they appear when one looks up to them from Italy. Those who have seen the Italian faces of these heights declare that the mountains are almost unrecognizable to one who knows them only as they

THE MATTERHORN — MONT CERVIN — MONTE SILVIO

appear when viewed from the Swiss side. But here, on this side, there is beauty enough to satisfy our souls. Letting our glance travel on from right to left, we see in turn the nearer snow peaks called the Breithorn, the Twins,— Castor and Pollux,—Lyskamm, and last and loveliest of them all Monte Rosa, the highest peak of Switzerland.

Monte Rosa is to Switzerland what Mont Blanc is supposed to be — the highest mountain in the land. Half the world believes that Mont Blanc is in Switzerland, but it is not; it rises on the line between France and Italy. Monte Rosa also rests its southern base in Italy. The boundary line between the Italian

Kingdom and the Swiss Canton of Valais runs along the crest of the range, but the highest peak of Monte Rosa, called the Dufourspitze, lies entirely in Switzerland. It is the blunter of the two points visible from where we stand, the one upon the right. Its height is 15,217 feet; it lacks less than six hundred feet of

MONTE ROSA, THE HIGHEST PEAK IN SWITZERLAND

Mont Blanc's altitude. The mountain called Lyskamm, rising to the right of Monte Rosa, when seen with the sunset glow upon it seems to merit better than her taller sister the name of "Rosy Mountain." But the appellation "Monte Rosa" was not derived from the Italian word for pink or rosy; it comes from an old word in native *patois*, "*roisa*," which means glacier, hence Monte Rosa, or *Monte della Roisa*, means "Mountain of the Glacier."

Never to be forgotten is the spectacle of a stormy sunrise on Monte Rosa witnessed from our window at the little Hotel Belvedere on the Gorner Grat; never to be forgotten the calm, cold, rosy sunset lights that burn on the Breithorn's crest, on

Lyskamm, and on the "Monte della Roisa." As the night approaches, at last only the very summits of the grander peaks are touched by the sun's rays — the faint, soft, pinkish rays that still stream feebly over the western wall, of which the shadow creeps relentlessly up the slopes at which we are gazing, until it puts out the rosy fires that burned there on the crests. One last, faint, rosy glimmer on the supreme peak of Switzerland; then all grows gray and colorless. The day is done; the night has come — the glorious Alpine night, clear and transparent, but thick with mystery and dense with the beauty of the ultimate silences — the silences that sing aloud to every human soul.

There is something more than mere esthetic pleasure, mere delight of the eye, in scenes like this — there is a glorious uplifting sense of the unity of the universe — the *nowness* of all time. In the presence of great mountains we grasp, as we have never grasped before, the meaning of three words, that mean so much to every man who thinks, — Beauty, Infinity, Eternity.

KING OF THE ALPS